

# Peanut '93

## Ass Ponys

Peanut rides his bike around  
The drive-in in the daytime  
Bagging trash and hanging up  
The speakers on their poles When he finds a bottle  
He imagines women drinking from it  
What it looked like, how it sounded  
Trickling down their throats Peanut has a brother, lost his father  
Hardly sees his mother  
Once a month he visits  
At her trailer near the lake Sometimes when its not too humid  
Chances are youll catch him spearing  
Shiners in the spillway  
With a nail on a stick Peanut knows a guy  
His name is Mike, hes not too bright  
He says, hell suck you for a cigarette  
Down underneath the bridge The very thought disgusts him  
I dont see how you could trust him  
He says, If I get my pecker sucked  
It sure wont be by him

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