

Men are waiting patiently;
Remove me from the scene,
A sea of faceless souls in suits.
A sight for eyes, like thumbs;
Sore, crooked, and bow and fowl relief.

You! Have!
You have been exposed.

Your eyes speak well of you.
They play my requiem
to a closed-casket burial.
Your conspiracy;
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities.
I have been betrayed so graciously.

My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink
Which led me to the words you scribbled down;
{An} obituary dedicated to me.

{I} might as well be blind with isolated eyes like mine.

Your fingers are star-
crossed lovers that can't seem to get enough of each other.
This pantomime dialect doesn't practice what you preach,
doesn't practice what you preach.