

Vic Chesnutt "Thumbtack"

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Take a light bulb from the closet
And replace the one above the faucet
Scrape the whisker from my face
Nick my lip in pointless haste

Take a magical marker black
Darken a spot on the map
Of a county on the coast
Where I was born out of a ghost

Underneath the ceiling fan
Contemplate a master plan
Breathe a sigh of recognition
For a childhood superstition

Push a thumbtack in the wall
Pierce the picture, I did draw
It's a graphic portrait from my youth
And it hurts my heart this forced review

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