

outsmart the fever  
and take us farther from  
the killing life in capsules  
a life that can't belong

so if I wake up dead to the world  
with the helm at my command  
the reaching out of this  
faced tomorrow in the 11: th hour  
beckoned closer  
now as nightfall sends it's grace  
cue to enter the insatiable ideal  
slam it shut but the portal pounding lingers  
what is it; is time undone  
cannot falter in the security of labour  
was I supposed to believe?

where did I sign  
did I miss the auction where my life went under the club?

went the half mile  
wondered when the resolution would come  
life became too solid  
diluted by the essence of denial  
caught in fire's eye  
the self and filter that is I  
my lip was venom  
words formed in my mouth  
hid beneath the tounge  
never to be seen