



"Hey Girl What's Inside Your Wooly Head..."

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curly?

①

HEY GIRL WHAT'S INSIDE YOUR WOOLY HEAD BESIDES DARK
ROOMS WITH Shadow DARK MEN DANCING TOO CLOSE TO COMFORT

THE MOUTH HUNGRY FOR MORE OF WHAT IT IS SURE IS

THERE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE JUST WAITING FOR A

TONGUE AND SOME BREATH TO STROKE TEETH THAT BITE

THE NIGHT AND SWALLOW WHOLE THE WORLD DENIED YOU

SO GET RID OF THOSE SMOKEY DREAMS AND LIE DOWN IN

~ THE HOLE WHILE THEY FILL IT WITH WHITE SAND FROM

SHORES YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN LAPPED BY WATERS SO

CRYSTAL AND BLUE THEY MAKE YOU SHED TEARS OF BLISS

AND LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU BELONG FINALLY TO THE

PLANET YOU WERE BORN ON AND NOW CAN JOIN THE OUT

THERE WORLD IN THE DEEP PEACE OF A CELLO.

on the beach
in my arms
while I
cover you

I TOOK MY HEART OUT AND GAVE IT TO WHOEVER NEEDED IT
TO PUMP BLOOD INTO A BLEAK LIFE HIDING UNDER THE
ROAR OF CROWDS SLOBBERING OR POUTING OR LICKING UP
THE FROTH THEY MISTAKE FOR HAPPINESS BECAUSE
HAPPINESS LOOKS JUST LIKE A HEART PAINTED ON A
VALENTINE CUP OR TATTOED ON AN ARM THAT HAS NEVER
HELD A VICTIM OR COMFORTED A FRIEND SUCKING AIR IN
DESPAIR AT THE WRECK OF LIFE. I TOOK IT OUT AND THE
SPACE IT LEFT CLOSED TIGHT SUTURED LIKE THE SKIN OF A
DRUM.

② HER IMAGINATION IS IMPECCABLE THE WAY IT CUTS AND
SCRAPES THE BONE NEVER TOUCHING THE MARROW WHERE
THAT AWFUL FEELING IS THRUMMING LIKE A FIDDLE FOR
FEAR ITS STRINGS WILL BREAK AND SCREECH THE LOSS OF
ITS TUNE SINCE FOR HER PERMANENT IGNORANCE IS SO
MUCH BETTER THAN THE QUICK OF LIFE.

6 THANK YOU. YOU GAVE ME RAGE AND FRAILTY AND HOSTILE
RECKLESSNESS AND WORRY WORRY WORRY DAPPLIED WITH
SUCH UNCOMPROMISING SHARDS OF ^{light} BRILLIANCE AND LOVE
IT SEEMED A KINDNESS IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO LET YOU
GO AND NOT FOLD INTO A GRIEF SO DEEP IT WOULD BREAK
NOT THE HEART BUT THE MIND THAT KNOWS THE OBOE'S
SHRIEK AND THE WAY IT TEARS INTO RAGS THE SILENCE TO
LET IN A ^{you} BEAUTY TOO DAZZLING TO CONTAIN AND WHICH
TURNS ITS MELODY INTO THE GRACE OF LIVABLE SPACE.

WHEN I WAS A BOY A DETECTIVE HANDLED ME AND I
HANDLED HIM BACK LIKE THE PLUCK OF HARP STRINGS
BEFORE THE TRILLING AND AFTER IT TOO WHEN ONLY BLOOD
COULD SOFTEN THE SOUND OF OUR POPPED WIRE WHICH IS
WHY I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AS WHEN I WAS A BOY.

③

YOU ACCEPTED LIKE A BEAST OF BURDEN THE WHIP OF A
STRANGER'S WORD AND THE MINDLESS MENACE IT HOLDS
AND THE SCAR IT LEAVES AS A DEFINITION YOU SPEND YOUR
LIFE REFUTING ALTHOUGH IT IS ONLY A SLIM LINE DRAWN ON
A SHORE AND QUICKLY DISSOLVED IN THE SEAWORLD ANY
MOMENT WHEN AN EQUALLY MINDLESS WAVE FONDLES IF
LIKE THE ACCIDENTAL TOUCH OF A FINGER ON A CLARINET
STOP THAT THE MUSICIAN CONVERTS INTO SILENCE IN
ORDER TO LET THE TRUE NOTE RING OUT LOUD.

④

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND MALIGNANCY ONLY FEEDS IT,
MAKES IT BALLOON-FAT AND LOFTY FLOATING HIGH
OVERHEAD FEARFUL OF SINKING TO EARTH WHERE A BLADE
OF GRASS COULD PUNCTURE IT LETTING ITS WATERY FECES
SOIL THE ENTHRALLED AUDIENCE THE WAY MOLD RUINS
PIANO KEYS BOTH BLACK AND WHITE, SHARP AND FLAT TO
PRODUCE A DIRGE OF ITS DECAY.

⑤

I REFUSE TO BE ASHAMED OF MY SHAME, YOU KNOW THE
ONE ASSIGNED TO ME WHICH MATCHES THE LOW PRIORITY
AND THE DEGRADED MORALITY OF THOSE WHO INSIST UPON
THE MOST FACILE OF HUMAN FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY AND
FLAW SIMPLY TO DISGUISE THEIR OWN COWARDICE BY
PRETENDING IT IS IDENTICAL TO A BANJO'S PURITY.

I SAW A BUTTERFLY CLINGING TO A LEAF BROKEN BY THE
SLAM OF A RAINDROP ON ITS WINGS FOLDING AND
FLUTTERING AS IT HIT A POOL OF WATER BELOW YET EVEN
THEN FIGHTING FOR THE LIFT THAT IS ITS NATURE AND DUE
HAVING SHED THREE COCOONS EACH ONE A PROTECTING
PRISON FREE OF THE RAVAGE THAT THREATENS ITS DESTINY
AS SURE AS RAIN DESPOILS THE DIVINITY OF A
STRADEVARIUS.

I NEVER LOVED ANYBODY OR ANYTHING LIKE I LOVED YOU
AND SINCE I HAVE TO SEE YOU AGAIN I AM DETERMINED TO
JOIN YOU BETWEEN THE SKY-FIRE OF THOSE BURNING
ROILING ROCKS CALLED STARS WHERE YOU AND I WILL PLAY
THE MUSIC THAT MAKES THEM TURN AND WE WILL TALK AND

Queen

Music as relief and ~~the~~ support