

Apex

by Larry Strattnr

The decreasing apex
came up too fast.
You left paint and blood smeared on the wall
spiced with steel and savory
super-high-traction tire compound
both which seem to have limits.

Folly lurks in surpassing one's self
while suffused with a sense of immortality.

Good news though,
if you have such obsessions
your end will be quick.
Better to be a smear on the wall
than an ugly bundle of made-up bones
in an ill-advised open casket.

