

## Not One Is Upright

### "The League Of Extraordinarily Wealthy Gentlemen"

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Paint it an awful shade of green and call it victory. Zero after zero you have buried yourself alive, clinging so tightly to this mud you've grown to call your home. But I see the want inside your eyes. No bliss, just ignorance. Bones not broken, no. But bending and contorting to the shape of vultures' wings. We sing, we praise, we prey. So effervescent now we draw them in and eat them alive. This is our vision, hear our voice (It's not my blood, it's not my choice). And I'll never know if our ugliness persists because we perceive it or if venom from an ancient serpent has reached our faces. Lies with roots as deep as language. Shake it off, leaving nothing but traces of your pesticides.

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