

SUGAR-SHELL MAMA

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Sugar-shell mama
You peek your baby blues
sooooo lovingly
at him
(whoever pleases your whim)
The hollow echo
of your hollowed mind is so (giggle)
deep.
Oh, hollowed be they name you cutesy wutesy sugar-pie
you just wave that figleaf, honey,
and life will be peachy-keen sunny.
You'll get your man
You'll get your family
You'll get your groceries
and your favorite color of lipstick to
put-on.

She pursed her lips and said
"O"

That's nothing.