

Poetry is the only form of written art that needs no explanation. It's a stream of consciousness meticulously edited to be the best it can be, to explain intention is to ruin the fun of deciphering the puzzle yourself. Subtly has never been my strong suit but I hope you are able to take from these few frenzied lines a lesson, a phrase, or even a word that means something to you. Then again that's what all artists want at the end of the day, well that and lots and lots of money.

Liquid Fear:

Drowning in what I thought was free
the cost has never been so
fresh faces murdered in their beds
hold their progeny's corpse close to heart
hoping the life given once
could be again.
Hoping,
believing will save them
everyone understands it won't,

Happiness is a drug
A chemical cocktail created by your own weakness
A hope that we were better
But as the past will always tell us
We cannot win a war on drugs

Culture War:

Subtly is a tool

To convince

To shame

To reduce

To turn a being into a beast

A man to a machine

A woman to a wretch

The wait, the slow march toward progress

The kicking and screaming

The march on a treadmill,

A few bad apples, picked from a rotting tree

Grown in blood-soaked soil

Fed with poison and trimmed by slaves

Nothing will ever change,

Unless we change it.

Influence:

Stare, gawk, and cry

My truth

My moment

My time

That's what they keep shouting

Our so-called contemporaries

They flaunt

Fast cars, face lifts, and premium drugs

They show us what we could only ever inherit, and tell us

Their charity knows no bounds

Wealth was once a commodity

Now it is a lifestyle

Now it is a group

It is a people

a rat's nest, a hovel lined in gold

Waiting to be crushed by their children's bootheels

And from the ashes

The meek will inherit the Earth

Before the strong take it back again.

Over and over till our little game runs out of pieces.

Till we burn, drill, cut, and atomize everything we have left

Then only meek rats shall remain