

The Deity Misconception

Job for a Cowboy

The withering serpent puts out his cigar with a scoff and sneer
below his frigid exhalation
Its embers dance overhead (its embers dance over head) his poli
shed boots,
As his yearning parade bubbles: for a xenophobic nation
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling s
un
For shackling the blameless men and women in unroofed reformato
ries is priority number one
He releases his soldiers under his command racing to feast on a
nyone who criticizes his work
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling s
un
As un-violent inmates die in rotting cages, giving the man noth
ing more than a smirk
After years of waiting, nothing has changed. he spits a cesspoo
l of deception
A leader? a hero? a territorial martyr? more or a less an enorm
ous misconception
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