

Job For A Cowboy

"The Deity Misconception"

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The withering serpent puts out his cigar with a scoff
and sneer below his
Frigid exhalation
it's embers dance overhead (its embers dance over
head) his polished boots,
As his yearning parade bubbles: for a xenophobic
nation
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the
boiling sun
For shackling the blameless men and women in
unroofed reformatories is
Priority number one
He releases his soldiers under his command racing to
feast on anyone who
Criticizes his work
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the
boiling sun
As un-violent inmates die in rotting cages, giving the
man nothing more
Than a smirk
After years of waiting, nothing has changed. he spits a
cesspool of
Deception
A leader? a hero? a territorial martyr? more or a less an
enormous
Misconception
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and sneer below his
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