

Vacants

No Omega

Somewhere in the deep
of my own tortured sleep
i could see your hands reaching
towards the unknowing
you were begging them to stop
but they cut off
all remaining ties
to earthly life
we all hung our heads.
MOTHER CULTURE IS WHISPERING
IN MY EAR. TELLING ME DISAPPEAR.
TELLING ME DO AS THEY SAY.
STAY IN LINE.
YOU CAN'T CHOOSE.
EDUCATE. WORK. CAREER.
I HAVE TO FIND A WAY.
I HAVE TO FIND A WAY.
VACANT SMILE
VACANT EYES
MY MIND IS OCCUPIED
I DON'T KNOW WHICH THOUGHTS ARE MINE
OR WHAT THEY PROGRAMMED ME TO THINK
we all hung our heads.