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.