

Silent By

Senser

Theres a form in the path, bloated seed that you cast
it distracts as it breathes, from the cracks that it leaves
gorgon screens, time congeals round the mind
till i'm sealed, like a fly trapped in grease
losing limbs, a metaphore for your land locked dreams
a cross hung, in dead air
your gelatinous words will not penetrate there.
Your consent is just a fiction manufactured to the letter
protected from yourself by someone who knows better
fate keepers, in constipated linear structures
each puppet works a puppet, think you can ever stop it?
Crystallised my mouth dries, the gap yawns to the size
of impossible loss and i'm fully transported and
standing at the ice hacking at the surface,
forms loom beneath it a well that holds a timeless secret.
I wont sit silent by.
Don't you secretly sigh for
a way to bridge the dark and endless spaces
the void left by apathy and sucking need?
If each atom touches to every other
i'll generate send the wave riding out.
I am not buying; you are trying my patience
Invest my mind in a sounder kind of gold
The yolk nourishing, here within lies a stronger hold
Bolder words unfolding a cooler, older, absurder version
I won't be casting any worthless aspersions
You took my name and number from a gift list
Insist this is the cheapest, latest
Fortunes are attached, no risks asterisked
I am a seed carried high across the sky of infinite life
If I get stripped of my wings
I will be dropping headlong at a world so gone
Sponsored by, fixed the score
Blame who induced, introduced this meglomaniac war
No cure-all preparation for a fundamental human flaw
And we still want more
A million gobs, all teeth, grief and screaming
Faceless tantrum, repressed fury becomes
Dead and doldrum
I cannot centre; I'm hell-bent and burning
Open and undone expose the empty answers, someone
I wont sit silent by.
this war is bloodless and silent
relentlessly tightened
majestically subtle
adjusting the totals
my reason and purpose
my body is worthless
aware as if heightened
the subtext is fat
a gobfull of grease
and they like it like that
but im alive underneath
a kind of firewheel centre says
"the lies are obese"
I wont sit silent by.
this aint kansas

i recognise you
i think i can taste blood
i cant feel my legs