

repurposed

repurposed, we
set ourselves ablaze
accelerants in our own demise.

segmented, we
drink an elixir of provocation
and requited belligerence.

hear us flock to the abattoir
crafted by injustices past
watch us, engineered, in joyous exclaim!
marionettes, in hands
decayed by zealous monotony
as Janus comes with praise
for our puppeteers.

it seemed we would never amount to more
than a kaleidoscope of ashes,
charred under a new moon.

we know now to covet its discretion
lest their gaze falls upon us.

perfunctory nods our way offered
while streams of diamond ink
treacherous yet familiar
chiseled our hardened faces.

repurposed, she
looks to me stunned, with furloughed hope
when did our backs become the mantles
upon which their profits perched?
although divided her grief
each dividend weighed heavier than the last
were her wishes my horses
fields of green she would roam.

repurposed, I
wander the crossroads of contention
civility: but a lidded tureen
encased, feigned ignorance
and decorated commiserations

they willed us to the guillotine
of a life trampled and trodden
in roads tarred with tears
unto a fate unsaved.

unpurposed, they
stoke the flames
of our continued oppression
to whose indignance do we owe
these seeds of blind hatred?
whose brazen self-regard

is once bitten, twice emboldened
by the depravity of confidence?

surely our pleas, our plight, our pain
begets your empathy, or in vain
will our voices we strain?

repurposed, we
will one day see
a light whose brilliance rekindles
fires of faith long extinguished.

until then,

under strings of indoctrination we coo
it's a pleasure to meet you, Waterloo.