

# Vic Chesnutt, Betty Lonely

Betty Lonely lives in a duplex of stuccoon the north bank of a brackish riverher ears omit the noise  
Betty Lonely, her green eyes are roughly staringat a point through the sliding glass doorher heart li  
her brain is wet like a throw net  
Betty Lonely, she will always think in Spanishthough I know her Spanish black hairit will start to fade  
Betty Lonely just talks to her grandbabyeverybody else she blots them outbut her words stick like a