

Chet Wiener / AND IT'S STILL

Who was the most jumbled
They knew their carton sole and
Take it from there a peewee
A pixie the beak at an angle
Lent a place as memory paired

Whether you know the characters
Floating the commercials down
How I let it grow out and you
Can't opportunity trailed lean
Directional straps for the motor

Bells taking what lead recall
And it's still you muzzled or
Rich with too many people on
The boat who's count trying
To prove or in the paces parched

Placated rushed or stolen
More not defrayed delayed
And reported a war down the road
An oar in the hills and modified
For clientele you put it that

Or bounce it yet the same CD
Slides in anchors aweigh and
Tilted or tiled in her retelling
A forfeit but taller meeting
On the grounds the swelled

Curtains the mismatched check
Count on the day hired shaped
To recognize one smile in but
The base linking lies and called
Excursions their little baggy

For another expert parameter
Jingle researching agog with a
Natural sway combined sounded
Not to fall flat-footed but
Recalcitrant taking an elbow

And even the birds quieted know
Your front without escape or getting
Their windows facing razor and fake
Filling years circling exertion and
Rendering fingerings and the angle