acrobat - mike pellegrino - 8/1997 - saskatchewan, ca

she's just an acrobat on her wings of despair
a flying crying instrument but she doesn't care
if her net came unraveled with a river of dumb luck
she wouldn't be - she couldn't be - she cannot be there

in the fields of silent movies
in the screaming minds of fear
with the pin-drop and open thoughts
there's no admittance there

you'll find her with an audience with a megaphone in hand
you'll see her eating pastries outside or at a sidewalk stand
she'll give you little chatter over a friendly cup of tea
or she'll tell you of her travels and you'll never raise a hand

she's just a complexity of issues none of which are real
a walking, breathing, drinking orator looking for to feel
anything except loneliness like the silent film of old
she'll break out into chorus, but the chorus isn't real