

Sinking

By Toddryck Noël



If there's wind in my sails,
It's the shouts and the guffaws
Of endless clouts and taunts; of
Whirlwinds in my years—throbbing ears.

O but that thump thump thump
Is only the cry of life awaiting
Death.

The pulse of these veins
Pumps in vain like anchors
Drowning in a well.

I well up inside, close shop outside,
And still they graffiti my sides.
Windows smash, then comes the flood—
Doors crash, and then spills the blood

Across the floor, I lay.
Still.

Pills stand around and watch
The usual drill—saw, saw, saw;
They saw me do it, they watched me try,

But only I can watch me die.
You drop in black, but behind my
Back, you spit on the stone.
Back in school, those paper balls
Do stick with me, even as I die.

They stay with me,
Those voices,
That sound,
They're with me in the ground.

Those bruises,
These scars,
They stay with me—
With me in the ground.

But still you stand around,
Lodging yourself a'throat.
It's you who got my goat;
Yes you who cry lies and
Spill lies and I who lies
Beneath your boots.

Well, are you happy now?
I ask, are you?
Have you come ashore now,
Have you?

Yes, are you happy now?

Are you?

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