

Mr. Fish

Pile

My name is Darryl Fish and I changed when I turned 21
I used to feel the sun's warmth on my arms and now the sky just
opens up
I pull the sheets over my head and try hard to disappear
But in bed with me is a zoo of formless tenants that I wrestle
with
They burrow into me and push out through my limbs

They find their way out

Woke up in the middle of the ocean with everyone without faces
I only want this thing to drift and I'll cut any rope that's go
t an anchor on it
If you try to keep us here, I'll drill a hole at my feet if I n
eed
Then the choir surrounds him and they push their song that alwa
ys seems off

I wouldn't call them wrong
I just wouldn't ask them at all

I wonder if my fate has been taped to my back because all your
eyes look like they're reading me as forms I was supposed to ha
ve filled out
But it's all paperwork I didn't need to have
Floats, hands behind head, then he sees the choir pulling the s
hip off into the sky gaping open
And it's dark now but he wonders when the sun comes back up
How it'll feel on his skin and if it will at all