

(modern biology)

each spongy human body  
filled with intimate nightmares  
resist fear it will make them real  
ride that ancient beast  
to its primordial extinction  
it dies without sound  
full of fury it will get its revenge  
stand ground without an inkling of  
understanding of the images that surround,  
confound, and molest the precious almighty  
body, mind  
don't  
who can anyone trust?  
euphoric buzz traps better sense  
in an endless cusp  
better be becoming  
see where logic leads?  
insanity

an entire life spent retreating  
from anything that makes it uncomfortable  
finger on the trigger  
the bang for the buck always delivers  
and leaves the newborn crying.

(the Great American pyramid)

each trash heap  
a pyramid  
of which future generations  
will ask why and how  
did this mysterious civilization accomplish this  
monumental structure in celebration  
of their monstrous excesses  
in this twilight time when titians of industry  
and all kinds of foul creatures  
still roamed the earth  
they made a bigger mess  
than all the generations before

their thirst thou quenched still  
they cried for more  
pushed the young into meat grinders  
fertilizer for the next year  
cannibals in the last one

war after war  
losing more and more control each one  
spoils sat on ice until spoiled  
rotten kids raised as if one foot wasn't in the grave  
at their mercy, the noble tyranny of the knave  
who too, ever wanted more?  
worked until their backs caved  
searched the world for more immigrants  
the new slave  
all for the landfill marvels  
the eighth wonder of this  
nightmare filled world

(shrink session 1,001)

can't talk about my childhood  
Disney owns the copyright  
no wonder I didn't turn autonomous  
it wasn't a basic right  
trapped in a room  
surrounded by white noise  
and a red light  
hit the brakes  
interstate radio plays the same pop song  
it wants us to kill our neighbor  
destructured thoughts  
sing a Christmas carol  
something might be wrong  
I need a favor  
talk to myself through others  
ear to the ground  
you or I mean I can feel  
the vibration, I wonder  
what it's trying to say

(puppet)

My life is not my own  
in the space between breath and sleep  
I stay awake while I dream  
I see the threads made of the many lives  
woven into me  
a tapestry attached to a mast  
I glide across the waves of eternity  
my life is not my own  
loose connections loomed together by throughout time  
it forms a web that binds me to this earth  
thousands of voices in my head drown out mine  
my life is not my own  
a puppet getting pulled back  
no matter how I hack and slash  
at the threads, I can't seem to escape  
cutting each thread, I fall to pieces  
I've made my bed and now it's time  
to sleep in it

(creature comforts)

creature comforts  
forgo senses, abandon release  
walnut stained hands  
raise above my head  
surrender mind feigned relief  
pruned eyes digests the skimmed surface  
too frightened to journey beneath  
no comfort in the prophesy ripened to fruition  
stone soup bitter can't keep listening to intuition  
it seems to conspire against me  
to reason to get up and fight  
the hope I was wrong was right  
a devil dressed as a saint  
serves a man subject to baser desires  
the cross is on fire  
tire swing hangs where bodies once swung  
like apples  
the chosen one picked from  
the cherry red headline  
don't worry keep believing the lies  
and you'll be fine.