

“Tomorrow’s Guardians”

They look me in the eye
And say work harder
And when that fails
They say that I chose wrong
And it’s difficult to rise
When I’m so far down
When the fires are so high
And there’s no one around

Still I wear my t-shirt
That I bought exclusively
From a humble online t-shirt merchant
It says, “I am not your enemy”
And I do believe that
Deep down inside of me

To that one angry person
Embracing ideology
Willing to sacrifice others
While the soon-to-be sacrificed
Line up in rows
Separated by tomorrow’s guardians
Who greet moviegoers
Barriers strung together with velvet ropes
As their gold plating in the dull light glows

Will that be our final victory?
Colors flashing across a screen

Die as the lights reappear
Humbled but not serene

“The Multitiered Troughs Need Dumping Once Again”

We sacrifice
Continually
Those
That are
In the
Lower
Troughs
And hold
Them with
Cherished
Hearts
Thoughts
Sentiments
That are
Publicly
Shared
Necessary
A necessity
A reshuffling
Of the
Contents
In the
Troughs
Making
Room
Here
And there

“Choosing Sacrifice”

Upon
Consensus
We will
Consent
And those
Multitudes
That once
Proudly ran
Headlong
Into the
Fire
Now we
Run
Headstrong
Into the
Mire
Inoculated
With invincibility
Our belief
Is strong
Our relief
Is never
Wrong
We do
Our part
And inspire
While those
Select few
Continue
To conspire
A bastion
We remain
Choosing
Sacrifice
Filled with
Vitriol
And disdain
We can
Never stop
Even though
To the
Ground
Our bodies
Flop

“A Necessary Primer”

It was
Necessary
A necessity
All of
Those
Sacrificed
In reverence
We hold
Their names
Bodies
Blood
There is
No perversion
No subservience
To that
Opportunity
As we
Continually light
The sacrificial
Fires
Primer
And as
We prepare
A new
Chance
To sacrifice
Another
So we
May cherish
Their memories

“It Is All Necessary”

I will
Thank you
Cherish you
With a
Sincere look
On my
Face
And a
Warm voice
For Your
Sacrifice
Congratulating
You on
Your
Hard work
Service
And those
Sacred
Connections
Which lead
To the
Blood
Will remain
Buried
Deep within
And we
Will seek
New recruits
Those
Blessed
Self-recruits
For it
Is all
Necessary
It is
A necessity

“You Should Be Terrified By This”

This is
What we
Need
To hear
Right now
Someone
To make
A video
Post
Online
Telling
Their vision
Nailing it
Embodying
Our fears
Angers
Providing
Fulfillment
Quelling
Our uncertainties
It is
Necessary
A necessity
And in
Small doses
We will
Continue
To make
Sacrifices
Cherishing
Each one
It is
Necessary
A necessity

“Tributary”

A seemingly
Endless
Mass
We gather
Shoulder
To Shoulder
Unified
We look
On hawk-eyed
As sounds
From a
Distant
Stage
Flow
Over us
We are
Moved
In more
Ways
Than one
With bright
Eyes
We
Stare
Up at
The lights
Overhead
One minute
But then
Bury them
Into shadows
The next
In order
To honor
The sacrifice

“On Invisible Wings We Soar”

We get
Lost
In other
Things
As another
Tribute
Springs
Forth
Filling
Those
Stadiums
Drumming
Our way
To another
Sacrifice
While the
Last one
We did
Not even
Know
Screaming
Our fears
Out in
Anger
Regret
A sonic
Temple
Of worship

“We Will Smile, Broadly, As We Look on and Appreciate Your Sacrifice”

Sometimes
Circles
Have a
Purpose
Spinning
Around
Right
And Left
Counting
Down
The days
Until
The next
Statement
As I
Watch
The old
Stand tall
Clutching
Onto
Their
Stalwartness
The middle
Barely
Balancing
At all
And the
Young
Afraid
To take
A step
And fall

“A Vicious Cycle”

We compete
To see
Whose sacrifice
Is greater
We defeat
One another's
Stories
Stacking
Them up
To see
Which one
The corporate mindset
Will package
On their
Platforms
We repeat
That mindset
Subconsciously
Surreptitiously
Serendipitously
We suckle
At the system's teat
That only
Speaks to our
Lower nature

“Eristic”

Shut up
Shut up
I'm not
Your enemy
Cold and
Fear
In me
You
Nurture
Insecurities
Shifting
Through
My impurities
Sucking
My old
Sores
Clean
Only
To bleed
Them out
Again
Leading
Me
Down
Your path
Again
A new
Asperser
Reaching
Out for
Me
Benevolently
And down
We continue

“The Enthronement of Bromidic Execrability”

Evil
Through
Bleary eyes
They
Scrutinize
While
Those
Self-recruited
Routinely
Recite
Sentiment
With a
Growling
Gesture
Giving
Guttural
Gratification
Against
The accursed
Banality
They need
To exist
Because
Their
Opposite
Exists
A hatred
Wells up
Deep
Within
Those
Soured
Hearts
As they
Adamantly
Protect
The two
Dimensional
Architecture
They have
Erected
Enthroning
Their bromidic
Execrability

“Chicken Little Cabal”

Self-recruit
Stand parallel
With us
They hate
You
And they
Will never
Love you
Like us
Join us
Today
For a
Small
Fee
Separating
You from
Them
You will
Be with
Us
We will
Never
Talk about
The shift
Away
From how
The outside
Influences
The inside
And how
What you
Have in
You
Will make
All of
The difference