

Not One Is Upright

"The Mental Propensities Of Phineas Gage"

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Zeal for your house has consumed me
The Son, the crucifix, The King and the Kingdom.
All are present now, in this moment.
His love demands your everything, the price has been
paid.
Mouth, her lips meet only to part
Steel rod, covered in blood and brain
Endless she speaks of blackened heart and lung, of
the blazing pity's sake
Foaming at the mouth
Spilling, dribble on the ground
Link by link she fetters an endless chain
Clever devil, once beggar
Seek not your kingdom, seek your king.
The cityscape, torching the sky, glowing heavens
above asphalt and tar. Stake the sons and daughters
on this altar of the feast. Gut the capricious pig.
Scepters of the swine, gorge at the trough. They care
not for what they eat. Earth bound hearts, funneled
under these city streets, swarm the relentless bees.
The queen has lost her hive.
The queen
Gorge at the trough
They care not for what they eat.

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