

LOVE SONGS AND TEXAS PUNK

She intrudes with the promise of something less ordinary.

Why don't words express it, despite everything, there is only her.

She told me, last night, I had a rendez vous with the image of heaven
I hold in my heart.

Heaven actually starts on earth you know.

Idid know, but though I knew, I dreamed and woke up lost again.

Abandoned in a wasteland, a stage.

Sometimes she plays a little like a marionette.

At last the cameras step back and she is all there.

Doll in a box.

You don't need to put anything else on, the mask will come out by itself,
was her advise.

This I like, loss of control and control of artifice are my things.

The aura of being a little outside, a little far away clings to her always.

It follows her like a good perfume.

She is not showy, so I told her how I once laughed at nothing and called
it a depression.

I want a new toy, but nothing too demanding, a good song may take me far.
But perhaps nothing lasts.

Though something has to last and I can't operate on this failure.

Luckily she is always hanging around the same bar, selling CDs
rats in her clothes.

Everything about her is put together like a cast of images and sounds.
Propped up figure, her eyes dance and change shadow and light on the walls.
They move like they talk.

All that is left here with me, is being in the middle of your picture.
After all, you are just a thought that someone somewhere feels should
be there.

Yet I can't tell her, she is too far away.