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Pegs

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PEGS

Donnie Drobny

I'd rather have a frozen heart
Or one that's made of stone
Than live another day with this emptiness
Calling my chest its home
I've tried to fill it so many times
With so many different pegs
But if this hole inside of me is round
The pegs are always square
Or triangular

Octagonal

Pentagonal

Bottle shaped pegs, empty and brown
Belt shaped pegs leaving welts on my back
Knife shaped pegs with red coated blades
I try to fill the hole with pegs made of light
With cross shaped pegs
Or pentagrams
Or tiny graven images

Yet each peg the hole devours
A mouth with a thousand peg teeth
Each peg becomes a part of me
Of the darkness

The emptiness

The hollowness

Dwelling inside me
And soon the pegs will all run out
And I'll be hollow still
An empty shell—once a man
Now no more than a corpse
A holey ghost
Vacant eyes
And broken pegs