

Caleb Stine "Substance"

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My own body defies my will as it breaks and it burns
with desires of it's own
How much more am I not in control of a body like yours
made of different bone
If their fingers were small enough they would tweak
each double helix inside of you
'Til all the genes of impossible sadness were stripped
of their sway

As it stands you are manic depressed that's the best
they can label the parts they can test
And it's chemical fingers they use to infuse every cell
with a drug that they've blessed
As the kids in your class laugh and pass, you're
amazed that they're able to blind themselves to
The plastic and sorrow that build every castle they're in

All the markets are set in their place and the kings
tucked in bed at the head of the race
In the street in the still of the night you are suddenly
free with the wind in your face
Maybe all of this science and medicine skims past the
part of you screaming for substance
And maybe just maybe you need to get far far away

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