

Worn Out

Kelly Joe Phelps

Wonder flood the valley
Tunnel feed the soil
Free advice with constant wit
Never to recoil
Bums rush o'er the high grass field
With shoes of plastic lace
That untie at the first step
Not the last that wins the race
Herein lies my sure demise
Or 'haps my one bright seed
This or then the other tact
Falls right and starts to bleed
Can you hear a toneless rhyme
Between my bones and sunken eyes?
No, I think not
It's as if my thought has worn
The clown's disguise
Oh, my little life worn out
On this goddamn road
I live to breath more than believe
A reason for this load

Is it my own version
Of a terrifying leap across
An unforgiving landscape
When all I want is sleep?
Unfolding here before me
Is an ugly naked truth
I know no more than a drunkard
In a circus dunk-tank booth
The balls come flying one-two-three
In and down I go
The people retch in laughter
While I scream out for more
Now I'm dry electric shock
I watch the sky like a broken clock
I tie my plastic lace and then I
Go back to my walk
Stuttering for coffee
Or a comforting brush
Across the backs of both my knees
Mother sings to hush

Make a castle to the sky
In honor of a man like sand,
Who'll was away in time and he will
Ne'er be here again
Oh, my little life worn out
On this goddamn road
I live to breath more than believe
A reason for this load