

The Static Masses

Light This City

Even when I was younger
I could feel your slimy sculptor's hands
Shaping every uneven feature of my body after your
fantasies.
Forever crafted to a silent excessive perfection.
Fingers digging out all visible flaws,
Yet you still aren't satisfied with your work.
I'll never breathe or blink or look you in the eye.
I'll never show a single sign that I'm alive.
The time will come to break the chisel
That hacked away our trust.
I'll never speak or think or spit straight in your eye.
I'll never show a single sign I can defy.
You need to understand it's what you've done to all of
us.
As you approach, I'll always freeze right where I'm
standing,
Heart beating faster under the cold,
Hard clay that has become my skin.
It's buried so deep,
You'd never know it was there. But you're seeking
something.
I can see it when you examine my every feature
For something more than what you've designed.
I'll never breathe or blink or look you in the eye.
I'll never show a single sign that I'm alive.
The time will come to break the chisel that hacked away
our trust.
I'll never speak or think or spit straight in your eye.
I'll never show a single sign I can defy.
You need to understand it's what you've done to all of
us.
Weighed down by my own heavy splendor,
I'm just a statue to pose at your parties, surrounded
by a stiff,
Leering mass groping for a feel of the new old trend.
But what more can I give you besides my rigid presence?