

A Dead Person Breathed on Me!

Forgive Durden

I've got shovels for my hands.
Anchors for my legs.
Wings jut out my shoulder blades.
I can go anywhere.

But I can't go anywhere.
I'm trapped in a mirror.
And you're certainly no hammer.

Like the fiery sun,
Whose touch nothing outruns
But the craters of the arctic moon,
My burning eyes are after you.

So add another notch.
In your painted town I'll rot.
As another nameless block.
What's learned won't quickly be forgot.