

Surly Demise

Shannon Wright

This state it cannot be sound
For seeing through
The day with fresh eyes
Try to lick these bits
Back into place
These tanks bore there wintry weight
To wake to these scraps of morn
It bears a stone
And that's what i've become
These legs are built upon a surly demise
We all reach for a hand in which we will guide
Let's sit quiet and we shall not stir
Your mouth is fragrant
And lassoing this room
And never is too long to date
Your crusty petals are prying away
Pails of cheer have become stains