

## Strange Language

Vic Chesnutt

up on the bluff where I wish I was twisting up the pages of history  
my cold feet dangling my bony arms gesturing to summon up a little chunk of that history  
in the corridor the shadows are long and it messes with my equilibrium and there's strains of a strange language  
up on the bluff where the hardwoods jut out toward the gusts of history  
my crusty mind cracks my restless heart tracks the fractal lines of history

in the corridor the shadows are long and it messes with my equilibrium and there's strains of a strange language