

Lean

Frances Quinlan

"Leeza, show them your doll-"
A tiny face up on the balcony
Of a capuchin- huh, I wonder what happened
After the fed up remaining staff
All stormed in
Was she, free of a master
Released?
Or handed to a kinder custodian
At least?

Nonetheless,
Upon the sight of her your group sped off
Leaving behind a doomed lord
Looking down from the top

Jessie, I still can't stand hearing the truth
Let's have one more about other countries
I know you have to get up early
But it's what I need

Wish I could have caught
The expression of the captain upon
Waiting for the ship hand with whom he
(Through email) corresponded...
Only to see you pull the truck door
Open, and
Reach out to shake his hand

Jessie, can I crash here with you tonight?
Although my contribution's been lean...
Woman, love follows where you've been
Your legs can take it just a few more times

I know it isn't fair
Stories struggle for air
And I need yours more than ever
I need yours more than ever

Climb one more mountain for me, woman