

Whose Reality

Imprisoned

We conform to realities
that are bent.

Freedom of expression is
Proscribed

by others whose ill-mind
fabricate Mazes for the lowly to climb.

Not upward!

for that is a fading direction -
Spent!

But into the bowels of
primitivity

where there is slinging of feces
by cowards

How by How

~~How~~ the rich cower

just as cowardly.

Basking in their golden showers
far flung from their clutches
of their Creatures...

O They live

comfortably

in gated Communities...

Politicks

Securing their unity...

Preachers,

Falsely assuring the masses
that heaven awaits after
their passing;

But

they give no proof.

So

We are spoofed —
Spent!

All!

Who conform
to realities
that are
Bent.

*The Traveler