

Algernon

Typhoon

A woman leans in her chair
Holds her face close to mine
She's curious, am I comfortable?
Would I care to give it one more try?

She holds the picture up, while she studies my eyes
I'm trying hard to recall the routine, but I can't and so I improvise
This one's of my father
Wearing ladies clothes
I walked in on him once as a kid, must have thought nobody else was home
It's a lie and she knows
But there's no other use
And anyway what you want and what you want to be are easily confused

And the moment stretches on
Like the first day of school and I've answered wrong
Like a self-enclosed short-circuit goes around forever until it's gone

A woman shrinks in her chair
She says, "the picture's of you."
I have no idea what she's talking about but I nod my head as if I do

Look at there, such a strong man
All the virtues of youth
You led a good life by every account
There were people who looked up to you
I say enough is enough
You have found me out
You have called my bluff
I don't know anything about this stuff
I'm just tired and I'm waiting for my wife to pick me up

A woman slouched in her chair disrupts the silence to say
The part of you that I love is still in there even if it doesn't know my name

And the moment stretches on
Like the colonnade at the Parthenon
It's an unmarked grave but somebody's laid some flowers for Algernon

A woman stirs in her chair
But I hope that she stays

Never seen her before in my life, but strange such a familiar f
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