

*Selima Hill*

Modest Acts Of Extreme Slowness

I thought you were nice,  
I thought it was all my fault;  
I thought it was all my fault right from the beginning  
and nothing really mattered except you,  
I thought you were Mr Right  
but I was wrong;  
I thought you could play the piano but I was wrong,  
I thought that being attractive wasn't important  
as long as you played the piano but I was wrong;

I thought I could somehow entrust you with my body  
like golden soup entrusted to warmed bowls,  
that if I grabbed your head and whacked or slapped it  
it'd change your ways; that men will always thank me;  
that married couples in their beds perform  
modest acts of extreme slowness;  
that making love with you would be the same  
as making love with lots of little kittens;  
I thought I heard them purring. I was wrong.