# Domesticated

## No Trigger

standing with bare backs against structures built strongly of good faith, add lies. subtract some care. obligation becomes optional and they collapse. Its all that we thought and there's nothing here. stand up and listen to the sounds: the bullets scream the children drop in silence face-first to the ground. there's no one to care, no one to see an end. jet planes explode midair and our dreams fill the cabin. not fast enough to adapt to all the changes, still not strong enough to accept the status quo. the salted knife is inside turning slow, but this is all that we know. cut a branch off my family tree, it made sense to me, until now. soon we'll try, because it's worth a try, and then we'll take what was ours to begin with. right now it's hard to breathe but we'll survive. forget the third world, forget disease, reveal scars, stab me with a scimitar. look around normal faces hide worse problems in our backyard. don't hide the scars, stand up and listen to the sounds. bullets screaming, children dropping, no one watching as they nail the ground.

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