

Nearing It

Harrison Potts

People tell me I have a broken frown,
like a leaky faucet in a nursing home.

My skin, loose and frayed.
My face, a reflection of my soul:
the thinning continues.

An indescribable kinship:
shattered cabinets, rusted silverware,
an abandoned Sears with rats living in it.

The Grim Reaper, broken like me,
follows promising numbness.