

Cipher, Upholding the Veneer of a Lesser Estate

Open your eyes, still heavy and inflamed by late night television and tears.
Tears you attribute to lack of sleep, while ignoring your soul sick weariness.
Stretch out your hands, still crippled and burnt from keyboards and cigarettes.
Cigarettes filled with tobacco, that out of mere historical curiosity, you wonder how would have burnt
How sweet cane, cut by a nubile wench, would have tasted.
How soft to the touch cotton, picked by a strong buck, would have felt.
How effective indigo dye of yesteryear, would be at disguising your inadequacies.
How fulfilling it would be to reclaim land still damp with the blood of first nations.
Imagine all this while we fuel wars with beautiful diamonds and kill infants with horrible ignorance.
A 500 year, harvest of catholic church green-housed, white-supremacist- manicured new growth pa
Rotten five century fruit betrays its genetically modified, socially engineered design.
Hurry, hurry, faster. We haven't much time. We're still vomiting salt so our bodies can come home.
We're still walking on water, aided by the buoyant remains of our brethren.
We appear like messiahs, but from below we stand hollow on the still rotting corpse of inherited sha
Show no deference to vacant effigies.
Place this mirror-womb to the face of humanity and betray god-head proffered mythologies.
Come, man.
Burn your conscience.
Burn it slowly.
Betray us never again.
Hurry n*gger.
Hurry.
Time is running out.
Come, Child.
Kill if you half to.
We will burden you no more.
Come, child. Bring this world to its implosive end.
The time has come. This is the harbinger of a new age. We are the children of God's fire.