

Glossolalia

Vic Chesnutt

I am a stranger
Lurking alone in my own vicious wilderness
While the meat in my chest
Squeezes and teases a hulking hunger
Groping in motion
Balance is but a shimmering notion
And lurching compelled
My soul in its special hell of wet mortal limits
Perpetually thirsting

But i bask in a beautiful byproduct
From twisting torque of dichotomy
What my eyes do see
In this spilling, dead wicked desert
It dances
Born of babble
Is now raison d'etre for the rabble
I sing my soul
With tongue
A sword in the sunlight
Thrashing and flashing
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