

Not One Is Upright

"The State Vs. The Librarian"

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Words ignite silent stirs in men
Repress
Keep them locked away
Deflate humanity from the man
As she travels a vacuum trails behind
The name of Christ is on the crutches of these columns
strewn across the land
You are subject to his grace
Where else do you find life but in breath?
This capsule has carried us long enough
Obsolete
Fire rages behind the barrier. What point is a fire if we
can't feel it's warmth? While the trembling
disenfranchised receive the lukewarm ashes,
intangible, coals of fear and not of love glow, with the
backlight of restless resentment. Division. division and
dominance. But brothers and sisters, the curtain is
torn, the dead have buried their own, the King is come.
The King has come. The King has come.

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