

Funeral

"This Wrath"

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Again the face smiles and we're left at an impasse as
the
Trees stretch out above us and the ground seems to
carry
On,
Infinitely.
Never to return,
With no idea of how we got here in the first place.
Is this a blank now?
And is the cure worth the pain?
The pen won't move until we've gone further down.
The pen won't move until the other hand has dropped,
and
Is that what was hoped for?
Dropping off seems to keep more intact and keep us on
a
More destructive path.
This is where the roots grow and spread for miles at a
Time.

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