

You Were Born In A Prison

Showbread

the children wear their faith like bracelets
their passion like a wreath of bones
a lumbering hydra with hardening heads
steam from its talons, liquid chrome

oh the children cling to peace
the light through the socket of your eye of glass
they hope and they perish in the fire
atrophied and situated at an impasse

bless the Lord, oh my soul!
the apple in your mouth
the worm that gnaws it down to the pit
the things you go without
born into a prison they can't escape
there's no escape, there's no escape
born into a prison they can't escape

the children stand in line and wait to take the medicine
conform their thoughts, espouse the doctrine, accept the
discipline
an animal scratches its back on a rock
against the planet's teeth, it subjugates the stone
the children, warped and genuflected
disappearing, all alone.