

## Athena

A carousel spins softly in the foreground  
With the people turning backwards  
There's a flaw in the merry go round  
But they paid off the contractors  
There's no wailing from the folks unbound  
For a multitude of factors  
She walks by with the looks you found  
In your magazine of actors

They go slowly, knowing only to be lonely for they know each other's seen her  
Although, they've been at home crowing poetry, it's much different with Athena

She's got hair that flows a little father  
Than the edges of her shoulders  
She got used to the bombardment of the martyrs  
Who in self loathing tried to hold her  
Gifts of peanuts and mahogany from Carter  
Only serve to make her colder  
Spouting looks from the words that they charter  
She's outread them three times over

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I've lined up with the best of them on Friday  
To catch glimpses of her eyes  
It's said Sinatra whistled nineteen bars of "My Way"  
If he saw her passing by  
If I'm grizzled like the lines along the highway  
I need only wonder why  
I'm no poet, so in simple words I'll say  
She'd put joy in quick demise

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So she sits there all alone spinning patient  
Though no one would dares approaching  
They all seem satisfied by their station  
They're too sane to go encroaching  
And though anything would lead her to elation...