

Parise

After the Burial

Consign myself away
I've built myself with molten steel
My skeletal hands are wired and worn
I'm becoming a compound so I push and pull

Electric currents replace blood cells
Eccentric circuits my soul connects
Spheric and strong
I no longer break down
I cannot rest

My eyes illuminate against the glass
Abstaining focal shifts to palindrome lines
Mimic expression. Translucent model of progression
I look out, escape is granted. Free myself
Unresponsive- a mechanic I work inline
Scanning faces I learn the nothingness inside
A binary heart beat. A digital visionary

Escape is granted, and in this moment, I free myself
As each memory fades, in this emptiness. I free myself

Your hand reaches out. I am reaching back