

Informal Gluttony

Between the Buried and Me

Rebuild.
Cannot close our eyes.

Construction paper traffic...corner office destruction.
The cityscape burns brighter by the hour.
Clock tower: bring us all down.
Marching like ants to the foundation of a higher form.
Trash. Capped and smothered. Trash bag. Trash hat.

Feed me fear. (Informal gluttony)

Construction paper lawns...force-fed attention grabber...
when will you learn.
First come first serve.
The all you can eat trumpet...playing the tunes of our death.
Breathe.....now blow. Now blow.

Let it be heard.

The preacher's talent is going through the airwaves.
(I need to be led in the right direction. Set up the bumpers...
running in the gutter)
The little kids taught me well...
but I wonder why they don't listen anymore.
(It's a television nightmare).
Eat and watch, eat eat eat...what they feed.
Corner office tubes...give me the best view in the hut.

Feed me fear. (Informal gluttony)