

Parenthetical Girls, A Song For Ellie Greenwich

pressed unto us
flesh still sickly sweet
with scents of love
but lost of this lust
exactly what becomes of us

just like me
they long to see you on your knees
but all these he's into she's
irreparably slow these hopes we've sewn
and so we forego
what pleasantries we've grown to know

hand in glove
for lack of the words, we called this love
but now they've cynical slurs to define what it was
that we have done

the tone that she chose shows
mother knows what's become of us
and should i start to show
well heaven knows we'll soon be sussed
false alarms, might i have meant to do you harm
but somehow i found much to distrust
in what once ushered us
through months of hurried hush