

Vic Chesnutt, Ladle

you file me with the libertines
I fold in line
my monthly dole of magazines
beaming bistro shine

in my ladle is your plum
and my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
of your cutesy falling crumbs

I saw you at the snazzy din-din
you made me sad that I watched
I must say you truly packed 'em in
nearly dearly debauched

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