

## 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