

# Vic Chesnutt, Giant Sands

do a little rope trick  
move around the mildew  
when you stopped to make a phonecall  
in the glitter of a landmark  
she said something about a blood clot  
and a bad wild peach  
that nappy little news flash  
takes the cut right out of your crease

get it on demand  
like Tupperware  
shipped with sarcasm  
all is fair  
jog through giant sands  
till you're cleared  
then to leave the land  
unawares

"at least it's not a leg-break"  
you laugh out loud and lonesome  
in your cabin cruiser  
on your cross-county trek  
your brain feels like a fiddle  
a brittle fragile vessel  
pull off onto the shoulder  
by the waterworks

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