

Coma Eternal

"Here Sleeps Make Believe"

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Windows down, smog in, smoke stacks, saw dust.
Industry exhaust, airborne progress acrid and tangible
filling my lungs.
Skyscrapers stand impartial.
Daunting speed bumps apathetic as alarm clocks.
Giants on a dirty horizon bathed in negative color.
Half asleep I swallow spit fermenting thick like gastric
oatmeal.
Clouds drain.
Flowers pissing pollen into the atmosphere.
I am unimpressed.
I am ungrateful.
I am a leech, a parasite.
I am a vampire.
I am the heart vacuum.
Annexing the honest bones from your body.

I want to touch everything that isn't mine while
neglecting anything that is, tinting the light at the end
of the tunnel.
Gravity crushed malleable connections flat as the last
nails are hammered into the dreamer's coffin.
Here lies all things sugar coated.
Here lies hope and dreams and all things worthless in
a bed of fool's gold.
Here sleeps make believe, here sleeps humor, here
sleeps irresponsibility.
Burning bridges, content with no love lost.
Rigid cold and concrete.

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