The Death

Showbread

When I was a baby I could close the world
Up in fleshy pink mitts
Now the world flays the infant palms
And the bones drip out in its spitWhen I was small I reached up so high
And grasped at the morning star
Now the wormwood topples down on me
And smashes all my partsWhen I was a child my bones spread out
Like peacock feathers alive
Now the feathers wilt like cancerous boils
Leaving sagging pores in my hideWhen I was of age I saw a gate so wide
And a path so broad for the taking
But the road to everything led to a cliff
Where I sprawled out naked and achingNow that I'm old I see the light
And I see it was never there
Everything leads to nothing
Nowhere and I don't even careI don't even care
I don't even care
I don't even care
I don't

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