

## The Explosion

### "Locust"

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Swarming in the streets. Pulsing in the blood of late  
night locusts.  
The sound of broken teeth and fingernails scraping on  
brick walls,  
Piercing bones with worthless cures. In between the  
tremors. To subdue  
The necessity of living, only to return when the lights  
go out again.  
Peel the skin back from my face. Revel in the disease.  
Drink from the  
Rivers of rust. Take shelter inside this house of  
overwhelming  
Distress and disregard. Hollow your soul with needles.  
Pray for your  
Own end. While you wait for the pain to go away, every  
one else is  
Watching you fade away. Losing faith in hope and  
sleeping in the  
Waste. Product of a decaying race. Heir to the throne of  
sympathetic  
Apathy. Purveyor of post traumatic medicinal practices.  
If there ever  
Was an end in sight, you would only find it in an over  
dosage when you  
Weren't even searching for it. The roaches come when  
the lights go  
Out. The locusts feed when our time runs out.

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