

Not One Is Upright

"Subtle Movement"

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This is the life of doubt. This is a vision, so-so. This is
the birth of the emotionally gone.
Our minds have no capacity for this thought. Of the
never before, this break from the forced upon.
The heart is nothing but a line in a terrible song. We are
falling and failing again. Corrupt.
We are left at the outskirts again. My heart has never
been so full. These words will always fall to the ground.
Reprise, reuse, erase, consume. Bear with me, I have
nothing more to give to you.
I've seen your face, so beautifully crafted (we all have
our masks).

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