

so it seams

clouds skim
down, my
smoke-screen
dream;

lies rhyme
into, my
off-color
scheme;

echoes chase
through, my
panging
scream;

clashes strike
past, my
expanding
seam;

regrets arise
into, my
tenebrous
scene;

contradictions
are complete;
my mind–
awakening–
dream.

disrespect smells the woman

disrespect smells the woman
and her spirit keeps her intents
hidden deep within the linens
lying crumpled by her past

she has tried to learn a lesson
but the rhetoric is so stoic
that she can't discern the meaning
and the hatred manifests

confessions seek absolution
but her guilt is guised by glory
in the bottom of her hamper
lying cold, damp, and unpressed

acerbic thoughts refuse dilution
by the comfort found in new limbs
wrapped so tightly, yet so strangely
in the order of her chest

disrespect smells the liars
and her spirits hide her intents
hidden deep within the linens
lying crumpled by her past

she can try to find a pattern
in the abyss of her knowledge
but she'd rather just not bother
and let her body do the rest.

global thievery

if the circles
we surround ourselves with,
intertwine, revolve, transfix—
this loop of life
is nothing more
than a relentlessly ritualistic
pulse of evil—
swaying severely,
whirlwind warping,
oscillating bodies,
blending brains—
failing to seize
through their tempered orbs,
perhaps,
only our essences:
hovering, waiting, still, waiting—
passively refusing
to be engulfed,
in fabricated cadence
driven movements
of attempted, pseudo-circling
perfection.

—simplicity sans sphere
perhaps,
is achievable—

souls know
the beat
mysterious myth
of revolution,
we fools of force
faltering dance to.

blind
provocations of movement,
perpetuate
the ceaseless throb—
perhaps,
this is the source
of the unbroken swing—
the ones
without
souls
at all.