

April Is The Cruellest Month

The Airborne Toxic Event

We imagined ourselves
As cathedral bells
Ringing out through the moribund streets
Like shrill courtesans
Making fanciful plans
That we whispered while drifting to sleep

And I told you I'd stay
In every possible way
Though we both knew that that wasn't true
You said "You would understand
If it was something so grand
As a mirrored reflection of you"

And New York in October
Was never so sober
As the beating on the windows in March
Trying so hard in vain
To stay out of the rain
Falling off our cathedral arch

You were [?]
You were [?]
You were Miss Cleopatra in heels
And anonymously
You were April to me
Throwing rocks just to see how it feels

But those lines in your eyes
And that platinum crown
And that gaudy red rouge on your cheeks
You must look so sublime
With some Neophyte charm
But you look like a common whore to me

But I liked you the best
In your plain simple mess
Drinking wine from a pink, plastic cup
While the radio played
Some soft serenade
And we noticed the sun coming up

And the blue in your eyes
Looked like ice when you cried
And you always felt so cold when we touched
Happy birthday to you
I sure hope it's not true
Even though I don't miss you that much