

Luddite Clone, The Arsonist and the Architect

Assembled in a mass grouped inside
pigeon holes constructed by a sketch a factory of evasion the worms crawl to
the wine like salt
to a slug they wither to their knees devoured by the architect his
blueprints spell constriction
he merely drew the increments your father built the vice I abdicate the
architect I don't believe
you drew the plans a carpenter without nails a son without a father your
children fall on ashes
cling to a blistered dreams broken by the blueprint whatever you create I'll
be sure to burn