

Dear Mrs. Touma

Dag Nasty

dear Mrs. touma
I walked upstairs into the kitchen
saw a piece of birthday cake and I heard my mother crying
"dressed in his black raincoat,
black hat lying on the yellow line...he was run down..."
your son was taken
and he spoke so often
with belief
with conviction
never with righteousness
of the day he'd go to heaven
and I will believe
if only for his sake
in father, son, and holy ghost
in whom he was so certain that he'd
turned the other cheek to those who teased and hurt him
Leo is dead
it's not the end of the world
sometimes I wish it was
I wouldn't wish it on anyone
Leo is dead
it's not the end of my world
sometimes I wish it was
sometimes I wish it was
and as for the man across the street
as he expresses sympathy (the fat, aging hypocrite)
spit into his face with me
"when you heard he was gone,
you couldn't wait to be the first to seem concerned.
did you think we'd never learn?
you were lying to us
you laughed at him
you threw upon him your own vices
you lied to us about everything
you lied about your barfly conquests
dying your hair to hide the gray
you're masturbating bitterly on your front porch while the wife
's away"
Leo is dead
it's not the end of the world
but sometimes I wish it was