

Hands

"Identikit"

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Century opens like we're breaking yellow tape at the
Scene of something ciminal, beyond obscene
Caught just a glimpse, another rubbernecker rocketing
Past - all perpetrators, or refugees?
It is a carnival crime
We're queued for the fire this time, so push the pace to
Race against all the faces in this identikit
We're frozen, listening to the sun, waiting for new
kinds
Of light to come; so little heat from whatever we set
Ablaze
Burning so bright for all the kids who need effigies?
The time has long since passed to stop, just drop this

Role
Self-immolations only heightening a certain relief
I was never even warmed by the glow
It is a carnival crime
Try on all ears and all eyes, and push the pace to race
Against all the faces in this identikit
We're frozen, listening to the sun, awiting for new
kinds
Of light to come; so little heat from whatever we set
Ablaze
Burn through the features and enver see the face
Consumed by the known, escape routes are closed
Nowhere
To go but still we run
We snap to fit to this identikit

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