

Badlands

By A. C. Zito

When I'm old and gray

Pimples and dimples gone

Replaced with wrinkles and tooth decay

Bring me there

Bring me to my resting place

Where the buzzards will have at me

And I will say my last Hail Mary

Bring me to the Bandlands

"The Badlands?" you say

Yes, the Bandlands is where I'll stay

For the duration of my play

My theatrical performance

It's been a good one

Born to be an actor

Ready to die and turn back to matter

I'm an instigator

A proprietor

A storyteller

A civilian

I'm a real life human being

I have skin and blood and bones and all that good stuff

But tell me if I belong there

During my final hours

Do I really want to sit and bake in the sun

In the Badlands?

But I have one answer for you

One reason behind my madness

If the Badlands is where I go to die

Where will I go afterward to live?