

## **Evan Anthem, The "High-Strung Poets"**

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You wrote yourself in camouflage  
to see your eyes spelled out just right and you  
fired your last cannon ball-point pen.  
Across your parchment battlefield  
so toiled in rhyme and meter and  
your war of words began to meet its Hell today.

Hold your words against the sun.  
It's like high-strung poets on a porcelain string.  
Tied to one another, always searching for something.

You'll throw your weapons down again  
and see the ink spilled through the page and you'll  
surrender your lasts thoughts to the machine again.

Hold your words against the sun.  
It's like high-strung poets on a porcelain string.  
Tied to one another, always searching for something.

Let the sun disguise the mystery  
of words describing misery.  
Face reflecting light beneath the  
thoughts I thought I'd never.

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