

Good Riddance, The Process

Braced against the grip of choices
Memories of the gentle ways
Stained by a thousand voices
Yearning for a shaft of light

Categorized
And labeled an affliction
Delivered naked into this world
Dehumanized
And cast down
From the savage grip of the process

This is not some kind of holy vision
Holding back a great dogmatic tide
Rinsed clean of servile derision
Gaining passage to the other side