

## Down to This

### Soul Coughing

You get the ankles  
and I get the wrists.  
You get the ankles  
and I get the wrists.  
You get the ankles  
and I get the wrists.  
You come down to this.

Nerves are up  
and the eyes all screwy  
Blood like a panful  
of boiling ratatouille

Hang from the axles of a box car  
Follow the dotted line  
Like a steer to Chicago  
to the hooks of the Chicago man

I get all tripped up  
my eyes turn to water  
rug burns from a shag rug  
struck dumb in the presence  
polyester burns from a jacket  
rub the skin thin  
break down in a diner  
then I pay the bill

cashier toothpick stuck in the ground  
tiny lawnmower to mow me down  
I could get lost in a lunchbox  
lie low in the mittens in the lost and found