

quality of life

(kneeling in the Public Gardens grasping my chest as families step around me as storm clouds roll in)

splinter your soul over
spilled milk broken salt shakers declaring
armageddon this world full of narcissists
self-assuredly dislocating
shoulders

revel in your brokenness
or lack thereof it comes at once
filling up the bucket collection
spilling it over watering the grass

perception lies the blank slate acts
nothing more a marble counter to snort cocaine
invade your consciousness alien become more
than yourself become whole and eradicate the visage of failure
over hyperboles tuned inflated vernacular

why am i any better eyes fixated
on imperfections diseases drove me cyborg will
heaven open its gates for a man run on batteries
set your bucket down the storm clouds rolling in
echo *welcome home, my son*