

Oceania, Dark Matter

drunk again in the rain
out of the pills that keep him sane
phone book full of meaningless names
watch the water drip down the glass

falling through holes in matter
the thought of free will makes him smile
his feet took him to the library
where it's quiet safe and warm

molting shedding sense of humor
for sardonic armor
you can't do much with five senses
and three dimensions
he fell asleep by the fireplace
and dreamed of home