Yahwe Mutabo, A Girl In Glass

It's what she meant with open ends
The scaled cracks our numbered and counting down
There is no contact - so shrive away
She cannot save it from herself

Rather be somewhere else Rather be someone else Her judgement from the mirror meets With shut reaction Its conviction is cause to her decline

The quiet touch of addicted glamour Dates the tyrant child unsatisfied a portrait's trash Attempts corruption to marvel the ovations of thoughtlessness

White knuckled substance - no self-control Ghost faced smiles - cut ear to ear Strung out reprisal -dated and covered in Dope sick afternoon simplicity

Hedonistic escape to shroud her symptoms decrements the ordinary

She can shatter She can break - forever young The girl in the glass is one of us Hurt it more to make her yours The girl is interrupted

Immense illusion can end transmission till death will she part

Kill it and put it to rest