

## Choke

## Conjurer

Eyes sink, veins swell, inks smear  
Across this battled face  
In drowning these spirits  
I have lost; they have won

To see them snarl  
That voracious pack of professionals -  
Baying, teeth bared, ravenous -  
Grinds my teeth down to shards

I'll take all I can compile:  
Body, blood, and bile  
Devotion unparalleled  
I'd drink the cold sweat  
Straight from your brow

Leeching your life  
In black and white

Taking your dismay for sustenance

A hint of life, to hide the stains  
Disgusts when lies and truth conspire  
To smear the oils across your face

Shroud. Choke. Quell. Suffer  
Smother the lens

How they all come running  
At the drop of a pill  
There's a living to be made  
In violating simple human rights

A hand extends offering help  
But, as I uncurl each of the fingers  
I find sat in the midst of its palm yet another poison  
I cannot help but consider