

Rellik

"Sponge"

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Vic Chessnut)

pleasure is melting like chocolate
my blue ribbon gumption is gone
all my gravy must have soaked into something
and the world...
the filthy steps, the cold concrete
the phony earth below my feet
the ancient odor of the streets
yes the world it is a sponge
and when the crisis passes
when the coast is clear
I'll be buffed down to a liquid
and the world it is a sponge
throughout this entire ugly outing
I've been mumbling the convex of what I should be
shouting
but I'll soon be silent you'll soon hear nothing
'cause the world it is a sponge

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