

# Jawbox

## "GRIP"

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Wreck rebirth,  
The broken-bottled dregs unneeded for conviction  
anymore.  
Median castaway,  
the faded green's allure.  
Played enough  
at climbing from my concrete island home;  
forgotten what those broken legs were for.

I'll leave behind the tyranny of signs,  
transparent things you hold on to.  
I know what's mine,  
a greying field of sky,  
and in whose grip I lie.

Pain no less,  
blackout caresses,  
encroaching green,  
forgotten what my failing eyes had seen  
once so excessive,  
now so lean.

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