

# Vic Chesnutt, Replenished

sitting in the breakfast nook  
flipping through a saucy book  
browsing for a bit of titillation  
(that's what you do, that's what you do)  
morning is warming on your mouth  
last days of direct sunlight  
for this part of the house

move into the great room  
get the clean corn broom  
sweeping up a sad old pillar of salt  
(that's what you do, that's what you do)  
you're feeling glummer as summer dies off  
something was released with autumn's first cough

matter seem's immaculate  
until it's consumed or distressed  
see her with her kitchen soap  
cleaning up the breakfast  
she knows it's never finished  
'till the other's replenished  
it's never finished  
'till the other's replenished

propped up on the mantel piece  
trophies stuffed in a life that flies  
a couple of seconds can be a long time  
if'n it's froze, if'n it's froze

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