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### **The Ski Room**

I need her like a drink in the morning.  
The only way I can make her happen is to never be  
a regular. When she pours a drink she's an angel.  
All the men watch.  
In the half moon of her lips  
I can only see hope.  
Her hair and eyes give me a different life,  
even me out.  
Because she's ornamental I think of a movie,  
"The Last Emperor".  
I'm the last emperor and she is in my arms.  
I want to be able to walk away from where she works,  
be able to look back and see her  
picking up my drink before I'm finished.  
How worthy of a picture or a painting,  
of mountains and all people--  
I was born to finally fall apart  
and always follow her.

I'm trying to see her all the time.  
I'm always going to the Ski Room.  
I'm getting an ulcer, the only thing I'm getting from her  
is my gut, all the time, one too many drinks,  
she doesn't see my muscles,  
I'm too thin.