

Individual

Bad Religion

Individuals run for cover,
for the multitudes of thoughtless clones have reached a critica
l mass,
individuals hide in fear, under cover,
sheltered by the wafer thin veil of intelligence

Individuals, nowhere to be seen

Urbana is oozing like a bloated carcass,
with maggots cooking in the desert heat,
oozing, with progeny writhing and desperate
for input from someone more determined

Congregating in invisible circles,
half apart and half apart,
all too aware of the insignificance,
pushing on with soul and heart

Individuals don't pray for forgiveness,
when pinned up against the wall under siege of persecution,
individuals command exception,
and accept dichotomy,
maybe you can't choose anymore

Procreation without gain or purpose,
languid wills and torped minds,
catapulted ever faster by the arrow of time