

Irma Thomas**"Flightless Bird, American Mouth"**

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I was a quick, wet boy
Diving too deep for coins
All of your street light eyes
Wide on my plastic toys

Then when the cops closed the fair
I cut my long, baby hair
And stole me a dog-eared map
And called for you everywhere

Have I found you
Flightless bird, jealous, weeping
Or lost you, American mouth
Big pill looming

Now I'm a fat house cat
Nursing my sore, blunt tongue
Watching the warm, poisoned rats
Curl through the wide fence cracks

Pissing on magazine photos
Those fishing lures
Thrown in the cold and clean
Blood of Christ mountain stream

Have I found you
Flightless bird, grounded, bleeding
Or lost you, American mouth
Big pill stuck going down

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