

Casket Lottery "Midway"

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the red knife comes to mind. the one that bled nothing
but rust this time years ago, ages ago. stuck in the
ground by rabbit traps that mark my way back home.
cold days come faster now, seems like i'm growing old.
and i know no point in all of this. hard days are wearing
me thing, not yet. please not yet. when things were
simple, and i was young (and there were no real walls.)
i had dreams about these days and its funny how
things change. "it will be nice to be strong. it will be
nice to be proud." but i am still not safe and i know no
point in all of this.

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