

“The Regimen”

Our attempts
To build
A regimen
Pushing
Backs
Against
The wall
We
Needed
This for
Unity
To show
The world
We can
Move as
One
A beast
With quick
Thick thighs
Brushing
All
Aside

“The Invisible”

We are
Sorry
This
Happened
To you
Thank you
For doing
Your part
Though
In the
Battle
Our
Enemy
Has always
Been
Invisible
Now
We are
The greater
Good's
Emissaries
Standing
Over
The invisible
Smiling and
Cradling
Lists
Prepared
To place
Checks
By names
Or
Scratch
Them out

“A Sensible and Dividing Voice”

It has
Always
Been
About
Something
Else
Between
Us
A sensible
And dividing
Voice
Tomblake
Issues
Out
Makes us
Search for
Our
Orders
Our
Diagnoses
Our
Prescriptions
To join
The regimen
Employing
Patience
Standing
In rows
Stretching
Down
The way
We
Line up
Stepping
Around
One
Another
In the
Slowest
Emergency of
Do-si-dos

“Hard Hearts”

Hard hearts
Who
Demand
Understanding
Consideration
Compassion
Show
None
In return
In their
Eyes
The abyss
Has claimed
Them
And they
Can now
Only
Give
Their
Despair

“My Citadel”

Dispensing
Dispensationalism
As I
Carefully
Conveniently
Craft
My own
Covenant
Pulling
Parts
Pieces
Stories
From
Various
Sacred
Texts
Synthesizing
Them all
Together
For my
Own
Purposes
Adding
My meaning
To
Them
As I
Map
Out the
Architecture
From an
Aggregation
Of aggravation
Which
Has become
The citadel
My own
Cathedral
Where
I
Practice
My
Post-post
Modernism

“Clothed in Righteousness”

I need
You
To be
My
Retribution
My
Justice
My
Savior
Protector
Salvager
Clothed
In righteousness
The iron
Glinting
Through
The torn
Velvet
My
Redeemer
Reducing and
Smiting
My
Our
Enemies
Punishing
Them
You
Are my
Elixir
Soothing
My ravenous
Frustration
Agitation
Confusion
Validating
My
Projection
Manifestation

“Upon Which We Ascribe the Notion of Nobility”

Sacrifice
Is necessary
It is
A necessity
Proudly
We are
Encouraged
To embrace
All of
Those
Sacred
Cherished
Ways and
Rites
And in
Memory
We will
Hold
Those
Sacrificed
Preparing
Ourselves
For when
The next
Stones
Are turned
Upon
Us

“Modus Operandi”

Up
On
High
Platforms
Surveying
The lands
Those
Few
Figureheads
Are elevated
To the
Top
And they
Look
Down
On the
Myriad
One
Chieftain
Points
In contention
To
His
People
And their
Suffering
Trials
Tribulations
And
Demands
The other
Captains
Show
Him
Their
People’s
Agonies
To appease
His
People’s
Frustrations
And the
Commanders
Meet

Behind
Their
Closed
Doors
And agree
On new
Policies
Events
Plans
To balance
All of
The chieftains'
Consciousnesses
On how
They
Control
Their
Environment

“Craving Authenticity”

Authenticity

I deserve

It

Have

Earned

It

I

Have

Read

Somewhere

Online

Been

Told

That

I need

It

That I

Crave

It

Even

Though

I

Do not

Understand

It

Appreciate

It

Mercenarily

I seek

It

Out

But

I will

Know

It

When

I

Consume

It

And

Make

That

Transaction

For

It

“Fairy Tale Ending”

As another
Season
Ends
A final
Run
To the
Edge
Is made
The torturous
Days
And cold
Nights
Now
Put away
Our
Dreams
Of escape
And salvation
From our
Cruel
Fate
Forgotten
Retired
To the
Annals
Of fortune
And we
Are the
Fortunate
Ones
That
Are allowed
To transition
Once
Again
Our
Influence
And affluence
Lent
To those
Scions
Who
Plan to
Fill

That
Hollowed
Guise
And continue
Performing
Those
Necessary
Rituals
Keeping
The sacred
Sacrificial
Fires
Burning