

Consequence

"Counterfeit"

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Hold and listen.
Something is missing from the celluloid
Where actors, permissive,
Hold their positions
In pixels to blur the lines between
The real and the scene.
Steal the motion from the act
Picturesque in photographs,
Where all of my dreams suddenly seem to sate.
(All the dreams that fall between the frames within the
film)
Have we been exposed?
Unrolled, developed for sale and show?
(We're in too soon to know)
Have we been exposed?
We isolate the things we can't keep our eyes from.
Are you so alone?

(All of my dreams,
They suddenly seem
To float between the frames of the film,
And blur the lines between
The real and the scene.)

Are you so alone?
You're in too soon to know,
You fold:
I've traded my youth for white lights
And black suits.

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