

Buried Inside

"The Seductive Nature Of Female Sexuality"

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We woke up one morning, confused and disoriented,
wondering if it really happened.

But as they say, if it doesn't kill you, it defines you.

Round of pleasure.

Mindfuck.

The definition outweighs the violation, while cultural
constructs remain, and the vulnerable are prey, a
learned behavior festers, from depersonalization to
conquest, without responsibility to consequence.

Where did it start and when will it end?

A reversal of moral accountability, a kiss that bites.

When glass is broken and a body falls, tangled and
stretched.

To any action, there is no uniform response, nor a
uniform time of recovery.

Scathed, scythed.

Dull the blade that reaps/rapes our fields of hope and
security.

Because this is more than Nanking, and this is more
than Vietnam.

This happens everyday, and this is happening right
now.

Manhood is a delusion, an assumed identity, inked in
patterns and sealed by sight.

'For today I'm alive.'

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