

# The Escape

## Sohail Sen

Memory is fiction, so the past is your invention  
Catch yourself, self-dissect, how youth outlives age  
How beauty shames skill  
Prayer is for dependents and wish is for the will  
A struggle for independence, a harmless stage  
Art gaining post-mortem fame  
Oh Creatice!  
Your vibrant portfolio has never shown as brightly  
As your latest masterpiece  
All efforts' fruition in such a wondrous offspring  
How did you manage a piece so perfect?  
Entrancing passers-by to lock eyes and gaze, hypnotized  
Overcome with a need to outdo the last  
A child born so dependent rebels so quickly once he has his footing  
Forgets who and where raised him and how he came to be  
But a growing pain cannot explain behavior of the like  
A perfect child deserves the best  
But at the cost of what else did you instill this need  
To over-consume without regret?  
Broken pencils, charred marble drafts  
He leaves destruction in his path  
Your one mistake, oh great Creatice  
Was giving too large a brain  
(This organ, like disease, can disseminate beyond your reach  
You didn't predict this, a carnal rebellion in its wake)

Strike back with forces beyond his reach  
That even six billion can't defeat  
Go lock up the aggressor, quarantine before it's too late  
Bred to lose sense of consequence  
In his greed he exhausts your milk, your blood, your shelter...  
Don't let him escape!  
Memory is fiction, so the past is your invention  
Catch yourself, self-dissect, how youth outlives age  
How beauty shames skill  
Prayer is for dependents and wish is for the will  
A struggle for independence, a harmless stage  
Art gaining post-mortem fame  
Throw your blood upon his lands, your skin cracked and depleted

Suck the air out from his lungs, expose him fully, let him burn  
Show him to appreciate, discipline the cruel ingrate  
You still have theh power to reshape - do not let this escalate  
Vapors vanish in the night, statuesque guards seconds too late  
What rebellion possessed thee?  
A dangerous subterfuge, a lonely rampage, anxious fleet  
Like limbs tumbling horizontally  
Now it's too late - the child has escaped!  
Indignant ties, parental constraints  
A child protected sets self free  
And the ingrate will lie in the bed he has made  
As a self-imposed apocalypse finally sets You free

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>