

DAYSTRIDE

The weary remains of life lived – humans
in bondage of unnatural morals taught societally.
Today the Novelist with cognitive realities
guided by pen – QWERTY – or a touch, to tell.

With you, a reader, staring at the words
squeezed out from between the bars.
Barriers to bind the disheveled in lines of one
by fifteen, shaven, and to the right of line.

To eat Death: sidling through “kitchen” doors
into the world of the cancerous EVERYTHING.
This forced suicide is not any form of cosplay:
those blue-striped tans are all each have.

Such results are an unaccomplishment, not so much a fail;
more a willful misplacement of humanity. Now writing,
chapters, the Novelist’s words align to form a whisper,
a mind. Trying to expose a world of hidden murder.

To examine it, reassure its reality, set it
in place, bluntly: a resting place of unworld.
Nonworld. A world denied by the bars once a place
of life reset for right, now forgot. Used in error.

Humanity set aside for eye-for-an-eye animal demands.
Lines of one by thousands, tens of thousands, in stride,
strangled in fours within a world that does not see.
Where do all the ashes go? Families ask each day.

Each faded newsprint, a last family album entry.
Each prison/political payee saying: *Blame it on the game.*