

Suzanne Vega

"Ironboud/Fancy Poultry"

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In the ironbound section near Avenue L
Where the Portuguese women come to see what you
sell
The clouds so low, the morning so slow
As the wires cut through the sky

The beams and bridges cut the light on the ground
Into little triangles and the rails run 'round
Through the rust and the heat
The light and sweet coffee color of her skin

Bound up in wire and fate
Watching her walk him up to the gate
In front of the ironbound school yard

Kids will grow like weeds on a fence
She says they look for the light they try to make sense
They come up through the cracks like grass on the
tracks
She touches him goodbye

Steps off the curb and into the street
The blood and feathers near her feet
Into the ironbound market

In the ironbound section near Avenue L
Where the Portuguese women come to see what you
sell
The clouds so low, the morning so slow
As the wires cut through the sky

She stops at the stall fingers the ring
Opens her purse feels a longing
Away from the ironbound border

Fancy poultry parts sold here
Breasts and thighs and hearts
Bucks are cheap and wings are nearly

Fancy poultry parts sold here
Breasts and thighs and hearts
Bucks are cheap and wings are nearly free

Nearly free, nearly free, nearly free

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