Non-Objective Portrait of Karma

Circle Takes the Square

Ignorance is bliss no wise woman's failed to mention and surely some koan suggests 'neglect leads to perfection' but the more I turn my face from the crowd the more I feel my backs' increasingly compelled for the sake of escape, to turn a knife on itself, a knife of relief, from all the petty insight and finally I'll sleep, I'll sleep through the night. Bored as fuck on this street corner-cover. study of a face in a figure. surveying this language as a game surveilence of this language as the plague. the dimension of persistence condemns. This portrait of karma, crafted in accident text book seduction, minus the text in the language of ghosts and so we ran, like the wolves were biting, the inhibitions of their prey kept them from screaming "scratch my back and I will stab you in yours" so I chose to live this life alone, without the teeth marks but I predict, I'll have to sink my fangs in someone else's heart to heal my own. just a victim's split, one part for the wolves, one part for you. but I'll grow weary soon, weary of this fractal code, weary of this hallway lined with ghosts. just a scratch upon the skin, a drop of blood to let them in their words will cause the sweetest fracture from a stone's throw just a scratch upon the skin, a drop of blood to welcome them parasitic, viral critics, or lovers, like spirits mingling in the mist that we crafted, a starving jury, let them eat shit from our trembling hands. The heat for heat's sake, on this Barnard block of Congress deductively speaking, the polar of progress well maybe I put too much faith in the accident entranced, we danced toward the ripest display of escape let the starving ghosts feats, from this flesh, from these bones,

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let them all feast. light as a feather, stand back let the starving ghosts feast In this chess game of language, forced to sit so I play all alone, watch the bathos drift forth like the petals from a wild crafted rose.