

Down in the Dumps, Geese

remember the times that we had?
nothing to hold on to, just today.
this dead log laying submerged
in a nice place to rest.
these are some of the best times I've had
it's so much cooler here in the shade,
without them, without it all
in the concrete cave.
living in color, riding on rubber
riding in the end of summer's days.
ignorance is bliss and all around
these swamplands are smothered in trash,
the marshes are drowning in man
noises from everywhere, never revealing.
our friends grow further, faint clouds of
laughter
it's all coming to an end.
we're burning out, we're fading away.