

Antlerborn

Hush.

The most ancient directives lost,
suffocated
in the name of a more docile modern age.
You build nests of apathy
inside cages of anxiety
and gladly call them home.
Kings make crowns of my stolen rage.
Sit on thrones of my empty veins,
but they cannot call me tamed.
I am not enslaved.
You might convince yourself
you are the lone ram
in a herd of sheep,
still you obey.
bleat and obey.
i will watch from the shadows
and laugh among the beasts.