

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
throphies 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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see her with her kitchen soap
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'till the other's replenished