

Betty Lonely

Vic Chesnutt

Betty Lonely lives in a duplex of stuccoon the north bank of a
brackish riverher ears omit the noise from a nearby airstripher
mind floats beyond the snapper boats

Betty Lonely, her green eyes are roughly staringat a point thro
ugh the sliding glass doorher heart live over a drawbridge
her brain is wet like a throw net

Betty Lonely, she will always think in Spanishtthough I know her
Spanish black hairit will start to fadeshe sunk her past out i
n the surrounding salt flatsher maidenhood was lost beneath the
Spanish moss

Betty Lonely just talks to her grandbabyeverybody else she blot
s them outbut her words stick like a flounder gigher dry laugh
is like a gaff