

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