

The Drowning Season

Assemblage 23

Disjointed context
The words were merely sounds
Watching as the buildings
Slowly crumbled to the ground
Thoughts never rendered
Lie dying by the road
Last breath drawn endlessly
Collapsing into smoke

Struggling to break free
From life's inequities
The suicide of reason
Becomes the drowning season

Grim repetition
Dour features form a frown
The clock's hand reverberates
Throughout the empty town

De-evolution
Oxidizing the past
The present is uncertain
The future never lasts
The present is uncertain
The future never lasts

Pre-emptive reflex
Split second sanctity
Repeating prayers that somehow
Never got received.

Struggling to break free
From life's inequities
The suicide of reason
Becomes the drowning season