

Joe Santa Maria

"Metropolitan Roots"

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Factitious mountains crown the plains
Yersinian symptoms sprawl like blains
Inversely proportional is kin to ken
The mature [Greek letters] became like men

I call the blacksmith not to fade
Reside in patience on 11th grade
The iron era is yours to win
Mount the skylines an spawn your kin

Adamantine flush affects all veins
It is no longer mortal life that reigns
The magma core inside the termite hill
The gift of matter is open still

Downwards our deeds aspire
Upwards is our mind's desire
Sideways through eternal shadows of blue
Backwards into blur without any clue

Down below the marrow's arid crust
Earthly veins get parched by rust
A hidden apprehension's germination
The final seal if man's determination
The more, the closer - the marrow got rude
An odd magnetism of solitude
While identity is made by alien reflection
I relocate my dot within the matrix section

Urban rooting without population
A thousand strangers called "population"
Lone wolf temper within scores of sheep
The pool we're drowning in will never seep

So I long for the roots of my city, so I dig for the origin
ground
Where the lupa proved the triumph of pity
Lies a reason for that place to found
Birth-giver equals live-taker equals peacemaker equals
god
Bone-setter equals life-fetter equals root-digger

versus god

I will cure the plague by now - I will find myself
somehow

Let me set this world aflame - down is up and you're to
blame

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