

## Young Livers

### "In Rapid Succession"

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It drives us from our path and suffocates  
As we are gnashing teeth into the arms that press us  
down.  
We try to recourse, redirect before we are run into the  
ground.  
But it tears at our limbs as we breathe the disease that  
is our all.  
We have tried to untie but misled.  
Reduced to sink into the coarse our heads filled with  
last lights encore  
Eyes turned over as we have but run into the ground  
Drive down a fix to a burden we have bore  
Delve deep, it has it has a grasp that tightens as we  
grow.

We've got the purpose of a vestigial organism at best,  
While you've got the tact of a cinder block.  
With the honesty of a bleached out blood stain,  
We're as bloodless as limbless mannequins.  
We all make a mark, like undetected accelerants,  
Like last week's obituaries.

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