

I Object with My Conscience

pierced fallow skin by sharp tongues
lashing as the whip of disobedience
you say I turn a blind eye
sleepless with smithereened orchestra
of Mans cry

I deign to bear my arms in battle
battle bears its frothy teeth at me
patchwork technicolour coat behold and lo
weight of a generation boring into body
untouched by She

dirt drifts like snow in hell's bombast fury
gates bent in bloom without a key
praying makes prey of me
destined to be
statue stood revenant
Conscientiously