Voice Of Disrepair

Only Living Witness

Not exactly taciturn, he shared his bottle openly Battered, banished, ill-remembered Terrified of something seen We grew to reek of martyrdom And (our) mutual misanthropy Certain pleasures taken from him Never meant to want to be

Emptier known as a number

Lack of luck would not explain His traveling for safety's sanction "Standing on his head an always Landing on his feet" Casting blame and laughing In facetious conversation Certain pleasures in return he Never meant to want to be

Emptier known an a number

They found him cold this morning They found him cold at dawn