Crisis
"Methodology"

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has the light become part of the machinery?
has the hand become part of the disease?
has the body become the unwilling vessel?
hahahaha how simple to peel away the skin and cut
away the flesh.
to discard and dispose or preserve of brain, vertricle,
heart, lungs...
to be left with bones...
stitching the pieces of appendage of directed sight
and speech.
dictating placement of footsteps and embrace.
SERVE MY DESTINY
SERVE MY PROPHECY
SERVE MY FUTURE
SERVE MY FUTURE
the master man maker; twitching the thread of a thigh
bone,
twisting the stitch of a wrist moving toward its destiny...
SERVE MY DESTINY / PROPHECY / FUTURE
beading the twinkle of an eye to shine on only one
truth.
casting a lock of hair meant to strangle the last bit of
hope.
YOU ARE THE MASTER
YOU ARE THE DOLL MAKER
YOU ARE THE SLAVE CREATOR
string them up to teach them your language
YOU ARE THE MASTER
YOU ARE THE SLAVE CREATOR
hahaha an individual with choices to make you are not.
you merely play into my hands, the web I weave.
I twist you in like a fly. and you no longer think.
and you no longer feel. and this is the dance you do.
and this is the dance you do.
building the confines of trust and obedience,
housing the weakness of winged spirits
and capture the mystery of otherness.
YOU ARE THE MAN MAKER
YOU ARE THE WILL BREAKER
YOU ARE THE LIFE TAKER
cage them up to keep them from falling out of line
puppet strings begin to twist. a master hand... do you

know who I am?
SERVE MY DESTINY. SERVE MY PROPHECY. SERVE MY
FUTURE.
this garden breeds the yellow pestilence of wicked
fingers
at work among the living. branches are broken for
posture
and structure of spineless cloth sacks of arms and legs
and face and neck of the master's creation.