

Diane Cluck, Monte Carlo

here comes the bus
here it goes.

and the three lonely things poking up from the water
are her nipples and her nose as she floats on her back
and the sand is deserted
except for me standing
i stand as the landmark
to keep her on track
so the ocean wont pull her away
i'm guarding our bags
since i really cant swim
though she does try to teach
but thieves who scope tourists at night in the city and daytime all probably
hang at this beach
you never know in monte carlo
from noon until evening
her skin changes colour from paler than mine to a sun punished red
so i expect havok
tonight around bedtime
she'll want me to blow on her blisters in bed
that's the sun in monte carlo
the keeper of the lighthouse is sleeping
so we creep upstairs to play with his beam
making ships stray from their courses intended
by highlighting rocks and the shallows between them
and the smashing for hulls in the night
seem to have no consequence at all
like the action in dreams
and the morning gulls pick over jetsam and junk over floatsam but feeling no
guilt for their screams
while we spend three quarters of our time apologizing for the quarter of the time that
we're thoughtless and thoughtless and mean
just for fun in monte carlo
just for fun in monte carlo
we go to the cliffs
where the men cruise each other
their cars come and go like the change of the tide
where grace kelly swam her last swim on the planet
when grace kelly's roadster flipped over the side of the guard rail
one guy looked so nervous and standing alone
my friend saw him shaking and started to laugh
i said wouldn't you be nervous
if you knew in ten minutes
you'd have the surf at your feet
and some stranger up your back
giving you his best monte carlo
a ten minute double ringed halo
you know the most breathtaking sight i've seen in awhile
was the sight of french men fucking under the stars
we watched them dancing like mermen on fire
til' cops came and chased them away in their cars
we watched them run in monte carlo
we watched them and we laid low
and my girl is as red as a rare hothouse flower
her skin is so burned that she's giving off heat
and my girl is as tired as nobody's business
but sea air makes sleeping
incredibly sweet
two more nights in monte carlo
and her burn will be a tan
she can't sleep
she just said so
so i turn up the fan

