

The Root

Thou

As the sun begins to set, the lowly scavengers are revealed, sulking in the gloom
And lingering above. A pale eye opens as the worm is exposed, wrinkled and
Gray in pliable vulgarity. Something stirs, so familiar
The clamor is my mind - I'm curator -
Curing all that's cancerous
For the sake of all mankind, in its resilience
Now go and do the same
So familiar, it gazes at me
Ideas infest the self
Binding symbiotic dance
Raising man into the heights
Casting him upon the rocks
As the light reflects across the earth, I see a face