

Circle Takes The Square, Non-Objective Portrait

Ignorance is bliss no wise woman's failed to mention
and surely some koan suggests 'neglect leads to perfection'
but the more I turn my face from the crowd
the more I feel my backs' increasingly compelled
for the sake of escape, to turn a knife on itself,
a knife of relief, from all the petty insight
and finally I'll sleep, I'll sleep through the night.
Bored as f**k with this street corner-cover.

study of a face in a figure. surveying this language as a game
surveillance of this language as the plague.
the dimension of persistence condemns.

This portrait of karma, crafted in accident
text book seduction, minus the text in the language of ghosts
and so we ran, like the wolves were biting,
the inhibitions of their prey kept them from screaming
"scratch my back and I will stab you in yours"
so I chose to live this life alone, without the teeth marks
but I predict, I'll have to sink my fangs in someone else's heart to heal my own.
just a victim's split, one part for the wolves, one part for you.
but I'll grow weary soon, weary of this fractal code,
weary of this hallway lined with ghosts.

just a scratch upon the skin, a drop of blood to let them in
their words will cause the sweetest fracture from a stone's throw
just a scratch upon the skin, a drop of blood to welcome them
parasitic, viral critics, or lovers, like spirits mingling in the mist
that we crafted, a starving jury, let them eat shit from our trembling hands.

The heat for heat's sake, on this Barnard block of Congress
deductively speaking, the polar of progress

well maybe I put too much faith in the accident

entranced, we danced toward the ripest display of escape
let the starving ghosts feast, from this flesh, from these bones,
let them all feast. In this chess game of language, forced to sit so I play all alone, watch the bathos