

# Confronting Entropy

Ulcerate

No pity for the destitute  
Of the land stained in blood  
Left deserted to face futility

We must not dream of virtue  
Us poisoned elite  
We are void

Decry the willing  
Decry the resolute  
The desperate grasp releasing  
In refusal to subsist

An endless aperture  
Is the essence of their disposition  
Obtuse at the surface  
Pernicious in being

Cut through the superficial, cursory effusion

What is ignored in the present  
Will be resurrected

The forsaken confront entropy  
Alone, helpless, wandering toward demise