

outsmart the fever
and take us farther from
the killing life in capsules
a life that can't belong

so if I wake up dead to the world
with the helm at my command
the reaching out of this
faced tomorrow in the 11: th hour
beckoned closer
now as nightfall sends it's grace
cue to enter the insatiable ideal
slam it shut but the portal pounding lingers
what is it; is time undone
cannot falter in the security of labour
was I supposed to believe?

where did I sign
did I miss the auction where my life went under the club?

went the half mile
wondered when the resolution would come
life became too solid
diluted by the essence of denial
caught in fire's eye
the self and filter that is I
my lip was venom
words formed in my mouth
hid beneath the tounge
never to be seen