The Open Landscape

Emptyself

sweet little voice that repeats what "they" say,
airy like an open landscape fertile for thoughts that have yet to grow...
so allow me to plant everything i know.
every sign says turn away from this sweet little waist and porcelain face
so deathly pale but beaming with light to shine on my pathetic life.i try to stay abstract and intact, but she pulls me to the flame,
and silences the words, and leaves me here again.on through the crowds of repressed inmates,
shaking their fists at the thought of escape,
you and i could live like the first day
we breathed the light and felt the earth shake.i try to stay abstract and intact, but she pulls me to the flame,
and silences the words, and leaves me here again.

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