

Confetti

Vonda Shepard

Skinny little brats
Walking down Avenue A
Dangling their cigarettes
Their Independence Day Tears like filigrees
Wear them on their sleeves
Nobody's main squeeze
It's thirty-five degrees Poetry of ordinary life
Is what I live for
They just wanna be seen
They just wanna be heard My words are like confetti
And you never pick them up
They fall to the ground
I need someone to lift me up So diaphanous, so ephemeral
And all those bad words
They never learned in school Groovy like my mamma was
In her black turtle neck
She was so high strung
She was so low tech Poetry and tattooed dreams
And fourteen carat nose rings
The children of elite
Are trying to be street saying My words are like confetti
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