

If Hell...

by John Wentworth Chapin

Even if...

we wake up in a hell of misery

bankruptcy

tumors rattling

lies tucked behind easier lies

or a hell of comfort

rusted water heater

cataracts

working late

or the hell of others

the sour waft of a secret

it's late but you have to listen

As long as it is we who wake together

I trace your brow

When I pull close, you pull closer

Hell is beyond

