

The Death

Showbread

hen I was a baby I could close the world up in fleshy pink mitt
s

Now the world flays the infant palms and the bones drip out in
its spit

When I was small I reached up so high and grasped at the mornin
g star

Now the wormwood topples down on me and smashes all my parts

When I was a child my bones spread out like peacock feathers al
ive

Now the feathers wilt like cancerous boils leaving sagging pore
s in my hide

When I was of age I saw a gate so wide and a path so broad for
the taking

But the road to everything led to a cliff where I sprawled out
naked and aching

Now that I'm old I see the light and I see it was never there

Everything leads to nothing nowhere and I don't even care