

being buried  
i suppose is nothing  
like living in a basement.  
no one really wants you to come back up the stairs.  
although it is not a spoken fact  
    it is a convenient assumption  
        that you want the darkness  
            and the quietude of six feet down.

well if nothing else  
    i think it should be much deeper.  
        nothing may be more irritating than  
            the sound of roots probing against the ceiling.  
        nothing may be more unsettling than  
            the sound of burrowing claws running into your barrier.  
        nothing may be more worrisome than  
            the erosive sound of dripping seepage in an everlasting water torture.

it just seems to me the words rest in peace  
    are an inside joke for someone who cannot work outside the box.

nothing like living in the basement.  
wf.h.  
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