

# postcards from penelope

*by* Rene Foran

full moon, again

where are you? maybe dead,  
probably cheating on me  
that's what the girls are sayin'  
hang 'em all. filthy sluts  
they don't know about us

i'm sleeping in the dollhouse  
our bed's just too big for me  
too little for all my nothing, nothings  
it's okay, but the walls talk too much  
and the ceiling is a two way mirror  
with a hairline fracture

your "*friends*" are macking on me  
tossing me dime store raindrop roses  
and car wash love song collections  
they are tramps. i am a lady  
i keep my legs crossed  
at the ankles

saw a homeless guy on Athens Ave  
he had eyes like yours and  
the wild tangled hair of a boar  
they say everyone has a double  
ahhh but that's just my imagination  
running with scissors again

oh and i'm knitting a shroud  
shut up. i really am.  
you'll see it when it's finished.

all for you, babe  
fun fact: a doll's legs will twitch  
while being scalped  
but only for just a little bit

so are you on your way back?  
the dogs are howling,  
108 of your friends are eating us  
out of house and home  
it's half past yet another full moon  
and my mythological clock is ticking.  
Hit it.

