

Bottom Feeder

Cave In

Long walks with my temper take me down a dead end street in con-
templation;
where do we start at the end?
Before i could collect myself,
I'm vacuumed n by a figure's armspread with fiery gasps of iron
air,
cornered in my circle of friends.
Won't he speak to you?
Emptied on the floor were the shells of my defenses,
placing his own bullets of condescendence.
Those people shafted me of my social weaponry.