

The Jesus Lizard, Elegy

The pathetic sight of your sunken eyes
The angular lines of your hips and waist
The light and the dark
Of your valled ribs
The skeletal draw
Of your temples and cheeks
Your breath but a wisp
From your string thin lips
The acrid stink of your face and mouth
Unsound unsure...your shaky legs

Just when you're about to
Learn to smile again
I'm going to be the one to
Teach you how to cry