

Tourist Woman

Cass McCombs

For Tourist Woman,
The itching is turning to fever
And then to form
For Tourist Woman,
Insecurities are bunk-pollen for the swarm
And vice-versa,
The swarm, turning to fury,
Captures a prisoner
Tourist Woman is unhappy
With the meager conditions
They have given her
From Oxford to UCLA
To impoverished streets
Of a Bengali village
T.W. fights for nothing,
Believes in nothing,
Except an image
The image in her mind
Is of vague origin
Of, mostly, western result
Somewhat pyramid, somewhat cross,
Somewhat a mongrel cult
Like the old man
Who slept his life away
Romantics are doomed
(And that's a good thing)