

Soggy Tongues

Vic Chesnutt

narrowed eyes and soggy tongues
beautiful rumors are flying about the ugly ones
the girl she is by the pool
yellow journalists' jewel
and all those wagging fingers
are silly little stingers

rabbits are cooking breakfast the fog is fragrant
the girl she is waking up against the famous vagrant
the cool council is tallying fines to be levied
the girl she is tightly grinning the vagrant thinks it's
all too heavy

presents are presented and bribes reluctantly taken
summer's sweetie iced a cohort while the rest of the town
was baking
traffic is light and appetites are hearty and tongues are
soggy
accusations are tossed like darts at the good little girl
who is groggy