

Vic Chesnutt

"Giant Sands"

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Do a little rope trick
Move around the mildew
When you stopped to make a phone call
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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