

~ STAINLESS STEEL ~

THE COLOR OF STAINLESS STEEL
DEFINED BY THE REFLECTION OF MY FACE,
A MESSAGE BLURRED YET SURREAL...
NO SENSE OF TONE, FEATURE OR RACE.
WITH ITS' SILVER HUE
CHIMING, IN THE LIGHT...
"JUST FIVE WALLS WILL DO,"
TO MAKE ITS' BUSINESS BRIGHT.
IT DOES NOT MOVE OR BREATHE,
IT'S AS ALIVE AS A CORPSES LIFE;
MY FACE BECAME DISTORTED WHEN I MEANED
FROM ITS SURFACE: SO SMOOTH? NOT QUITE!
YET IT ADORNES THE WALLS
OF MY EVERY PRISON CELL...
REMINDING, ME WHEN IT CALLS
MY ATTENTION TO THIS HELL.
IN THE DARKNESS IT SHINES,
A CENTURION STANDING GUARD,
OVER MY SOLITUDE IN WHICH I'M CONFINED:
ALL MIND, LITTLE POWER!
ITS COLD EMBRACE IS A REBUIKE
OF ALL I USED TO BE;
ITS BARE, SOLID, WITHOUT CONSCIENCE MIDE...
IN THIS CELL ITS ALL I SEE.
IT COUNTS THE DAYS FOR SOME
SCRATCHED INTO ITS VERY BONE;
NO MATTER ONES EVIL, RACE OR CREED
ITS MERCILESS TO WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
IT HAS NO PASSION OR BEEF FOR LIVING,
ITS DEAD AND ITS DEATH SO CRUEL...
NEVER DOES IT CEASE ITS CHIMING,
AS ITS CONSTANT RILE.
IT STANDS, SITS, THINGS AND LAYS
UPON EVER SURFACE WITH ABSOLUTE PRIDE,
NEVER WHISPER, A WHIMPER, TEAR OR LAUGH IN THE DAY;
EVERY HINDS SECRET IT HIDES.
-AND WHAT SHOULD WE CALL YOU,
YOU SENTINEL OF ALL THAT IS AND IS NOT (?)