

Akimbo / Second Intermission

Ani DiFranco

What dreams cause me
To abandon my pillow each night?
Push away each of them, in fact
Since there always seem to be more than one
Then wake to aching stiff neck twisted
Tits and face smashed against the mattress
Legs and arms akimbo
Like the high pitched body of a jumper
Waiting for her chalk outline
Finally at rest

Second intermission
anticipation
you know the third act
small talk drops out of the play
you're standing in the lobby
tightening your tourniquet
waiting for it
and then the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and there's no time to ask

No bliss for little miss leading
cuz she's learning about bleeding
but what is love if not exquisite
our only saving grace
or is it?
and somewhere inside your iris
blooms the reflection of my surprise
as you stroll past every last do not enter
and touch me at my epicenter
and the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and there's no time to ask

I'm always trying to get there
I never really get there
to that quiet place where
I accept myself
instead I'm deep inside some high school
locker room no clothing
popping the zits of my self loathing
under fluorescent lights
and the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and you're too ashamed to ask

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waiting for it