The Watcher

Crisis

I am part of the gate.
cold hard rusted keeping the prisoner inside.
I am just an outline...
disease starting down so deep
eating its way out.
this is where it begins (secret captive sin)
in a single rod of the iron gate
rusted and no longer serving its purpose
I curve my posture, veil the reflections of comprehension in eyes and breathe...
and watch them participate in the movement of the play
while I am welded into the gate to watch them marching onward...
I am just an outline...
travel onward through crevice of shallow space catch a breath crawl onward
travel onward through crevice of shallow space catch a breath crawl onward
searing in this I die, in the openness of wound...
I am part of the gate. I am cold, I am rusted.
I am the prisoner inside.

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