

## In the Thrall of It All

Down

Go slow  
Cruel to himself and generous about it  
Cruel to the world, not hard to spot it  
Can't give up, shut up on a tirade  
Off the top of his head, so ripe becoming rotten  
He's hit the wailing wall  
To pass out hard upon  
He's kissed the wailing wall  
In the thrall of it all  
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Failed his name, no care to hide it  
Failed escape that's documented  
Instilled or distilled, the spike or the chill  
It's immolation, the \*\*\*\* of nonexistence  
He's hit the wailing wall  
To pass out hard upon  
He's kissed the wailing wall  
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Headstone tells nothing about him  
Headstone reads two decades wasted  
A funeral pyre, no one to burn it  
Because self-destruction brings misfortune  
In the thrall of it all  
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No lower heaven for his bones  
Nor handing life back what it's owed  
Caretaker careless, what he's sown  
Porously reaching his lowest low  
The negative has just begun  
Joining the war, impossible  
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