

The Dairy Queen

Clem Snide

The Dairy Queen has melted
Having laid all her eggs
And the sporting good store
At the corner under the overpass

With an ice cream hot mouth
She smiled a carnation pink
Into the root canal music
Of a prom night disaster that sink

On roads paved with liver and onions
As the ginger ale tickled her noise
And the power lines traced with a finger
Where gray turning gold

Jokingly blowing a bubble
As the teenagers slammed on their brakes
And sucking her teeth
She insisted on raising the stakes

Now the Dairy Queen is quiet
Sweating brown vinyl seats
With a need for directions
And candy that