

## The Stone Cross

**Job for a Cowboy**

I sleep on a cross for my madness  
I exist within a foundation of stone  
Encircled and smothered within bars of rust  
It all helps me rest within a confine of serenity  
Sealed windows and doorways feel like decrepit paintings on the  
walls  
Pieces of immovable art grow an everlasting flavor of neglect a  
nd dust  
An existence within a casket to bear the living  
My humble and delusional confine