

Rotten

As time goes by and death catches me, these rotten things follow me.
They follow me to let me know my breath, mind, and life are growing old.
Memories, friends, places have all changed it seems, what's left is not much
familiar to me.

Rotten are the buildings that I once knew, as the concrete crumbles and
facades stand askew.

Rotten is the soil that's at my feet, as this dirt won't grow anything good to
eat.

Rotten are my friends who are left in this town, as they walk hunched over
and look to the ground.

Rotten is my car and the memories inside, as rust takes hold and clouds fill
my mind.

Rotten are the dreams of my youthful bliss, as my body won't work and
my back's always stiff.

From the sweat of my brow to my slow-moving feet, this world has left me
rotten. So here I stand on my own two feet knowing most of my friends are
rotting beneath. I shall see them again in a much better place, as I finish my
rot in this dark, dreary place.

—*Joey Yake*