

Trying to make ends meet when the means
are dirty-tattered rags.
Old ladies steal toilet-paper.
Old men steal the magazines.
Fudgie nippler, peach-nobbler ala choad.
Impersonations of grade-school playground-jokes.
The haman farts & argues w/the orange-slices.
The mashed-potatoes browbeat the beefy-carrots

The queen of beads & bangles teaches the gap-girl
a lil something w/a flashlight & a condom
& dumps her cardboard-boxes full of
totally awesome & hootchie-wear.
Shmee & Shwabee talk up storms til four in the morning,
play six-strings to the tune of whatever works,
dance w/dustballs & hunt for sagging-cobwebs,
& make the damn prettiest salad you've ever seen.

The linen's soiled w/buttcrack.
Not enough bowls & spoons.
Yeehaw! Fresh-hot sourdough bisquits.
Let's just say I don't have to do cabins today.
On the trail there's a momma rattlesnake.
I hear your boyfriend calling.
Neppie whistles a catcall.
Hobie lets off some steam.
Connie just chills.
Working for tips.
Playing for kicks.
Split-shifts every day.
Sometimes we wonder why
we do it anyway.

Shishy. Shiny. Greasy. Chunky.
Down on the Rogue, in the kingdom of Napoleon.
Shishy. Shiny. Greasy. Chunky.
Everynight, we revolt.
In the morning, we start again.