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The Insides

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The Insides

Libby Watts

Another day it's been for sure
When a listless arm strains to open the door
Of this ungrateful ride for which I break my back
Pitiful reason I'll go back for more

I'll head for the t.v. with an unhealthy snack
Curse at my carpet as I step on a tack
That taunts me from his place below
It's just as alive as anything else in this shack

Then off into bed I drag my dead weight
There's plenty of room since I'm lacking a mate
Give me someone to care if I live or I die
Who won't fear lions' hearts or to loose pent-up cries

Unleash him to me- I can smell the insides