

The Architecture of a Philistine's Suffrage

by Scott "Robert Smith" Morgan

Abstract like strychnine rivers
with the icy spray of a dormant hose.
The mind is a melted axe in the fires of congruency.

I couldn't stop looking at Diana's orange eyes
for they burned a hole in my sacrilegious citrus;
My tongue became wreathed with plastic anger.

The silence was ruptured by vacant moans;
The parting gifts of a dying host of ants,
hacked to pieces in the sunlight by a dark-haired child.

Only then, under the shadows of a weeping tree,
did I realize how precious the soil was.
I saw her fingers trailing the earth in despairing earnest

The strongest pieces come from the jugular and forehead,
but not at all from the biceps or legs.
The lips were springy like gum shoved underneath a desk.

My philosophies were always relevant;
staring into the bloody canvas of bureaucracy.
I found meaning in the way you threw away that crumpled paper just now.

The sneakers' voices call to me from beyond the creaking door,
telling me that life needs a prescription label.

Times to cherish are merely fruits begging to be swallowed.