

Ode to Air Supply

Oh precious cassette, Greatest Hits of the Greatest break-up
band, I want to caress you, feel you, kiss you,
before I pop you in the machine.

Secretly pressing play,
I lie spread eagle on the floor,
and sing until I cry.

Oh, Air Supply, how you understand me,
how you justify my self-pitying,
un-bathed sweatsuit afternoons,
your wisdom is unmatched by Eliot:

*Don't say the morning's come,
don't say the morning's come so soo-oooh-oon
Must we end this way
when so much here is hard to lo-oooh-ose?*

Prufrock would not dare.

You, gods of early 80s soft rock,
icons of post-traumatic wallowing syndrome,
purveyors of synthesized sap,

you make it all o.k.

*They are the words to say,
the only words I can believe.*

Alice Chapman