

Soft Serve

Mike Doughty

The body like soft serve, dripping down in the June sun,
I tried to shoot a thought, but the thought sunk.
Nothing to do but scratch words in the dirt and
Watch the water roll down.

Phantom kisses buzzing like the insects.
Beads of sweat dripping down on the rent check.
My Candyland melted down to syrup while I
Watched the water roll down.

And here comes the lust in phaze,
but you're down in Marietta.
So sweet my mouth was seared,
But the words you mouthed were sweeter.

My Sister,
Your words can be held against you in a court of law.

My Sister, You owe no allegiance to the facts.

And you're talking like the saint on the site of the accident.
Talking like the clause in the lease about the late rent.
Ringing like the random call patched to the payphone.
Talking like the water rolls down.

Talking like the saint on the site of the accident.
Talking like the botched shot, attempt on the President.
Ringing like the change in the legless man's Dixie Cup.
Talking like the water rolls down.

Day Undone,
Day Undone,
Day Undone,
Watch the water roll down