

Religion Bad

"Tiny Voices"

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the brown and orange sky holds its breath
as the sun retreats to the distant horizon,
and our hearts palpitate anxiously as we soon will lay
supine,
and wait for sleep to overcome us
and from somewhere in our black,
subconscious minds when we're asleep,
comes a haunting swelling mass of voices,
resonating, its screams of forgotten victims and the
cries of innocence,
and the desperate plea for recognition and
recompense
tiny voices, echoes of our heritage,
our long and sallow faces turn the other way,
tiny voices, harbored deep within
as we outwardly deny that they have something to say,
and if we don't confront them they will never go away
the billions of tiny pinhole embers fade into a morning
sky
filled with poignant morose wonder,
waking a bear a cosmetic peace that verifies the
turmoil
which we carry deep inside

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