

Buried Inside "Unendowed (Come Join The Party)"

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Born into, worlds apart.
Heir to dust, a forming heart.
What is inscripted, sculpted by borders.
What is encrypted, blackened by borders.
Eurocentric epidemic.
Guiltless hunger swayed by a guilty hand?
Consign to oblivion, turned backs follow raised chins.
And we stubbed our toes on superficiality.
This, the incomplex complexity.
The soiled witness of prestige.

For without beauty there is no happiness, and without
selflessness there is always ignorance.
Weave, cut, melt, fade into ashes.
Masticated untouchability, beyond peripheral/our
western vision.
Personal interest is the steam that fogs the mirrors of
our very existence.
And so it continues.
Forgone conclusion.
Forgotten resolution.

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