

Loom "Pockets"

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How can we define what we hold so dear,
Solely on a scale of monetary gain?
So easy to place hands inside our pockets,
Put our worth in our pockets.

How can we deny that which we require?
It's keeping us alive, while cheating our desire.
Please don't feel sorry for us as we embrace aversion,
Pushing envy into the back room.
The days expire as we yearn to possess
That which will never fill our lungs.

It starts a whisper slowly shaping envy.
Denying patience and keeping us in time.
The shaking hands, desperately constructing a
flawless haven,
Undoing our intent.

How will we ever feel our lungs when our
Pockets overflow with fiction?
We'll never feel our lungs when we're buried in
pockets.
We're buried in our pockets.

How will we ever fill our lungs?
How will we ever feel our lungs?

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