

# Superjoint Ritual, The Introvert

Leave well enough alone  
Annihilate the telephone  
Be what only you can see  
A curious and odd belief  
Meant to walk the crooked mile  
Never blink, Never smile  
Sees itself in nothing much  
A skeletal emotion push

Unrising, Slumped over  
The dank seasons, Are controlling

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Unrising, Slumped over  
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The dropping ladder of crucifixion  
Of crooked eyes, one green, one blue  
A Mongolian gaze

Unrising, Slumped over  
The dank seasons, Are controlling

A "never had", a "never will";  
In the syringe being pushed through  
The leverage that pulls it over  
Is dropping into the moat  
Drowning on a sinking boat  
The pressure brings it up, then down