

Horace Pinker

"More At Home"

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jaw wired shut like trap
your senses cold and numb
you're as lifeless as a leaf in fall
put you in the stretcher watch you crawl across the
street each night

makes me wonder if you could do it all over
would you still feel more at home drinkin and listening
you don't feel so alone
more at home room full of strangers that place you call
your own

every night that you go out
i'm at home not thinking of you or milwaukee
like that painting left undone you have let yourself
become
a red-eyed regular just another

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