

Polaroids

[Lex Makoto](#)

Please no more therapy
Mother take care of me
Piece me together with a
Needle and threadWrap me in eiderdown
Lace from your wedding gown
Fold me and lay me down
On your bedOr liken me to a shoe
Blackened and spit-shined through
Kicking back home to you
Smiling back homeSinging back home to you
Laughing back home to you
Dragging back home to youAnd I was so wary then
The ugly American
Thinner than oxygen
Tough as a whoreI said, you can lie to me
I own what's inside of me
And nothing surprises me anymoreBut forests in Germany
Kids in the Tuileries
Broken-down fortresses
In old ItalyAnd claiming his victory
Shrouded in mystery
He went running away with meBack in our home New York
Walking these streets forlorn
We all in our uniforms
Black and blackDoing that slouch and jive
The artist must survive
We've got all we need we cried
And don't look backAnd thinking we had it made
Poised for the hit parade
Knee deep in accolades
The conceptual pairBut ever the malcontent
He left without incident
Vanished into thin airNow I am always amazed
Words can fill up a page
Pages fill up the days
Between him and meBut the vows that we never keep
From bedrooms to business-speak
Make me remember how cheap
Words can beAnd the letters I wrote you of

Were those of the desperate stuff
Like begging for love in a suicide threatBut I am too young to die
Too old for a lullaby
Too tired for life on the ledgeBut I had a dream last night
Of lovers who walked the plank
Out on the edge of time
Amidst ridiculeThey laughed as they rocked and reeled
Over the mining fields
Coming to rest on this ship of foolsBut he just took Polaroids
Of her smile in the light
Of the dawn of the menacing skyAnd before they went overboard
She turned and held up a card
And it said Valentine

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