

# Subtle, Take To Take

To somehow have it  
so that the long arm of all apathy  
might sit comfortably free beside the  
committed empty hopeful humaned world

Do you take to take...  
Or do you make...

What sort of armor can the average man arrange  
To disarm their inner additct entirely  
To protect them from death adder entirely

Must on half-protect their teeth at all times  
From both bludgeon comin and one's own ingenuity...

your gretest takes  
Are so the gross and gold flower of gone  
So is you so  
The man with two red hands and  
The world wrung between them  
Sing what you mean then  
Are the birds even  
Running from you  
And so what of you  
Found your capture  
is your laughter  
a smoke stack of all omen  
your voice like a forever of steps  
winding its words in will to a nothing but guess  
below you ringing redend hands of fake at a hero's skin's reins  
whipping at its hundred head horses of take  
to take