Human Bodies

Folly

This place, more orange nowadays.
The ashen badlands redeem.
Your face, through magnified glass, still draws me in.
Those big eyes draw me in.
Distrophy, stale again.
Entropy: care so much for kamikaze copilots who wear helmets.
Encapsulated but commingling.
Privatized public apologies that are bought and sold.
Packaged and stored in atticks for addicts.
Cold hands strumming the mile-high regrets.
Perplexed?
Perhaps!
Impossible to postpone plights of professional penmanship.
Unopinionated routines, worn knees in a crawling season.
Easy to imitate the oaks: shave a mountain man's beard.
Insidious sight-seers holding candles to those clutching torches.
Torture.
How will they put out the flames?
Once proud to be the anxious, nae marionette.
But in time, became the shrewd, arthritic puppeteer.
Compare and contrast.
Were you better off then as you alienated your limbs?
Alienated your purpose to flail?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/