

Patriarch on a Vespa

Metric

Promiscuous makes an entrance
Her mouth is full of questions
"Are we all brides to be?"
"Are we all designed to be confined?" Buy ourselves chastity belts and lock them
Organize our lives and lose the key
Our faces all resemble dying roses
From trying to fix it, trying to fix it, trying to fix it When instead we should break it
We've got to break it before it breaks us Fear of pretty houses and their porches
Fear of biological wrist watches
Fear of comparison shopping
Dogs on leashes behind fences barking Pretty little pillows on floral couches
Until our faces all resemble dying roses
Stop trying to fix it Patriarch on a Vespa
Runs a red and ends up
Crushed under the wheel

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