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The Crux

September 2002

Nine And a Half

They'd love it if we'd just believe
this web of lies they deftly weave
their roots and hooks in everything
see wooden hearts, pulling strings

But I suppose our high school is a place
where feelings vanish without a trace
and he doesn't fight it, his posture straight
But Bill Werhli is not a man to hate.

And who is They? we ask the loon
she smiles soft, and whines her tune
her wrists are pink, the skin cut bare
she calmly says, "They're everywhere"

He's even tried to make me cry
and sometimes succeeds (I don't know why)
but punishments and rage all told
he is not evil, his heart's not cold

Everywhere, They are indeed,
but if you and I are to succeed
we must see what the loon sees not:
with whom this battle should be fought

Mr. Wehrli's only crime
is holding me back, wasting my time
and my words, I ask you, don't condemn
for there is a most truly awful Them

The loon fights herself, and some fight Wehrli
but hate him we must not, for you realize, surely
behind this soft-spoken, political man
lies no great evil, no deluded plan

The loon couldn't fight, she was too young
and if I lie, rip out my tongue
for now I'll tell you who They are
get out your feathers, and your tar
get out your cameras, and your pens
we'll burn these villains with this lens

But he would somehow have us think
he spits not his toothpaste in a sink
and never cried, and clenched his fist
his wife's warm lips, he's never kissed
and as a boy, he told no lies
and doesn't muse, at his children's eyes
when they are distant, thinking, playing
Bill sees these things, without ever saying
a thing to us about his wife!
his kids, himself, or his real life

Villains, fools, and monsters alike
would kill a child, mislead a tyke
by omitting these words, forbidding life to begin:
"We are all the same underneath our skin."