

Bad Belly

The fat kids will be fat kids forever, so
butter the biscuit and pour on the gravy.

We have been here from day eight, and
lapped at bloody sweat and cotton.

Jiggling, soft and sweet to the touch,

Does your mother know where you've been?

She says mistakes will humble the speaker on the hill
from his pedestal of ribs and leather, yet you and I
will bite the chocolate and call it yesterday.