

Left wing, savoir faire
Ageing flicks of my thin brown hair
Like an elegy, soaking me,
Drenched in the language of social mobility,
But I don't seem to mind
The gruesome link between
People and time;
It's an enemy, telling me
The wheels of profit
Are circling in the opposite.

Life don't animate -
Just creeps up on you slowly.
Surely, holy water
Flows as normal water does?
In Little Italy, I re-adhere.

Sojourn in my guilt,
Wrestle words as the apostrophes wilt,
Let the elegiac question why
Accidents happen or the well will dry.
So some come, kill me quick,
Tie me down
To an anodyne drip,
To the will of god,
And the people with sticks;
For filled with the shrill
They show much better that

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When the steeple cries,
There's a martyr
For every pause.
When a dozen die,
It's a starter for ten
To the men
Who proselytise that
a life isn't owned but atoned.
They solidify, and in time become
Blackened and martyred.

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