

GeneviEVE

There goes Genevieve,  
no more Adam only the apple.

The woman of the race,  
a saint for her cause and like it or not we respect what it takes.

Sacrificing what's there to build what isn't, the rebirth of you.

The alchemy that's universally taboo.

Oy vey that's touché laced in her crochet,  
smartest one around she's the summa cum laude.

Oblique hooks written in books for songs she'll never put out  
because the trepidation adds on to the already present doubt.

Be less of the present you  
and more of the you society says you can't be  
because the moments that lie ahead aren't a guarantee.