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It Needs Work

Reference number PT0724

GABBY

No lack of alibis,
Your knack for the spectacular is still intact.
I like the tone of it,
It rings sincere and pretty near succeeds.
It's just the narrative
Is like a sieve and cloudy as a cataract.
There's not a trace of honesty, so face the fact,
It needs work.

You dodge emotion, dear
Your logic's unconvincing as it strains to please.
Unlike the books you write,
This plot is quite contrived the way it reads.
It's far too obvious
And filled with flaws and gross implausibilities,
Excepting for the part about the broken keys,
It needs work.

Your fiction always had
A little grit in it,
A little heart in it,
A little wit in it.
It used to be so clear
That there was art in it,
If you had written it.
So must you go and spit in it?

And come to think of it,
Your writing always mirrors our relationship.
With dangers cropping up,
And sweet young strangers popping up like weeds.
So if you wish official pardoning
You better do a little gardening.
Ya know ya needn't be so gen'rous with your seeds,
Your fertile lies don't fertilize,
It needs work.

We used to sit in bed and read each draft out loud.
We'd play each part and talk the story through.
Remember all we said and how we laughed out loud.
Now take a closer look at you,
I oughta throw the book at you.

You had to ruin it,
This plot has got a lot of *deja vu* in it.
Familiarity,
And in this case we both know what that breeds.
But call me anytime you seem yourself,
When you've decided to redeem yourself,
When you discover where this self deception leads.
I'd rather see you shoot yourself
Than watch you prostitute yourself.
Your new routine is too routine,
It needs work.