Jay Morris  
  
Decay  
  
While at home with no end  
i see cracks in a bookcase  
a chip in a plate, dust on the beams  
a break in my state  
there are weeds fingering bricks  
bird shit on the deck  
dust clouds gather in corners  
i smell rot up to my neck  
  
This is why i don't sit still.  
I see the wallpaper's torn  
i see the decay on my teeth  
and crap on the lawn  
there is no relief  
  
There are other creases  
those that etch faces  
causeways and cul de sacs  
lines that detract  
from the little things, as Bukawski said,  
that drive a man insane  
the big things are obvious and plain.  
  
I can't stretch out, flex and contract  
exercise my will, vindicate my freedom  
i think i've given up,  
moss grows in my mouth  
paralyzed now,  
I'm a captive who can't shout.  
  
I could be dead before they reach me  
'he was locked in too long' they might say.  
there I will be  
a mound of vines and small trees  
a man I once was  
but now I am free.