

The incantation flowers  
Behind the cell wall  
Under the auburn full-cloud cover  
Behind the blinking lids  
Beneath the perfect face of our kitsch  
Beneath...

The hot-blooded verse oscillates  
From blood and bone scaffolding  
Opposite the "I" in team  
That Gutenberg's lip

The incantation implodes  
And MGM goes bankrupt  
For there are no negroes this way  
Only banished seminole  
Haitian generals  
For the clean mask of basic minerals  
Shamans giving day-laborers deeds to neighboring moons  
Cradled by the eye of Horus  
Where the written word cannot exist

Yes  
Casting directors are lambasted by broad double-meanings  
And they take to the data stream binary  
Amidst the guts  
And dog-eared re-issues of Mein Kampf  
Are the executive lounge  
Where every moral is up for review

Unscripted dialogue roars from the sphincters of power brokers  
Equating your drinking age with that of the Iron Age  
As if, as if...  
As if the gold flecks were made in  
The embryotic swill  
But they are not  
It was just you  
It was you and I

You and I  
Dancing in the hail  
Of Modernity's mandate