

The beauty we found in the gutter
trying to avoid the drunken hour
of an old night is eternal in her stare.

She wobbles like grace on holiday
until death gives her the crutch of despair.

She lost her brother to rampant traffic,
gave birth to a whole litter of troublemakers,
and followed the hell that rang like bells at dawn.

She knows the noise that silence avoids,
sings the song of felicity, and sleeps like an angel
with her wings pulled off.

Rascal is immortal.
She was & will be.
If you've known her, you know her.
If you've loved her, you love her.

I've seen her walk through a room
with all eyes on her, swinging her thing.

I've heard her sing for her supper,
patient as a saint, sad-eyes toward nothing,
while everyone laughs at a joke
no one remembers.

Rascal knows more than anyone of us can describe.
She's been in the midst of delusion & sacrifice,
lived w/out & w/in, and known just what to say.

Rascal, sleep well.
Let the dreams chase you
into peace.