

untitled

There are worse feelings than misery
There is worse hurt than pain
There an exhaustion beyond being tired
When I pass let me not be resurrected
But let me sleep a dreamless sleep
Afloat in the void
Lost in the black

Crickets

Fingers touch flesh and fingers touch strings
Muscles ache and bacon sizzles
I am stoned in the middle of the art museum
The crunch of crickets in the hot night air
Stepping branch to branch and talking to strangers