

Tom Verlaine, Annie's Telling Me

(Verlaine)

Monotony, cliches. A nervous day? Cafe. They approach each other as voices, incapable of making words mean other than what they could mean. It is not a crisis or moment of self-flattery. There are sometimes reminders of what she called "the useless life", what he called "eternity". Wet are the eyes and the smiles. That is what is remembered presently. Along with the joy of discovering a new incompetence or abbreviation. annie's telling me: the crashing waves upon the shore ...are they telling you they're what you were before? Well, you can go to sleep just once but you wake up fifteen times. Annie's tellin me... it's like a factory... cranking out them parts... all the labors of love sure take a lot of heart annie's tellin me... I like them trite descriptions she said. Soft lights revolve on the cracked -up walls. annie's tellin me no one knows where they come from... it's like a factory. (...she has ideas... ideas about everything...) Back in that "factory", annie's tellin me, everyman is king.