

Emptiness

By Douglas K Childers

Pierces the soul, threatens infection

My body mimics a life of six legs

Hard shell out but its inside begs

For something more than merely dregs

Feasts on hope and love, secretes desperation

Rodents work with more intent

Than me in my shell, I lament

Any life I've had -- came and went.

Rots the mind like fungus, and reeks destruction