Fictitious Glide

Atheist

The process never wavers for you*
The agenda is clear.
Feed on your precious, fictitious glide
Nothing's ever true for you.
Stain your kin with decisions
A thought for you to review
Can't find a frame large enough
Built to surround the 3 of you.
It's coming, moments away oh it's coming I say!
Not charming, deplorable and just alarming, I say
Maddening, on so many levels it's saddening, I say
It's coming, any day now approaching, I say.
Not for me to just disagree.
Not just something to do.
Like a mouse on a wheel I feel
I can't run far enough from you.
Do you feel when the knife cuts in
That you're somehow more alive than you've ever been?
Almost... Maybe? Maybe? Never!
Your fictitious glide is forever.

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