

# Worn Out

Naibu

Wonder flood the valley, tunnel feed the soil  
Free advice with constant wit, never to recoil  
Bums rush o'er the high grass field with shoes of plastic lace  
That untie at the first step, not the last that wins the race  
Herein lies my sure demise, 'haps my one bright seed  
This or then the other tact falls right and starts to bleed  
Can you hear a toneless rhyme between my bones and sunken eyes?  
No, I think not, it's as if my thought has worn the clown's disguise  
Oh, my little life worn out on a goddamn road  
I live to breath more than believe, a reason for this load  
Is it my own version of a terrifying leap across  
An unforgiving landscape, when all I want is sleep?  
Unfolding here before me is an ugly naked truth  
I know no more than a drunkard in a circus dunk tank booth  
The balls come flying, one, two, three, in and down  
I go  
People retch in laughter while I scream out for more  
Now I'm dry electric shock, I watch the sky like a broken clock  
I tie my plastic lace and then I go back to my walk  
Stuttering for coffee or a comforting brush  
Across the backs of both my knees, mother sings to hush  
Make a castle to the sky in honor of a man like sand  
Who'll wash away in time and he will ne'er be here again  
Oh, my little life worn out on a goddamn road  
I live to breath more than believe, a reason for this load

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