

Cave In, The End Of Our Rope Is A Noose

"goodbye to his starving concrete male lows.
resign all need for bargaining with an open door
to a closet full of all the things he wrote as a kid,
i can't believe what it did.
whole arachnid-eyed spinnerets form: the motive slips,
the bugs become the end, they eat you.
glued by the palms to a dinner plate passive meat.
shrewd likeness arms him like a runaway, rampant glories
nothing short of a forced-drum drama vibe wished goodbye.
the knot that never comes untied
leaves feelings i know someone else has lied
about who you are and what you know.
the whitest lies are blinding snows,
eyed in the mockery of his prey.
fevered company with an array of wretched-looking
sister faces, breathing the air of scare and tyranny.
he hunched right over, for me to use his back and write
out the eviction notice from my heart; no remorse,
the 'i's' were dotted with poignant stabs.
all the things that i wrote as a kid,
i can't believe what it did to you.
low and behold, the end of our rope is a noose.
i chased him right back into eternal peace
and sealed that closet door."