
Tonight I will put on all black
To mourn the death of my assertive nature
How dramatic that will be!
With my blond hair and pale skin

Tomorrow I will search for my soul
Amongst the bare bone piles of the catacombs
And perhaps a ghost will spy me there
And decide that the earth is haunted enough by my weeping

On Saturday I will write my last will and testament
And leave these poems to the shabby man I met on the bus
I'm sure he will burn them all for warmth but one
Which will inspire him to find Jesus and grow rich with Amway

By Sunday the moon will have turned away from me
Put bluntly: my period will be over
Whereupon I shall put on bright colors again
And return to reality

Melody Layne