

# The Curse of Great Beauty

Clem Snide

Your tooth ache, an ivory tower  
So let down your long perfect legs  
I'll untie the knots with my lips and my tongue  
And rub ambisol into your hair'Cause those paper cuts kept you from writing  
A poem, so epic and true  
About how you are cursed with a beauty so great  
I'm sure that it's hard being you So put down that book, it's too serious  
I'll undress you as I make a joke  
But please try not to laugh as I swim in your flesh  
Just hold your breath 'til I finish So explain it again to me slowly  
About the physical world you transcend  
I'll just watch your lips and your perfect white teeth  
And the cigarette that doesn't belong there  
And the cigarette that doesn't belong there

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