

The Stone Cross

Job for a Cowboy

I sleep on a cross for my madness
I exist within a foundation of stone
Encircled and smothered within bars of rust
It all helps me rest within a confine of serenity
Sealed windows and doorways feel like decrepit paintings on the
walls
Pieces of immovable art grow an everlasting flavor of neglect a
nd dust
An existence within a casket to bear the living
My humble and delusional confine