

getting to know people
finally
after being huddled
in the dungeon
of a crippled god
since birth.

Again, Again & Not Any Easier

it happened again

I woke up
with the same
rotten gravel
crunching in my mind.
it seems I should
have died in my sleep
long ago
but no
I fumble thru
another day
with a brain
as numb as a wet
cotton pellet
& eyes as grey as
November
sinking deeper
& deeper
within their sockets
like an ocean
shriveling into two drops
of liquid zinc.
there

is
something very cruel
about being born
to die
that
destroys
the best of men
long before
their time.

Lesson

I found out as I
grew up
that the longer I lived
the worse life got
& that the day I die
would be the one
that beats them all
but
somehow after that
things will get better.

-- Douglas Blazek

Bensenville, Illinois