Immortality

Gerald Jay Markoe

Vacate is a word
Vengeance has no place so near to her
Cannot find a comfort
In this worldArtificial tears
The vessel's stabbed
Next up, volunteers
Vulnerable, wisdom can't adhereA truant finds home
And a will to hold on
There's a trapdoor in the sun
It's immortalityAs privileged as a whore
Victims in demand for public show
Swept out through the cracks
Beneath the doorHolier than thou, how?
Surrendered, executed anyhow
Scrawls dissolved
Cigar box on the floorA truant finds home
And a will to hold on to
There's a trapdoor in the sunIt's immortalityI cannot stop the thought
Running out the door
Coming up a which way sign
And all good truants must decideOh, stripped and sold, mom
And an auctioned forearm
And whiskers in the sinkA truant finds home
And a will to hold on to
Some die just to live, oh

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