

Giant Sands

Vic Chesnutt

do a little rope trick
move around the mildew
when you stopped to make a phonecall
in the glitter of a landmark
she said something about a blood clot
and a bad wild peach
that nappy little news flash
takes the cut right out of your crease

get it on demand
like Tupperware
shipped with sarcasm
all is fair
jog through giant sands
till you're cleared
then to leave the land
unawares

"at least it's not a leg-break"
you laugh out loud and lonesome
in your cabin cruiser
on your cross-county trek
your brain feels like a fiddle
a brittle fragile vessel
pull off onto the shoulder
by the waterworks

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