

Strange Language

Vic Chesnutt

up on the bluff where I wish I was twisting up the pages of history
my cold feet dangling my bony arms gesturing to summon up a little chunk of that history
in the corridor the shadows are long and it messes with my equilibrium and there's strains of a strange language
up on the bluff where the hardwoods jut out toward the gusts of history
my crusty mind cracks my restless heart tracks the fractal lines of history

in the corridor the shadows are long and it messes with my equilibrium and there's strains of a strange language