

Resident

Panopticon

Predator and prey.
The wolf grinds its steel teeth.
In a false twilight, the night came so long ago: When
children were domesticated and caged in white rooms.
A helpless herd to wringing hands.

His back dented with high-heels, cleaved into the meat of
his shoulders.
Breast-fed toxic waste, the umbilical noose.
Born into death, neglected battered and wasting away.

Fight or flight is only in open air.
Fright and flight on the inside.

So many hands eager to hold you down, often until your
breathing will cease.
Your cries heard by deaf ears - just as the walls of
concrete.
Profit maker. Human livestock. Misery harvest.
Bow to our monetary god, Child servant.

Broken beaten and scarred.
You sleep under the watchful eye of strangers.
Profit off of your tiny back. Paying the bills of
philanthropists.
Your wretched reality.
There is no one in whom you believe.
Your god is your own.
Now I will tuck you into sleep.