

Augie March

"Bolte And Dunstan Talk Youth"

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Blind to the charms
Of the Toecutter Arms,
My labor to the east by knit and by darn,
Looking for the world like a whelp at sea,
The discoverer's cottage had a light on for me,
I would lie on the porch and let the penny drop easily...

Duly, duly disabled,
Truly, truly lost.

When I woke up it was dark,
Lying on my side in the Parliament park,
Puking up my pay in the gerbera bed,
I could see the premiers talking
Hear the husbands in the garden
Stalking, looking for rough love...

Duly, duly disabled,
Truly, truly lost,
Beneath the blanket of the coverlet,
Beneath the blanket of the morn.

On my Exford legs, on my Exford walk,
Bury my brains in my Exford talk,
Til there's nothing I wouldn't do
To be sitting and talking with you

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