

Fake 400: Max Goodman

Ringing silence I hear
From in this darkened room
Starched sheets between my feet
Enclosed - as if a tomb

My shoulder gently aches
The silent air stares back
It Bores into my eyes
My soul splits - just a crack

Curtains block the window
The sun has set far west
And this is All there Is
My Mind conjures the Rest.