Dada

She was sixteen going on fifty I'm not quite sure exactly What that means
But her speakers screamed Sinatra

And the Zombies
Her hair hung red around her
Ripped blue jeans
She said she was Jim Morrison

## Incarnate

A psychic on La Brea told her so She asked me if I ever read Lolita She took my hand and lead me to

Her door
And she said
Let's go to my room
I'll show my posters

Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm a lover
She locked the door behind me
She lit a candle

Then blew it out said the moon Would do just fine The lizard king and T. Rex for wall Paper

Above her bed hung a No-Parking sign She asked me if I liked her Decorator

As she stripped behind a wall of Raining beads
I woke up with her pillow and her Diary

She took her bath as I began to Read
And she said
Let's go to my room

I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm a lover