

Headlines

Neon Blonde

Another girl has turned up dead, another teenage whore. You know the cops they couldn't give a shit but the nightly news is all over it; ~she was just 16 never been out of Michigan.~ They say he tied her to his bed and lit the trailer park on fire. ~They found her body charred and wrecked in the ashes,~ says the on the ground reporter with Gucci sunglasses and his hair sprayed perfect, his microphone so serious. Homicides. Ruined lives. Innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire. You float on a black cloud with a camera crew to catch the bodies burning down. You clip her picture from the paper you pin it on your wall. At night she stares with supernatural eyes, bloodshot and red and wild and alive; ~do you think I'm sexy? Do you think I'm dirty?~ In your dreams she pulls up in a sports car with the windows boarded up. She takes you to a nightclub where everyone's gunshot wounds are Technicolor broaches, their mouths dripping roaches. Then you run back to your suburban home. Homicides. Ruined Lives. Innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire. You float on a black cloud with a camera crew to catch the bodies burning down. But you're just another Headline girl. In time we'll forget your name little girl. Oh in time little girl we'll forget your face. Because we're moving on to another horrifying murder case.

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