

# Wckr Spgt, Tarla Walks

Tarla walks down the hall  
And when she walks, sometimes she falls.  
Tarla makes it whenever she can  
And she listens to the flesh in her bag.  
Tarla dreams of the day that she will see  
Mr. Chilk's eyes down the hall.  
What she wants is not that hard.  
Mr. Chilk is a political man  
And nothing will stop him, nothing can.  
Even the lack of vital tissue  
cannot sway him from his vision  
And his mission and her satchel  
are unstable and yet central to the issue at hand.  
And Tarla walks down the hall  
And when she walks sometimes she falls.  
She gets up  
And Tarla walks  
And asks herself about the ox.