

Impartial

Mattafix

Did I ever call for
your fame?
Why do we fight in
your name?
Is it really true that
you're there?
And do you ever
answer my prayers?
We are calling for
change,
so why don't you
come back again?
Why do you spread
love uneven?
This is not what I
believe in. Do I have the right,
to write this down?
Without heresy pointing
a finger at me.
Rights?
We don't have no more.
In this catastrophe,
of a 21st century war. Did I ever call for
your fame?
Why do we fight in
your name?
Is it really true that
you're there?
And do you ever
answer my prayers?
We are calling for
change,
so why don't you
come back again?
Why do you spread
love uneven?
This is not what I
believe in. Turn and let your gaze
burn over yonder,

a young man stern
with the hunger,
who never puts asunder,
the late night thoughts
and the wonder.
Writing is a lightening
speech is a thunder.
Kid, I'm misinterpreted
like a Marxist.
The scared will
ask this,
impartial vocabulary
martial artist
practice verbal Ti-Chi
and pilates.
Da Linguist, the proper
opportunist.
Quick to drop a new list
of rhymes which
revue this,
right wind stifling that
we're suffering,
far from enlightening it's
frightening so usher in,
a new type of verbal
well being.
As your talks are warped
by a canopy of entropy,
enter the Linguist who
eventually,
with a dismaying display
of rhyme slaying advances.
The impartial vocabulary
martial artist. Did I ever call for
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