

Sinai Beach, The Stagnate

Wait. What's that?

Did I hear you say something?

Maybe this time with substance.

Maybe this time with meaning.

No. The mouth spews forth like a scientific law.

It never fails me like a cat will lick its paw.

There you'll be.

No changing. Never willing.

The drama sticks to you like the smell of perspiration.

A stench will stick to its garbage.

Look into my eyes.

I want to see the definition of a weakling born so long ago.

But still all I see is that of a baby.

Move from your filth.

You've been like this for how long?

And I pray you will prove me wrong.

Move from your filth.

Get some credibility.

Be someone of worth, and say goodbye to this.

Will you stick to your garbage?

Look into my eyes.

I want to see the definition of a weakling born so long ago.

But still all I see is that of a baby.

A stench will stick to its garbage.

Will you stick to yours?