

# Revenge of the Dadaists

## The Agonist

Sont-ils prisonniers? (French: Are they locked in?)  
Devrais-je les libérer? (French: Should I release them?)

This seclusion frightens me

What happened to youthful armies,  
Manicured gardens,  
Proud role models?

Now I sit  
Dependent zombie  
Longing for the physical

One can't destroy energy  
One can only transfer it  
What if I never acknowledged reality  
Could I avoid it?

Broken tree roots curling up as if to grow towards the sky  
Inverting gravity and plummeting angels to hell

Grabbing air pockets to free yourself  
You trip on extra limbs  
And crumble in

The dirt feels cold and soft  
Seems so foreign yet so welcoming  
You hear the Earth breathe and for a moment, laying there  
Get an internal perspective  
Molecule mix and flesh confuses with elements

You aren't sure about getting up  
Perhaps the trees were right and merging with the Earth is  
The way to live for centuries  
Coffins float upside down like cumulus

Knock and see who's inside!  
You wonder how the doors don't swing open  
Are they locked in?  
Should i release them?

You leave footsteps of fire  
So no one can follow your tracks  
I should be trudging ahead but I just keep looking back

You never told me that I would get so badly burnt  
I always freeze upon contact now  
So the flames don't hurt

Does controlling pain make it void  
If energy is transferred, not destroyed?

I invite them to all join

Forcing confusion through ballpoint

Did you forget the intentional dreaming and patriotic  
cut-outs?

I still feel the strangulation throttling me out

This is still not the way you want to end  
The leaves swing down to tuck you in  
This is where you won't wake up again  
I hope you will - I'm just not convinced

You feel the mantle pulse

The fissures throb  
The nucleus bellows  
You see those around you  
Who felt it all along

Black eyes and superior senses  
Curious noses seem  
They seem apathetic

Should they really care?  
They know they knew what we refuse to understand  
Prevention only goes so far  
Make way for the newborn

There's only so much carbon in the work  
Take a number

You've had your time  
Get in line  
You must be this good to ride

You leave footsteps of fire  
So no one can follow your tracks  
I should be trudging ahead but I just keep looking back

You never warned me that I would get so badly burnt  
I always freeze upon contact now  
So the flames don't hurt