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## sweet glue

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# sweetglue

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

*Pamela Blair*

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