

# Sovereign Self

Thou

And it was written across the forge of ambition  
Dismembering the vision, an inversion of form  
To make a scourge of past prosperities  
Pure desires warped in the crucible of deception

Bent to a numbing hiss  
The whispered drone throughout the shrine

Submission in occlusion, drunk on masculine virtue  
Backs breaking to tend the fields just to turn and set them ablaze

Bent to a numbing hiss  
The whispered drone throughout the shrine

Retreating into isolation, the revelatory darkness  
Where true nature is revealed-and strength is found wanting  
Embrace aesthetic rigidities, adopt proscribed mores  
Lay wreaths of blame, a desperate slip of guilt

Ever playing the mummer strutting on the stage of self  
Seizing callous disregard  
Assuming insensitive affectation  
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war

Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd  
With rage envenom'd against our peace  
Desperate, restricting, sallow  
Pale and wan, crushed from the ravages

My waning regard, reaching like a dying limb  
A dead limb extending into insensate space  
Still seeking the old friend, through the rent in time  
The one locked in the carapace of frustration and loathing

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