

Here In The Obsession

Forgotten Woods

The assumption that I gave birth to flies is true.
A dog crucified.
The fluttering ascends.
Shedding skin to build another.
Let them inherit the horror.
And the shame from which it's made.
I wish I was as pale as you.
Reflecting superman while the host snickers.
We syndicate the poignant arts of mastering the unknown.
Here, in the obsession.