Lotus Gait

Propagandhi

I have this recurring nightmare:
flailing pigeon, her broken feet
frozen solid to the freezing pavement.
I turn away as if I do not see.I have this childhood memory
of my old man screaming from the drivers seat
to turn away from an unfolding horror,
but he could not undo what I had seen.We never spoke of it again.
Two more hapless citizens of
the new post-traumatic stress worldwide disorder.A stockholm syndrome fifth estate,
desperate to batten down the mounting horrors
and shuffle on in a global lotus gait.Content to marinate
in the plasma glow of the
home entertainment prisons we
commune before like dime-store shrines.
Are these but votive lives?A strangled, twisted truss
that shores-up each of us.
Anything to dull the pain
of a splintered lotus gait.As for me a filigree of psychic police tape
tends to cordon-off the darker scenes.
But the wandering mind stumbles through it
and relives them all eventually.
Pries open wide your eyes
and shines a painful light
on the guilt, the fear, the shame.The courage never came
from the plasma glow of the
home entertainment prisons we
cling to like dime-store shrines.
Are these but votive lives?Conservative at heart.
A conformist from the start.
A stockholm syndrome fifth estate.
A staggering lotus gait.Its a strangled, twisted truss
that shores-up each of us.
So anything to dull the pain
of a self-inflicted, crippling lotus gait.

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