

Your youth is gone
your life is over
years of cheer
reduced to this
A crumbling mess
on a September morn
I saw you there
Sioux City bound
In a cornfield
your blood flows by
like a meandering stream
bubbling
gurgling
brook-like
I saw you there
stinking
baking in the midday sun
hard on the outside
soft on the inside
(That's a nice contract)