

Spiral Transit

Crystal Stilts

Transfixed by a distant chaos
Locked inside a violent womb
Brood into frenzy
I witness what's foredoomed

Amid seven in a subway car
Tearing towards a country
Emblems drenched in darkness
Twisting their faces from me

Ubiquitous market
With the innocence watching
To see what's on the table
To see what it's costing

We will debauch and debase them
Then be sickened by their sins
Blank books and baby bastilles
Will follow hollow hymns

In steepled business buildings
Housing holy banks
They manufacture messiahs
Upholding human ranks

Back stair descent
Through sentient corridors
Presumed escapes
Just roomfuls of foreigners

Dizzying signals
And fleeting flashes
Have led me backwards
Through dream and ashes

Transfixed by a distant chaos
Locked inside a violent womb
Transformed to a newborn chorus
That's sung from a sacred wound