

# Shannon Wright, Surly Demise

This state it cannot be sound  
For seeing through  
The day with fresh eyes  
Try to lick these bits  
Back into place  
These tanks bore there wintry weight  
To wake to these scraps of morn  
It bears a stone  
And that's what i've become  
These legs are built upon a surly demise  
We all reach for a hand in which we will guide  
Let's sit quiet and we shall not stir  
Your mouth is fragrant  
And lassoing this room  
And never is too long to date  
Your crusty petals are prying away  
Pails of cheer have become stains