

Subtle, Sick Soft Perfection

Seems it's become man's cross death lasting duty
To dispose completely of the bright behind beauty.

And this word is somehow then killed,
And put back as it's fake
Like it was only kept outside apes in the first place.

Overworked words like beauty' are an undeserved sort of
safety scissors for their purpose.
Were it only meant to be adapted to Hollywood dull,
Leaving a red white & blind eye lain null
Where beauty once saw only passage through the human skull.

(With red white and...Six million ways to d-d-...Chose one.)

Will you soon become one of the many most-empty sons
Hung to kill none and done
Or will you beget a twice life yet
Since effects are always wearing off
The no-concern eclipse they so anticipate,
As its perfect fight dream dissipates
Across work weeks crashing
And empty's open asking.

There is a sick, soft god
Humane perfection,
To someone's hard-to-find birdhead collection