

Midway

The Casket Lottery

the red knife comes to mind. the one that bled nothing but rust this time years ago, ages ago. stuck in the ground by rabbit traps that mark my way back home. cold days come faster now, seems like i'm growing old. and i know no point in all of this. hard days are wearing me thin, not yet. please not yet. when things were simple, and i was young (and there were no real walls.) i had dreams about these days and its funny how things change. "it will be nice to be strong. it will be nice to be proud." but i am still not safe and i know no point in all of this.

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