

Kristeen Young, Rotting On The Vine

(Name is actually "Skeletons")

We walk around,
Pretend we don't see
The sickening joke
Played out on we
Have just a few years of juiced-plump skin
Then it slides off;
Back to the skeleton
Back to the dust.
See the walking skeletons.

We're not the living.
We're the dying,
Looking sicker everyday,
After the second decade.
Rotting on the vine is not glamorous,
But it will be contagious.
I'll spoil the home
If I've got to go
Back to the bone.

First your face cracks. Then,
Your hair colour doesn't last.
You try to hide in fat
(That's just a skeleton gift-wrapped.)
You've got an arsenal of creams
Fighting dehydrating.
If you think you can win
Maybe you should squint;
Back to the skeleton.

I'm falling from the sky,
But on my way down
I'm grabbing all life.
I'm not going alone.
I'll burn the seas, and level some trees.
I'll take a species
Back to the ground.
Not going alone;
Back to the bone.