

# The Curse

## Josh Ritter

He opens his eyes  
Falls in love at first sight  
With the girl in the doorway  
What beautiful lines  
Heart full of life  
After thousands of years, what a face to wake up to  
He holds back a sigh  
As she touches his arm  
She dusts off the bed where til now he's been sleeping  
Under mires of stone  
The dry fig of his heart  
Under scarab and bone  
Starts back to its beating  
She carries him home  
In a beautiful boat  
He watches the sea from a porthole in stowage  
He can hear all she says  
As she sits by his bed  
And one day his lips answered her  
In her own language  
The days quickly pass  
He loves making her laugh  
The first time he moves it's her hair that he touches  
She asks "Are you cursed?"  
He says "I think that I'm cured."  
Then he talks of the Nile and the girls in ?bull rushes?In New York he is laid  
In a glass covered case  
He pretends he is dead  
People crowd round to see him  
But at night she comes round  
And the two wander down the halls of the tomb  
That she calls a museum  
But he stops to rest  
Then less and less  
Then it's her that looks tired  
Staying up asking questions  
He learns how to read  
From the papers that she is writing about him  
Then he makes corrections  
It's his face on her book  
More come to look

Families from Iowa  
Upper West-Siders  
Then one day it's too much  
He decides to get up  
Then as chaos ensues he walks outside to find her  
She is using a cane  
And her face looks too pale  
But she's happy to see him  
As they walk he supports her  
She asks "Are you cursed?"  
But his answer is obscured  
In a sandstorm of flashbulbs  
Rowdy reportersSuch reanimation  
The two tour the nation  
He gets out of limos  
Meets other women  
He speaks of her fondly  
Their nights in the museum  
She's just one more rag now he's dragging behind him  
She stops going out  
She just lies there in bed  
In hotels in whatever towns they are speaking  
Then her face starts to set  
And her hands start to fold  
Then one day the dry fig of her heart stops its beatingLong ago on the ship  
She asked why pyramids  
He said "Think of them as an immense invitation."  
She asks "Are you cursed?"  
He says "I think that I'm cured."  
Then he kissed her and hoped  
That she'd forget that question

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