

# Confetti

Vonda Shepard

Skinny little brats  
Walking down Avenue A  
Dangling their cigarettes  
Their Independence Day

Tears like filigrees  
Wear them on their sleeves  
Nobody's main squeeze  
It's thirty-five degrees

Poetry of ordinary life  
Is what I live for  
They just wanna be seen  
They just wanna be heard

My words are like confetti  
And you never pick them up  
They fall to the ground  
I need someone to lift me up

So diaphanous, so ephemeral  
And all those bad words  
They never learned in school

Groovy like my mamma was  
In her black turtle neck  
She was so high strung  
She was so low tech

Poetry and tattooed dreams  
And fourteen carat nose rings  
The children of elite  
Are trying to be street saying

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