

We Who Finish Last

Shai Hulud

We cast no shadow;
The stars do not shine here.
Be content to light your own path.
And burn what you have crossed-
The bridges were frail,
The people, pretended.-Storm forth with the light of the inflamed.
Reclaim and ignite the sky.
Brightly to blind
Rip off the veneers enabling opportunists to thrive.
Dam the rise of grime and rats. More sickening than a social circle that believes itself charmed.
Are the writhing droves of blow hards and yes men
Clamoring to slither in.
Stay sovereign on the outside. We are who finish last, the unaffected,
Contrasting the wide and white.
We are who finish last-sound, indignant;
The iron to gleaming teeth,
The salt on saccharin.
We who finish last,
Proudly in their darkness,
Lit from within Glad hands grabbing for brass rings,
Painting their brinks gold.
Keen sycophants fitly scheming-
Furthering the feuds of their adored.
They have picked their enemies impeccably.
Very keen indeed. And so siege the scorned... We are naught but beds of thorns and dark horses,
Unwelcome guests who will just not mind their place-
A single musket ball to pierce and lodge inside
and lead the circle to crack. We cast no shadow;
The stars do not shine here.
No genuine light to be found.
Only rays of cold, synthetic beams on a mock aristocracy,
So the vain and insecure can feel revered and cared for
For a cheap, fleeting moment.
Truly noble. Storm forth with the light.
We who finish last;
Proudly in our darkness,
Lit from within. Conflict in the chest,
To be concerned for the needs of such heartless men.

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