

# Haunted House Party

Sage Francis

The first thing he says to me  
"If you could know it all would you want to?"  
And I'm wondering if it's a question he poses everybody with  
I was warned about the gift that he's got and the kind of things he sees  
Me? . . . well I got a few tricks up my sleeve  
I was waitin' for him to show his hand  
Til I discovered the difference between an old mind and the mind of an old m  
an  
So I stand corrected, sitting in my chair erect and attentive  
Wishing that he never asked that question  
'cause it echoes in my empty feelings  
Fearing what's underneath each following sentence  
Revealing a puzzle piece to the jig saw  
Of a skin crawling coffee session  
It's something that his kid saw in me  
That brought me to his attention  
And he knows this  
Who's he think he's speakin' to  
It's not often that he emerges from his coffin of a reading room  
On a special occasion he tests his relationship  
With one who's never read much but he's interested in spaceships  
His head's stuffed with ancient scripts so he laughs  
Holds up his golden cup to toast the past  
Here's to a lack of spontaneity the future has  
I can tell you when you're gonna die  
All you gotta do is ask

(what's up power trip? big tough guy now? throwing things like that over a c  
up of joe w/ someone you don't even know, really, you don't know who i am)

He sat there, his eyes still weren't focusing  
He said' "i can see you seeing some things"  
And i said "yeah, well thanks for noticing. What gave it away - my poker lim  
bs?  
Cross examined while my hands were busy closing things up into deserts  
That he's only read about in winter weather  
And i'm able to fill the gaps that act as traps in the lyrics of letters  
When mirrors open i bet he thinks i'll enter  
But i detect ulterior motives in his hidden agenda  
We live forever in these chairs comparing mental notes  
Bodies doubling as temporary captains of a rented boat

My paper mate sent me to her folks in an envelope  
Disguised as insurance fraud, some things were never meant to float  
I've never been in a shipwreck but i know they exist  
And the experience must be something close to this  
Hopeless feeling that gets reeled in from oceans for emotions  
Sick  
Got me shaking his hand with an open fist  
What's he notice of my grasp besides the calluses  
A soul that's trapped by my mind's paralyses  
Knowing i'll ask him to sign the marriage slip  
He says "not so fast"  
And he goes to find his glasses (bastard)  
Puts on the lenses that were scratched  
Like someone got the best of him in a cat fight  
Must have been when he developed that bad sight

They don't help, he needs a helmet with a flash light  
If he thinks he can enter the darkness at half price  
To find his daughter's black wedding dress from her past life  
Traditions died at our haunted house party last night