

# Soggy Tongues

Vic Chesnutt

narrowed eyes and soggy tongues  
beautiful rumors are flying about the ugly ones  
the girl she is by the pool  
yellow journalists' jewel  
and all those wagging fingers  
are silly little stingers

rabbits are cooking breakfast the fog is fragrant  
the girl she is waking up against the famous vagrant  
the cool council is tallying fines to be levied  
the girl she is tightly grinning the vagrant thinks it's  
all too heavy

presents are presented and bribes reluctantly taken  
summer's sweetie iced a cohort while the rest of the town  
was baking  
traffic is light and appetites are hearty and tongues are  
soggy  
accusations are tossed like darts at the good little girl  
who is groggy