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Mud Is Home

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Mud Is Home

M.J. Scott

My last quarter was spent dialing the wrong number to the old town electric company

/the burdens of debt, the ground opened at my ankles and I felt the dirt was wet

There was no time to fall apart in that phone booth so I head back to a home cold as February

/the deeds of waste, the illusions of wealth have blinded my eyes before they've run gray

Anything I owned that was worth keeping I just burned because it still wasn't worth giving away

/the pains of regret, my dying at the speed of life was living at the speed of death

I'll miss the smell of Sunday mornings in that old kitchen where mother made family dinners

/the loss of good days, what is gone forever is bound forever to a memory that remains

I don't know where I'll grow old now, but I should have been too poor to give a damn anyway

/the fears of unknown, though I've died inside I'll never be buried in a garden I've sown

I don't know where
I'll grow old now,
but I should have been
too poor to give a damn
anyway