

# Dude, You Ruined David Bowie For Me

You had weapons for cheekbones  
a killer swagger in leather pants  
fingers like the Nightstalker  
and eyes that asked for nothing

You were black piano keys  
the smell of gasoline  
Berlin at the fall of the wall  
Troy at the fallacy of the gift  
I would have fought a war to save that face

A mind like Screwtape and a form like mortal sin  
you took everything and loved nothing  
incomplete, human parts missing  
as dead as you are deadly

We spared and struck  
threatened and clung  
I learned you to My Bloody Valentine  
you forgot me to Ziggy Stardust

Dude, you ruined David Bowie for me  
you wound yourself around every song  
and wrung the blood out of everything

I climbed the tower of you  
threw myself out of the window  
for the sake of the view

You metastasized through my life  
illuminating and detonating  
yours is a cancer of the glow in the dark variety  
of the pretty boy variety  
of the bare your wrists to me variety

People impale themselves on hope  
for your kind of beauty  
ruthless, thoughtless, insidious  
you peeled women like apples  
like we had a history old debt to you  
like snakes were a fashion statement for the curious  
like the gravity that only the dark knows how hustle.



## Hannah Wehr

For 46 years Hannah Wehr was a teenage runaway. In that time she did things she wouldn't force on a donkey and that includes things she forced on a donkey. Hannah is German slang for "I Don't Know." In Norway there is a saying about her: "Girl with monocle has nothing. That plant is my parents. Calling all cars." It translates weird. Hannah spends her free time eating other people's food, thinking about Abraham Lincoln's hat, attacking strangers calves, making Thanksgiving dioramas, and boondoggling.

