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Title
Soul - (Marriage) Misery. Love.

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I am admired because I do things well. I cook, sew, knit, talk, work and make love very well. So I am a valuable item. Without me he would suffer. With him I am alone, I am as solitary as eternity and sometimes as stupid as clothes cream. Hahaha! Don’t think! Act as if all the bills are paid.

Strange how very wrong I am.

Sometimes when I am dumb, I am alive.

Although HE doesn’t know it, I have attended his funeral several times. Each time I looked MOST BURY in misery my black tight-fitting suit and Spanish lace veil. And, each time after a decent period has elapsed, I have remained a very rich
Man and became famous for the ethereal face
on my plaque face. I have had numerous offers
to star in films and to pose as the Madonna for
Christmas cards, statues, church windows etc. But
I have refused them all, because all that I really
wanted to do was enjoy scallops and drink
lemonade.

In that same place I saw a woman who was
once young. That night she danced without time
or feeling. To find love I knew she had made herself
a child. That stocking seam ran a crooked path
up to a skirt that was dirty and torn. Her hair made
its own style and her lipstick strayed on to her chin as
she sang a tune of old dreams. Love made a slave
her without even being present.