sweet glue

Pamela Blair
sweeGGLEUE

Safety is announced by word of mouth
“Give me some gum because my mouth feels foolish!”
The march was like climbing a hill of molasses backward.
Wafting and waking
The aroma of sweet cardboard made ringlets around
Our heads of shiny glowing halos

We protested as our hushed feet moved by lead slippers
Drew our eyes to the window
Now sugar coated
As if to were a witness to spring
We listened to the cold hard truth outside

We then prepared our mouths for breakfast of sweet glue
If we could hear our minds speak to our mouths
We’d agree with Spencer
March on to Hempstead…it did not fly
The perfect speech doesn’t always make you secure

Our hearts filled with maple syrup
Our souls filled with funk
Glory osky Andy who would eat this junk!
Because we did not want oatmeal spring came in October
Momma did say if you don’t wash your feet ya don’t love ya Jesus

The bleak morning of chattering teeth, kept our thoughts of Siberia warm
Our frowns looked like smiles in the hollow of a spoon
As we kept our resolve we were filled with rebellion
Yet saved by desire

Little Pam-a-lamb knew she had to be with this cook
For the rest of her life
They could not leave this little sheep
This soupy momma with hidden talents
Kept her secret strength on a chain in her pocket

If we can’t have waffles we won’t ever…ever
Ever eat breakfast again.
And we will walk home

“Que sera sera”
The bowl of sweet glue screamed
Short fat skinny legs and all we marched
Onward in white molasses
Our stomachs now longing for the sweet glue

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