

“Men Who Put a Price Tag on Everything”

Not every moment has to go by sweet
My bitter tongue is onto something
A slap, perhaps
While they exhaust efforts to instill fear in me.

“You don’t know, young lady.”
They’d choke me with smoke and laugh on my naiveté.
“I’ve seen vile, I’ve seen tough, I’ve seen real.”
I am not smart enough to be invited to the club.

Silence is the calculated best but
Strange words from a second language just slip out of me.
I suppose I’m just more comfortable questioning all this
with a language not handed to me,
so now, DO I have the right to speak?

The chain smokers put out cigarettes on the table cloth,
Burn a hole here and there,
Now the cloth looks like one with crawling flies on it.
“The law of physics, is that all you learnt at school?”
So they trash my knowledge.

They look at me, a slanted peek,
and shake their heads, temples filled with the sacred teachings of
THE REAL WORLD.

And yet, they can’t bestow on me what they know,
For giving is a horrific thing,
When you can’t put a price tag on it.
So they simply say: “You REALLY DON’T know a thing.”

I know I have something to say
Oh, make it a slap, right,
But my tongue is locked as I am stunned by the figures across the table,
they are shrinking, inch by inch, mounting onto the table cloth
Like those fly-shaped holes,
Leaving a shadow that keeps growing bigger, bigger on the wall.

A blow up.
“Oh lady, a price tag blow up is what we like.”

There’s suddenly music in the room.
The men who put a price tag on everything suddenly turn to me and say
“Oh forget about it, can you sing? Just sing for us and make us happy. “

Oh now I remember what I have to say.
I flip the table,
“Yes sir, YOU ARE SO VAIN.”