

The Enemy

Dark Tranquillity

To remain objective
to a closer call
Secretly rejected
and to mediocrity fall
caught on the downslopes of life

the patted shoulder remembers
the elbowed side resists
Encircled ad nauseum
an enemy to define ourselves
an enemy to refine our hate

Encouraging on the negative scale
Bent out of shape is the measuring norm
In words and in writing
No one knows my enemy like I do

A social repellant
(not) merely an adversary
lost to the falling words
Kept the last of all
understood glances
to work against