

## **Fall Of The Leafe "Big Ol' Fat Rain Inside"**

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Knee and head both ache.  
No picture on the TV, but a voice is speaking.  
A piece of paper arguing with reasons for immediate  
evacuation.  
Now notice how I am slipping today.  
All of these bruises remind me of a fine day.

Bags wait.  
And wait.  
Name tags, pale and blank, wait too.  
Not much waiting in the fridge.  
Me?

Slipping away but not going anywhere.

Bruises left from the passing day.  
Crumbs on my skin and pink men dancing in my eyes.  
The sound of something in my ears, still.  
Hey, wonder if these walls could hear?  
Wish they could speak too.  
It would be nice for a change.

A piece of paper with my name on it.  
It means I am someone.

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