

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