

Mirrors

Jesse Welles

What language shall I borrow to mourn the wasted years?
The days are short and fewer now and many are the fears

The house of endless mirrors rebound my miseries
The calculated loop is thus
It feeds thy fears to thee

Upside down and backwards but familiar all the same
These waters have been charted
We've already forgot the dead navigator's name

The new regime rolled in on the tanks the last one left
And it weren't good vibes just a futile disguise and existential threats

The comedians were crying and embraced like long lost brothers
And turned into snakes and ate their tails in their tanks
As they interviewed each other

And the sycophants do stretches and acrobatic feats
With logic measured against the treasure
Promised them by kings

Oh, you with bookshelf backgrounds behind your talking heads
Is there a tome behind your lying eyes to explain away the dead

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