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The Danaids - filling a leaking jar

Congratulations, Rose! The news struck home
at last. You slammed the door and ran.
God only knows what this all was. I don't.
Reciprocated love? My \"greatest fan\"?
Who needs response? Not you. A film, the phone
will do to get you through the night. Or drinks
till way too late to kill the emptiness.
Oh how I filled that empty hole! This stinks

of teenage wanking. Christ, it's so banal!
Sucked down so deep into this empty mess,
what was I thinking of? Your love canal
was open wide for you, Hon, not for us.
You used me, Rose, until our bacchanal
gave you the guts to leap from bad to worse.

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