

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