

## “It’s Something Like This”

It’s something like this:

you’re only a part of something special,  
and not the whole amount.

Analogy: you are a series of raindrops  
(falling off somebody’s hat to his/her annoyance),  
but you are never the rain, answer to somebody’s prayers.

It’s always been like that, baby, since you can remember.  
You always miss the boat.

Life is something like a movie with a lot of brides in it.  
Then somebody edits the movie to make it commercial  
and only one bride is left in it and it’s not you.

Here you are happily married, with a bungalow,  
and still you are a missing person

in the same way the good witch of the North  
(Mom, a long time ago, colossal)  
is now missing (on file).

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