

## The Slant/The Diner

Ani DiFranco

The slant  
A building settling around me  
My figure female framed crookedly  
In the threshold of the room  
Door scraping floorboards  
With every opening  
Carving a rough history of bedroom scenes  
The plot hard to follow  
The text obscured in the fields of sheets  
Slowly gathering the stains of seasons spent lying there  
Red and brown  
Like leaves fallen  
The colors of an eternal cycle  
Fading with the  
Wash cycle  
And the rinse cycle  
Again an unfamiliar smell  
Like my name misspelled or misspoken  
A cycle broken  
The sound of them strong  
Stalking talking about their prey  
Like the way hammer meets nail  
Pounding, they say  
Pounding out the rhythms of attraction  
Like a woman was a drum like a body was a weapon  
Like there was something more they wanted than the journey  
Like it was owed to them  
Steel toed they walk  
And I'm wondering why this fear of men  
Maybe it's because I'm hungry  
And like a baby I'm dependent on them  
To feed me  
I am a work in progress  
Dressed in the fabric of a world unfolding  
Offering me intricate patterns of questions  
Rhythms that never come clean  
And strengths that you still haven't seen

I'm calling from the diner  
The diner on the corner  
I ordered two coffees  
One is for you  
I was hoping you'd join me  
'Cause I ain't got no money  
And I really miss you  
I should mention that too

Yes I know what time it is  
In fact, I just checked  
I even know the date  
And the month  
And the year  
I know I haven't been sleeping  
And when I do  
I just dream of you  
Dear

I miss watching you  
Drool on your pillow  
I miss watching you  
Pull on your clothes  
I miss listening  
To you in the bathroom  
Flushing the toilet  
Blowing your nose

I'm calling from the diner  
The diner on the corner  
I ordered two coffees  
One is for you  
The cups are so close  
The steam is rising  
In one stream  
How are you

I think you're the least fucked up  
Person I've ever met  
And that may be as close to the real thing  
As I'm ever gonna get  
But my quarter's gonna run out now  
Or so I'm told  
I guess I'd better go sit down  
And wait for you  
Til my coffee gets cold