

Christopher Walla, Archer V Light

You are 'Sir.' You're a senator, and Senator, you were right. It's just a law, not the Word, not the Law. I'm learning how to speak again. These words are only structures when you choose to frame them in, and obviously, the framers would agree. You own a chair, and you are not there, you noble senator.

Oh, dear Sir, I'm a librarian, and while I do not know of law, I know the things that make my stomach pitch and yaw. If I were gavaged on hunger strike, wrongly fired upon or sullied blindly by dongs I'd hate us too, and that's why I've cornered you, Roman Senator. Can you still hear with all the marks on your ears?

Face me now - I want to see you break it down!
I want to feel our stars colliding, I want to see the sweat pour from your brow. I'll let it go, you're gonna see me lose control. We do not fight for isolation, have you seen the injuries? I want to see your heart of gold again, your heart of gold. We are kind, do you remember that? I want to see your pro-life bear no exception, you Grand Old Senator.

Oh, dear Sir, I'm a librarian, and I am not always right, but ours is the story of the archer and the light.