Monica

Dan Bern

I remember Monica at the U.S. Open
She might have been 16
Couldn't have been much more
Answering some questions and giggling
I'd never seen someone so alive on TV beforeDo you remember Monica shrieking on her backhand?
Disguising herself when she went out at night?
Coloring her hair like something was telling her
Stay low, invisible and out of sightAnd then, Monica, the blade came, Monica
Like God spitting on you, a knife in your back
We read it in the paper and moved on to other things
But for you all the colors fade to blackAnd oh, Monica, there you are, Monica
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King
Just like John Lennon by that hotel
You have to pay for our sinsWas it like being raped? Was it like being dead?
Like a bad movie over and over again?
Then did everyone who came close to you
Suddenly hold a knife in their hand?And now, you're back, Monica
Grim and hammering
Trying not to think about that thing then
I hope that you win every medal you can win
But it may never be much fun againAnd oh, Monica, there you are, Monica
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King
Just like John Lennon by that hotel
You have to pay for our sins
Just like Jesus by that hotel
You have to pay for our sins

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