

# Cure Of A Kiss

Count Zero

I walk into this party half out of steam,  
Half in a dream.  
"Have fun," she'd said,  
"You might as well be dead  
For all I know." No one was gonna see  
The hole from the heaven she stole out of me.  
The talk we just had about her handsome new prince  
Left a taste in my mouth that requires a rinse.  
So I sneak down a pint of my Victory Gin.  
I take some cues from the news and I spit out a spin.  
While my soapbox is latherin' from the words I say,  
Well, the folks start a-gatherin' around. And they stay  
While I preach of maggots and their mad masquerade,  
And make everyone fret about the mess that they've made.  
And once every crime has been exhumed and displayed,  
I notice they all look ill, and just as dismayed  
As me. We've all lost hope in Hope itself.

Meanwhile, Beauty's gone to bathe in the pond.  
She's wading shoulder-deep in the mist,  
Flirting with a frog on a frond.  
He's waited all his life just for this  
Waited for the wave of a wand,  
Waited for the cure of a kiss.

St. N comes to the party with a vision to recount,  
Rushing from the mount.  
He storms in, fresh off it,  
With the fervor of a prophet.  
Tears flow off his cheek.  
He's got turds for the wicked and words for the weak:  
He says, "The Meek shall inherit some bald, sick prize!"  
But the clock pickpockets the cause from his eyes,  
And he voids his venom about six minutes in.  
'Til he finds us a demon, and calls the loss Sin,  
Which brings back the fire to his cheeks and his chin.  
We brand him "Messiah," tossin' tips in his tin,  
'Til two hours later we're converted, convinced.  
We've survived his cycle some sixty-six times since.  
And each time we hanker for that first wave of bliss,  
That rush, that sui generis, that primal pure kiss...  
... but in the end, we just lose hope in Hope itself.

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She's wading shoulder-deep in the mist,  
Flirting with a frog on a frond.  
He's waited all his life just for this  
Waited for the wave of a wand,  
Waited for the cure of a kiss.

I stumble through the party, half-hearing blurbs,  
Half-hearing her. "Have fun," she'd said.  
"You seem so removed, remote,  
You might as well be dead,  
For all I care." It was all she wrote.  
It was all I read.