

Folly, Discussions Is For The Pigs

I have a block on my brain and a clock in my mouth and I'm tasting each second.
For days I've swallowed the hours.
Striking worth into the air with words like arrows that were stuck into my knees;
To pin me to the chair, to force me to write,
I've got a pencil and a thousand thoughts but my wrists won't move.
Why are my thoughts the flies on a rot aloft each other in persuasive decay?
Their decay is my demise.
I control this square with just enough space to envelop an affliction.
They are all dead to me.
They are all DEAD.
Oh no, it's a comfortable rape!
Unlike any normal respite, this canon-style boredom is a crippling image.
Ready to pop at any moment, red-faced children can't vomit.
Insignificantly hopeful, they are pulling on these coiled limbs;
they are taught and confined.
In this environment I am my own destruction.
Relying so heavily on every possible sketch...
procrastination...lost cause...knowing nothing...