

The Rest Home

It's alright

Here at the rest home

I have my favourites

Who know this creature

That lurks inside

And rears its ugly head

Once in a while

But it's alright

Here at the rest home

Then there's the bad ones

Whom I can't turn to

When this old creature's

Feeling trapped

We cant all

Be heroes

There's people

Here at the rest home

Who've left children and grandchildren and parents

To be here

And let me see

One more day

There's people here

Who've lost their marbles; crunching glass

Between munted thumbs

Till the blood runs thick

Like the jelly at lunch

Creating time out of the slice between the hands

The world rotating through these doors

Beckoning and staggering

Each face a roughened stone

That I set my heart against

It's hard

Listen to me

It's hard

They have balloons in the dining hall

To make up for the marbles

It's like the air's been sucked out

And replaced with something foul

Knowing the scythe

Will sever my soul

I'm not ready

My mother lived to ninety-two

The doctor waved a DNR

For me to sign

He said, "who wants to live here any longer than they need to?"

On my first day

Here at the rest home