ASK ANYONE, THEY’LL TELL YOU

So much to go on, they said, but no sooner had we crafted a sentiment than the world would off and disappear on us. It was that eerie over-the-shoulder appraisal that had us in cahoots with the wrong sort, that had us running from the news of the day. Those are just placards, you know—a dullard’s gift to another, less dull, dullard. This hall of mirrors has me looking so fat, so old—tell me, did all the Miseries choose my skeleton to hang their hats on? Even when a bailiff is cornered, his cousins come after you, telephones raised.