

Dudley Saunders, Mushy-Headed Kid

he is shirtless on the sheets
his pants are crusty
with some stuff he spilled
when he was eating

'yo man
reach me that glass
I'm thirsty
tell me stuff
I wanna talk some
stuff
yeah'

he weaves behind his cigarette
his eyes twist into slits
he doesn't trust me
'but there are places in my heart
I haven't gone to yet'
he laughs and says
'you're sure one mushy-headed kid

I'm merging with
the cracking wall
the crack extends
into his face
the girls are bickering
in the hall
'yeah' he says
'I guess this is the place
is the place
you do
belong
in this place'

I dig my fingers in the cracks
against the wall
against my back
like it's a woman
he folds his face
'that cabbage smell
don't go away
how can they eat that stuff
it smells like
you know'

he slaps the cobwebs from his face
he rubs his arms
he slaps the cobwebs
arms
cobwebs

his arms extend like derailed trains
he bends his eyes my way
'this ain't something
I think you
need someone
to explain'

I'm merging with the cracking wall
the crack extends
into his face
the girls go quiet
in the hall
'yeah' he says

'i guess this is the place
is the place
you do
belong
in this place

my clothing starts to come alive
my pants grow muscles
and they're shifting
like horses skin
when there are flies
'come to my crooking finger
all the hair across my body
is hiding things
from your eyes
but not your hands
if you weave them inside
find the veins
sealed within
my skin
now can we begin?'
'but there are places in my heart
I haven't gone to yet'
he laughs and says
'you're sure one mushy-headed kid'

I'm merging with
the cracking wall
the crack extends
into his face
the girls are gone
out of the hall
'yeah' he says
'I guess
this is the place
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mushy-headed kid