

Worsening

Baths

Birth was like a fat black tongue
Dripping tar and dung and dye
Slowly into my shivering eyes

I might walk upright
But then again
I might still try to die

Never prayed, never paid any attention
Never felt any affection
Never a lot of thought to life

I might walk upright
But then again
I might still try to die

Where is god when you hate him most
When the mouths in the earth come to bite at my robes
Hell that sits below, of you would do well to bellow
At the cold, the lifeless, the worsening souls