

## Rusty the Skatemaker

Rasputina

She was born in an oil-drum South side of Chicago  
When East St. Louis was not far away  
She'd lace knives to her boots and go down to the riverbed  
Skate around and around till the night became day

The cannery fellows would follow her everywhere  
From the grocery store to the B.Q.E.  
With their hearts all aglow from her icy back at you stare  
Then her teeth became tight when her eyes couldn't see

And she told herself that this was enough  
For a girl who was born in an oil drum  
She had her skates didn't need lots of stuff  
She didn't need it but she still wanted some

She had one thing that she liked and she kept around  
She would take it with her to the riverbed  
As she skated around she always thought of a pretty sound that  
she heard as a girl in her mother's bed  
The sound of some breathing another breath in and out when some  
lungs expand and contract like they do  
And she looked at herself in the ice of the riverbed and she saw  
a girl one which she could see through

And she told herself that this was enough  
For a girl who was born in an oil drum  
She had her skates didn't need lots of stuff  
She didn't need it but she still wanted some  
she still wanted some she still needed some  
she still wanted some she still needed some  
top