

Tension Awaiting Imminent Collapse

Tragedy

I am the face of the despondent neighbor
I am the face of the disparate masses
I bear the weight of my dormant anger
I am the bomb that must explode
I am the grasp of a malignant system
I am the craft of profit addiction
I am all attached within us
I am the mask of what we have done
This banal existence has wound its way into tragic despair
This agony of living imprisonment has found a way in tragic despair
I am the bomb that must explode