

Mattafix

"The means"

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Head rests,
A sore mind behind these
Red eyes.
Watch the television,
Sweet escapism,
Game shows and racism.
Headlines,
War crimes behind disguised
Affection.

All for a cause that
Never was.
Call for a voice but all
It does is sigh.
Inside.
Sigh.

More or less,
There abouts,
A young man with so
Many doubts.
I try to learn
Impersonating,
The clever moves but I
Am facing,
The always power-crazed,
Middle aged generation.

All for a cause that
Never was.
Call for a voice but
All it does is sigh.
Inside.
Sigh.
Inside.

Blood and blame passed
On to a neighbour.
Continuing the chain.
Deadly game of whispers.
How am I to grow.

The life I love I
Don't know.

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