

Cancer In Treble City

detained thoughts violently gain life
like guns firing at our centers of pain
holding back no effort
no riot left restrained
to wipe this clean no sooner would seem likely pruned too thinly

when in womb blissful sound sweetly whispers a dim nightly hymn in praise of newness
the youthfulness may fool
but rust can fit anyway and they are you too and time runs decay

a sour patch in freshly plucked batches
unseen but destined and resting
waiting in the grass
hidden to plain sight
may daybreak wake the sleeping body
feeding a silent killer
this quiet rumble has no colour odour

the battle it rages
beats you down in many stages
even the cure is poisonous death
toxic pain if properly debated

how can we think of it?
waht is it?
are we it?
is this the center?
our contribution to the future?
death, isolation by distance, separation through transport
cultural annihilation through mindless factory sedation
as we drop one by one
like a mass game of russian roulette
the path toward convenience
the assembly line, manufacturing, production.
products to save time, to minimize work
to avoid working for bliss
automatic gratification
like puffing on a cigarette
confusino mental and pyysical self-impesd slavery

so leave this hollow mess behind
to the unknown corners still left to find
but nature is violence

crunching teeth
blood
hot rotting
cold desperate running
hiding dying

the murky stains of modern strain
the sweet life flies by one leaf at a time
to be dumbfounded and waiting to be vacated
keeping supplied the placated and compromised
with creams and pills of all shapes and size

cold treble cold cold treble
metal scraping faces
shrieking leaving
ghostly haunted wastelands
of rubble and skulls

poison glows in the ashen piles of waste
poison floats up into space
creates plate glass straight waves
of glaze with pitch black grames
taking all the trains into a torched black rain as deathly claims

separation
distance
isolation
consequences of our collective inaction
waste from wasted time, wasted talent, wasted resources, wasted minds,
wasted days, wasted nights, wasted food, wasted joy, wasted thought, wasted youth
has brought cancer to treble city