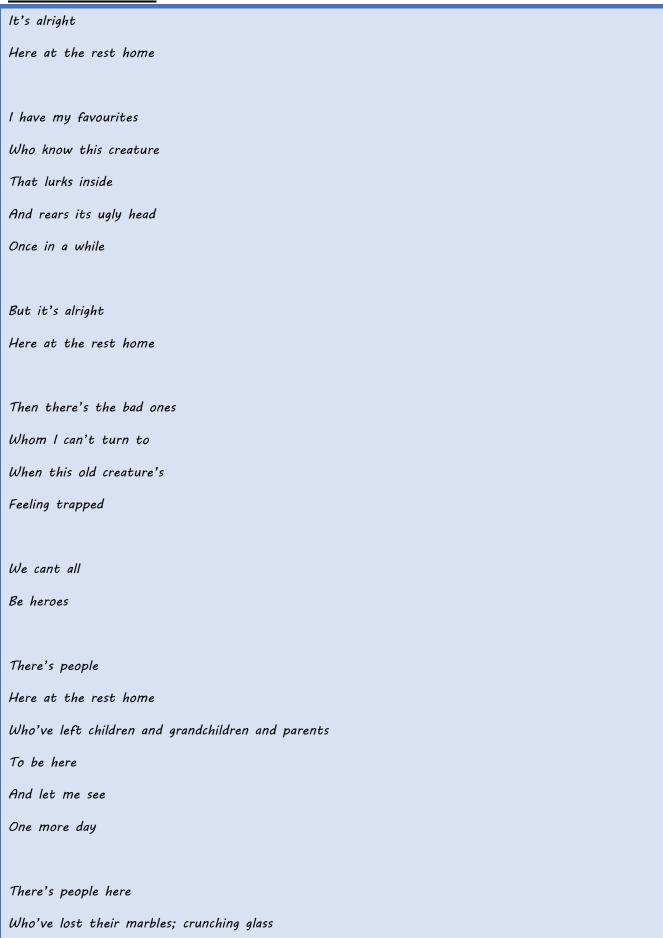
The Rest Home



Between munted thumbs Till the blood runs thick Like the jelly at lunch Creating time out of the slice between the hands The world rotating through these doors Beckoning and staggering Each face a roughened stone That I set my heart against It's hard Listen to me It's hard They have balloons in the dining hall To make up for the marbles It's like the air's been sucked out And replaced with something foul Knowing the scythe Will sever my soul I'm not ready My mother lived to ninety-two The doctor waved a DNR For me to sign He said, "who wants to live here any longer than they need to?" On my first day Here at the rest home