Memory is fiction, so the past is your invention Catch yourself, self-dissect, how youth outlives age How beauty shames skill Prayer is for dependents and wish is for the will A struggle for independence, a harmless stage Art gaining post-mortem fame

## Oh Creatice!

Your vibrant portfolio has never shown as brightly As your latest masterpiece
All efforts' fruition in such a wondrous offspring
How did you manage a piece so perfect?

Entrancing passers-by to lock eyes and gaze, hypnotized Overcome with a need to outdo the last A child born so dependent rebels so quickly once he has his footing Forgets who and where raised him and how he came to be

But a growing pain cannot explain behavior of the like A perfect child deserves the best But at the cost of what else did you instill this need To over-consume without regret?

Broken pencils, charred marble drafts He leaves destruction in his path Your one mistake, oh great Creatice Was giving too large a brain

(This organ, like disease, can disseminate beyond your reach You didn't predict this, a carnal rebellion in its wake)

Strike back with forces beyond his reach
That even six billion can't defeat
Go lock up the aggressor, quarantine before it's too late
Bred to lose sense of consequence
In his greed he exhausts your milk, your blood, your shelter...
Don't let him escape!

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Throw your blood upon his lands, your skin cracked and depleted Suck the air out from his lungs, expose him fully, let him burn Show him to appreciate, discipline the cruel ingrate You still have theh power to reshape - do not let this escalate

Vapors vanish in the night, statuesque guards seconds too late What rebellion possessed thee?
A dangerous subterfuge, a lonely rampage, anxious fleet
Like limbs tumbling horizontally

Now it's too late - the child has escaped! Indignant ties, parental constraints A child protected sets self free And the ingrate will lie in the bed he has made As a self-imposed apocalypse finally sets You free