

Instant of the Hour After

Suzanne Vega

That's enough. Out of you.
Tonight. My darling.
This show is over for now.
The monkey is dead.
I detest all this drunken brawling.
Now let's see if you can make it into this bed.

How I love you. How I loathe you.

It's a sharp, quick love. I feel. My darling.
You're not as drunk as you seem. So why pretend.
On your cheek, that sweet shadow falling.
The pulse in your neck, how I'll know it, right to the end.
How I love you. How I loathe you.

All you can say is:
"Reverberating vacuity."
"Lousy simile."
"Vacant majesty."

In the instant of the hour after.

But right now. It's you and me.
My darling.
Trapped here inside of this bottle, drowning like flies.
When the frenzy's over.
We're crawling.
Specimens. Spent and exhausted,
We press to the sides.

How I love you. How I loathe you.