

Beanbag

Pain

Shoes & socks protect soles from rocks
And thick coats defend your skin & hide you.
What to do when there's holes in you?
You're a beanbag with no beans inside you.
Bored, thin, low, on, beans, beans
He tore his seams on his broken dreams.
Now he lies around too flat to serve.
He drags his feet. He feels incomplete.
And bad dogs grind down his last good nerve.
He's bored, thin, low, on, beans,
And he would have stayed that way, too,
With no way to turn back the tide.
Ostensibly not so bad, but in need of a spark inside.
But another came along
And though it's difficult to explain,
She poured herself into him like rain.
For every raindrop, there was a bean.
For every stay outside, there was a bean.
An electric nest of worker bees
Boiling under his skin.
They pop like bombs in a Tupperware bowl
And are multiplied each by ten.
Swelling his quiddity up until
He feels like his old beanbag self again
Stuffed
Full
Of
Beans

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