

## Silent By

Senser

Theres a form in the path, bloated seed that you cast  
it distracts as it breathes, from the cracks that it leaves  
gorgon screens, time congeals round the mind  
till i'm sealed, like a fly trapped in grease  
losing limbs, a metaphore for your land locked dreams  
a cross hung, in dead air  
your gelatinous words will not penetrate there.  
Your consent is just a fiction manufactured to the letter  
protected from yourself by someone who knows better  
fate keepers, in constipated linear structures  
each puppet works a puppet, think you can ever stop it?  
Crystallised my mouth dries, the gap yawns to the size  
of impossible loss and i'm fully transported and  
standing at the ice hacking at the surface,  
forms loom beneath it a well that holds a timeless secret.  
I wont sit silent by.  
Don't you secretly sigh for  
a way to bridge the dark and endless spaces  
the void left by apathy and sucking need?  
If each atom touches to every other  
i'll generate send the wave riding out.  
I am not buying; you are trying my patience  
Invest my mind in a sounder kind of gold  
The yolk nourishing, here within lies a stronger hold  
Bolder words unfolding a cooler, older, absurder version  
I won't be casting any worthless aspersions  
You took my name and number from a gift list  
Insist this is the cheapest, latest  
Fortunes are attached, no risks asterisked  
I am a seed carried high across the sky of infinite life  
If I get stripped of my wings  
I will be dropping headlong at a world so gone  
Sponsored by, fixed the score  
Blame who induced, introduced this meglomaniac war  
No cure-all preparation for a fundamental human flaw  
And we still want more  
A million gobs, all teeth, grief and screaming  
Faceless tantrum, repressed fury becomes  
Dead and doldrum  
I cannot centre; I'm hell-bent and burning  
Open and undone expose the empty answers, someone  
I wont sit silent by.  
this war is bloodless and silent  
relentlessly tightened  
majestically subtle  
adjusting the totals  
my reason and purpose  
my body is worthless  
aware as if heightened  
the subtext is fat  
a gobfull of grease  
and they like it like that  
but im alive underneath  
a kind of firewheel centre says  
"the lies are obese"  
I wont sit silent by.  
this aint kansas

i recognise you  
i think i can taste blood  
i cant feel my legs