Basal Cell

By John T. Wurzer

You got under my skin

Left a hole in my smile

I feel so out of place

Near the end of this trial

At the back of the pack

In this futile rat race

It’s getting hard to keep track

Of what I’m trying to erase

Everything that distilled

From these teardrops within

I was fine here until

You got under my skin

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

And I’m checking my SPF

Some days are prisons of time

Filled with bars that don’t bend

I scratch a line on a wall

Hoping the sentence will end

Sunrise seeps through the chains

I wipe the sleep from my eyes

Feel like I’m going insane

As the sun starts to rise

I hide my face from it all

Until the light starts to dim

That was a long way to fall

When you got under my skin

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

Checking my SPF

I’ve built a fortress of clothes

Lotions, netting, and hats

Protect myself from the light

While I keep indoor cats

Like a nunnery nun

Or a long cloistered Monk

I just hide from the sun

Sit alone and get drunk

Don’t go outside ‘till it’s dark

Feel like my soul’s wearing thin

I’m like a match with no spark

Since you got under my skin.

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

And I’m checking my SPF

You got under my skin

Left a hole in my smile

I won’t be fine once again

Until you’re gone for awhile