

1993 (poem)



Laura Ann Tull

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American Flag shot by Laura Ann Tull (actually in California)

Washington, D.C.

I was free flying, mind open.

Election won and a new dawn.

Hero and dreams won.

The saxophone played.

I could see clearly now.

The crying stopped.

The past come undone.

G.O.P. out and Democracy in.

Parties and parades.

Club hopping to the old 9:30

Fifth Column ladies only nights.

80s was Heaven and Hell

That is the way love goes.

More and more Mr. Vain was a long way away.

Snoopy Doggy Dog rocked.

Whomp there it is.

Took a runaway trian more and more.

Two princes played their game.

Bad boys pump up the volume.

Boom boom shake the room.

One took my heart and virginity away.

One got my palm in his face.

It was no ordinary world.

Lestat de Lioncourt lived in a noble house.

Playing my guitar learning how to act.

Incense burning heart breaking.

Jesus Christ became a superstar resurrected.

Losing my religion while Israel and the Vatican became diplomatic.

It is going to be 500 miles before I found my way.

Car crashed with tires blown.

Father asked about the car.

Boyfriend show me love.

Palestine and Israel sign a peace accord.

The Great Blizzard froze the door.

Waco burned in Texas.

The World Trade Center was bombed.

NAFTA ruminated.

I will always love you lasted for six months.

I will do anything for love, but I won't do that.

Informer linger I am every woman.

1993 the beginning of eight years of near sanity.

