

# The Age Of Lavender

Sophie Hunger

You took your headphones off and said  
You've got this aching in your neck  
It's in a blind spot, between your shoulders and your head  
"I'm not an expert" I replied  
"But darling, you never sit up straight  
Or it's from contaminated chicken wings and steak  
Or what about improper insulation  
Or some sort sort of post-traumatic reaction  
Or even a rare mutation in your DNA?"

You've got a pension plan and a cross on a chain  
But oh that pain won't go away  
You've got a Volvo van and a house on your name  
But you can feel it every day

You say it's all been investigated  
But that's nothing, nothing seems to work  
And now you're feeling sorry for your ancestors  
All their wars and sacrifices  
Man, that woman throwing herself under a horse  
While you believe in the affects of lavender

You've got a cyanide pill if you ever fall ill  
But no, it's not that bad just yet  
You got a gun in your bed and a license to kill  
But you won't hold it to your head

There was silence, we were squinting  
The refrigerator kept on buzzing  
Or was it something with the microwave?  
"Well, that's dubious" I whispered  
"But I'm afraid it doesn't make a difference  
The Universe don't care about us any way"

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But oh that pain won't go away  
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But you can feel it every day