Allison Crowe, Disease

Stepping on
the thoughts of all pain
released from this anger
is some place I would like to be
and when I feel myself defeated
I bleed
and when I see them twist around
dancing in their own wake
I rage
And I don't want to exist on this plane
crashing down to the level of
depth of skin
flesh and bone
all wrapped up in pages
flashed in our faces
laughing and spiteful
Run away
Lost again
misdirected and folded
drowned in bones
and thrown away
they told me to disappear
and slowly dive
into the shallow end
of the gene pool
Try to hold on to what I believe
disappeared
no longer here as anything but
wretched and disfigured
so I slash myself again
and I drown my hopes again
lose myself in this disease
Lost again
misdirected and folded
drowned in bones
and thrown away
they told me to disappear
and slowly dive
into the shallow end
of the gene pool
Cut yourself to the mold
Nothing left to rid yourself of
but bile and blood
torn skin screaming
and silenced as we
replace marble with plastic
Lost again
misdirected and folded
drowned in bones
and thrown away
they told me to disappear
and slowly dive
into the shallow end
of the gene pool