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The Love Song of B. Catherine Duffy (blatant T. S. Eliot ripoff)

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The Love Song of B. Catherine Duffy
(blatant T.S. Eliot ripoff)

Let us go then, you and I,
 While in uncertainty we linger and question night skies,
 Like mummified corpses laid flat upon gray plaster.
 Let us go, with half-gone spiked soda,
 The plastic benches our pagoda,
 In volatile gatherings blunt words exchanged
 Is it them or me that's really deranged?
 Nights that follow with alarming repetition
 And lack of volition
 To lead you to an overwhelming question.
 Oh do not ask, "What is it?"
 Let us go and finish our visit.
 In the darkness we come and go,
 Detached as the ear of Vincent Van Gogh
 The glowy period that illuminates the ambient air,
 The glowy time that validates our being here,
 Slips into the space behind the sky
 Seeped into the crusted pool lacking drains
 Withered to darkness like a yawning night watchman
 Slipped past the clouds made a sudden leap
 And seeing that it was a soft August night,
 Curled once about the trees and fell asleep.
 And yet will there be time
 For the glowy period that illuminates the ambient air,
 Validating our being here?
 Will there be time, will there be time,
 Time to sweep up the blunt broken glass
 Time to emerge from the entrenchant dusk
 And time to sleep off the misgivings and lies,
 While accepting our "sorries" so stubbornly brusque?
 Time for you and time for me
 And time yet for a hundred toasts which engross
 At the abandoned houses from which we flee?
 In the darkness we come and go,
 Detached as the ear of Vincent Van Gogh
 And will there be time
 To wonder, "is this it?" and "is this it?"

Time to preponder what we will commit
 And know without saying what we have to admit
 They will say: "But how they drink and waste their lives,"
 The bottles, the liquor, how it revives.
 My head spinning while madness thrives.
 They will say: "But how they drink and go to drive,"
 Is this all there is
 In our universe?
 In a minute is there time for the taking of a hundred toasts
 With the skeletal ghosts which so engross?
 For I have drunk it all already, drunk it all.
 I have drunk the beer, the vodka, the rum,
 I have measured my life with fingers gone numb.
 I recall the numbness which enthralls
 Amid the rustle from the breeze
 Is madness a disease?
 And I have known the silence already, known it all.
 Silence that settles on the tips of our lips
 And when I linger, sandwiched between earth and sky
 Knowing exactly what I don't want to recall,
 Then how should I continue
 To tongue the silence on our lips with sanity awry?
 And how does it end?
 And I have known the deception already, known it all,
 Deception that comes hauntingly real and bare,
 But in the nighttime conceals our imperfect despair?
 Is it feelings I've suppressed
 That make me so digress?
 Deception that lingers on our lips and consumes us all.
 And should I then continue?
 And how do I end it?
 Shall I say I have crept at dusk and left
 And listened to our sobs as background melody
 To our lonely and clichéd lives?
 I should have been Sal Paradise
 Lessening the monotony while minding the madness.
 And the nighttime still, the dusk passes beautifully
 Smoothed by words of penetration,
 Planning my future narration
 Stretched on the grass, here beside you and me,
 Should I, after beer and vodka and rum,

Have the strength to accept that it is time to succumb?

But though I have drunk and lied, drunk and wept,

Though I have seen my potential flicker,

I am no genius, I just learn quicker,

I have seen the rejections waved as white flags to my face

And I have sought to erase the mistakes that disgraced.

Either way, I am inept.

And would it have been worth it, after all,

After the talk and the bottles but not really,

Among the fuckedupedness, among some talk of you and me

To make it happen

To fix this situation so misshapen

While in Vonnegut style I smoke a Pall Mall

Hoping it will lead to some overwhelming question

To as, "what if these are really the good old days—

This closing I want to forestall, I want to tell you all"—

And then one, brushing the bottle with her lips,

Should say, "this nostalgia I don't want to recall,

This is not right, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,

Would it have made a difference

After the sunsets and trips and hot summer nights

After the bottles, after the talks, after the waging of war,

And this and so much more?

It is impossible to say just what I mean!

But as if the night knew it means something to be eighteen,

Would it have made a difference

If one, looking astray or shivering in silence,

And turning toward the hollow trees should say,

"This nostalgia I don't want to recall,

This is not right at all."

No! I am not the prized protagonist, nor was meant to me

Am the enabler, one that will do to foster the action, write a scene or two,

Join the madness, no doubt I'm an easy tool,

Reticent, glad to be of use,

Cautions, ignored and preserving

Good for a laugh but at times a recluse,

At times, indeed, observing,

Almost, at times, the Fool.



Joelle Francht—

Time wanes and time wanes
 Should I run away and escape this pain?
 Should I have another shot? Do I dare to kiss a leech?
 Do I suffocate my ears and hush your fuzzy speech?
 I have heard your silent sobs when lips brushed each to each.
 I do not think that you are sobbing for me.
 To look at life through a camera's lens
 Unawares, though this saga transcends,
 I never knew what you meant by "friends."
 We have lingered in the chambers of this abysmal pool
 Withstanding a universe too seemingly cruel
 Till standard time wakes us from the lives we've misruled.

Brigid Duffy