

Revenge of the Spectral Tiger

Brandon Boyd

Here in our gilded cage
we turn on the news and are entertained.

We are an army of
semi-informed, chemically maimed
paper tigers. That's
only the cusp, only the crown.

This isn't the only way down.

Either way, it's death by a thousand cuts!

So you would think we'd choose our blade.

But by the way we carry on like nothing's wrong,
one could argue pointedly
that maybe we deserve to be

caged!

Caged!

Caged!

Caged!

Caged.

Here in our gilded cage
we're infantilized continuously.

A parent who sows a seed
then won't let it grow into a tree.

A spectral tiger is born
with beautiful stripes and porcelain teeth
and the ghost of the hunt underneath.

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