

## Gramm Lou

### "Time Capsules And The Greater Truth"

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In a glass display case, I'm a harbour of fears as  
insects swarm.  
With an agit woman clad in leopard, a Venus flytrap  
grinds away a ten-year dental plan.  
Sore broken jaw a mess of wire and tiny springs.

And on the blue wing a nurse asleep on the job kills,  
they dose you down for the weekend.  
I love you like silence does, as it becomes you.  
I keep you dressed in the best clothes, you punch my  
liver and swab my nose.  
I love you like silences do, as they become you.

Hatred is the drug numbing my touch through  
pregnant silences.  
Come revive this life with adrenal shots with coma-  
piercing words.  
You would wake me with a sigh across the pores,  
Now the sorest points are time capsules buried too low.

When lies are dressed in the best clothes, promises  
lead to new lows.  
I love you like silence does, as it becomes you.  
Saliva boils on the S.K, the bleeding gums are a given.  
I miss you like innocence does as it guilt-trips trips us.

Oh what a let down.

Hell, and I feel something now, even if it's a lie,  
There's a greater truth emerging.

Can these time capsules be the greater truth?

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