

On Broken Wings, Listless

deaf eyes seem to watch
the actions of definition
human mockery.
persuasions never made me
feel so sickened.
where's your action?
spent stabbing aimlessly
at walls with your fists
as apparitions.
they do what they do
because this lonely town
feels like hospital beds,
and you let them.
i've broke my hands for
less than this.
there's nothing left
to justify to you.
with every breath that
i exhale i wonder what it's
like to feel alive.
maybe it's only in this light,
but you're not a victim
no consequence
breeds no conscience.