

Skinwalker

Thou

And at once I realize that the hand I hold is black with corruption
That the gilded rhetoric is a sibilant mantra meant to stifle guilt
That the staunch discipline of tradition is merely the coward's path
And that this descent into compromise is the death of friendship
I've witnessed you slit the throat of the young idealist
And impale empathy to the hilt of your sword
You wear a stranger's face. Your eyes hold no recognition
Conceal the vastness of self-betrayal beneath the scientist's cloak
Beneath the scholar's mantle, beneath the hedon's frock
Drink the blood of this perverse deception
Escape in inebriation
Bonds consecrated in our most private moments
Loyalty sacrificed in the blaze of denial
My emptiness has built your altar
And I worshiped myself in you forever