atrophy

Autumn

atrophytorn muscles hang from the line
sun-dried, now it's time for the feast
and i wait in line with plate in hand
but you've eaten all there is
and my bones weep
i was never meant to...or maybe i was...
never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to
head raging and i'm so tired
can't stand any more of this
when the state of the living
is as the state of the dead
such disillusionment is the end
painstaking - every move a labor
gnarled and ravaged bones protrude
and i want to smear the disease across my ribs
in the name of the father . . . atrophy begins
i was never meant to...or maybe i was...
never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to
left here, now on this precipice
sun-dried tendons slide away
into the cracks of desert sand
my skeletal smile begs for more
i was never meant to...or maybe i was...
never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to
but like a trestle underwater, like a trestle underwater,
like a trestle underwater, like a trestle underwater, like a trestle underwater,
i drown too... i drown too... i drown too... i drown too...
i drown too...

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