Serpentine

Chris Bathgate

My lungs stone and my days all serpentine
The tight tightness in my chest rest and subsides
In one dull dawn with a hum that split its length
Does my name sting your tongue now does it babe
Your thin frame has set my eyes to fray
On our dim stretch of this street, how it aches
For every gray and sad hemmed heart to coil
And our frail eyes and their whites to finally toll
Now one brash phrase could crush this fragile day
As my thoughts swirl in some shrill sad cannonade
The one such spur that caused my throat to creak
The one dull dawn I've sentenced to repeat

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