

The Songbird

Karen Carpenter

The Undercurrent. The Beat. The Disc Jockey yammers away. Some kind of pulse to be found under too much make-up; the wholly abandoned coiffure; the mammary exposure; the jeans crammed into the clefts of the gluteus maximi and the pubis; all mounted and stuffed into some kind of boot.

World Class lip-gloss; and anorexia nervosa, the undercurrent. Just beneath the veneer, life pulses, throbbing raw and neglected; even when you're on Top in a decadent society. All day long, too!!!

Is there such a thing as too much lovin'? Is one able ever to get enough?

Will it ever become light outside? There's a mad rush, and its all over too soon; one's utility goes begging.

If one had never got suckered in the first place. How the Hell did one get maneuvered into yea-saying decadence?

Those dirty little Slavemasters did it to us; they seduced us; they conned us with bribes, and cheap little rewards (titillations) if we went along; sugar-coated poison. And just underneath, the veiled threat: 'Social Outcast' and perhaps some bodily harm if you failed to conform, A Promise Of NO LOVE!!

I wondered where they'd gone.

