

Caviar With Maths

Will Haven

portrayal of the starved and cloned
their message is calculated
the mind's eye fixation on envy
leads to everything wrong with you

a smoker cries for serenity
the ultimate vice
to feed on mounds of gold
and in time abandon what's wrong with you

and it's only time before mockery
starts to implode
yea well play the odds of solitude
for scraps of caviar

from the passages of vonnegut
the depths of my throne arose

i can throttle it back
the pathfinder