

## **Monday In London "Canary In A Coalmine"**

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Well I'm starting to be free of this.  
If I would have died would that  
have made the rest better?  
A canary in a coal miner's cage,  
the last one to go not yet a red letter day.  
Last night I fell asleep to air.  
In the morning I'll wake up  
to my lungs filled with clutter.  
Will I ever breathe again?  
Run, run take cover.  
The walls in this house  
are caving in like sleep paralysis.  
Black out!  
Now I swim out to the ocean crest,  
I stretch my hand out to deliver a letter.

A paranoid poets distress.  
Past a few weird trees and mist.  
A voice beckons to be from  
between the bed and the covers.  
Canaries telling fables of men.  
Like so many poets who fell  
in love with the bottle.  
If the bird went first then I'm gone too.  
And all of my friends are  
pouring liquor on my grave.  
Tipping their hats and their bottles,  
and walking off.  
In a few short hours they'll be here too.

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