

77 Words About Nothing (4.05.2012)

by Anthony Van Hart

I'm cracked.

Slowed by the dayswimmers
and gravediggers.

Nightcrawlers and court justices.

I sold my ego to pay a parking ticket,
threw my hat into too many rings.

Question:

Is it really better to burn out
than to fade away?

I blew up.

And instead of fading away,

I tossed it,
wrapper and all,
into some trash heap gutter.

Dust to dust,

Earth to earth -

Sometimes it feels good to rid yourself of it when you can.

~Unpublished

