

**The Bridge 2009 – *Honorable Mention***

**Tom Cordle** - Tellico Plain, TN

**Homelessness Isn't What It Used to Be**

The blues is a spoonful of cold mashed potatoes  
Red-eye gravy - no grits  
The blues is a worm in a fresh-picked tomato  
Green-beans without bacon bits  
The blues is feathers in your fried chicken  
Ribs that ain't nothin' but bone  
The blues is missin' your momma's cookin'  
The blues is hungry for home  
If it feels 'bout like this  
Yes, that's what the blues is

The blues is an old coat with patches on patches  
A warm hat the wind blew away  
The blues is a wool shirt that itches and scratches  
A collar that's startin' to fray  
The blues is your Sunday-best suit that won't fit you  
Good shoes got a hole in the sole  
The blues is wet clothes when the winter wind hits you  
The blues is naked and cold  
If it feels 'bout like this  
Yes, that's what the blues is

The blues is a house filled up to the rafters  
With memories that just won't move on  
The blues is an echo of long ago laughter  
A shadow that's there and then gone  
The blues is no lights and no heat and no water  
And somebody shut off the phone  
The blues is no place to go when it's over  
The blues is so all alone  
If it feels 'bout like this  
Yes, that's what the blues is  
The blues is hungry, naked and lonesome  
Yes, that's what the blues is