

Crowded Mirrors



Who's who? How can one tell?

Transfixed into views disgusting, discovering amazing.

Reach, even into Hell, curiously, searching, souls, worth saving.

Crowded Mirrors'

Who doesn't belong here?

Who's strong here?

Who guilty of innocence?

For right or wrong here?

Crowded Mirrors'

Where even the streets have streets,
paved on, and engraved onto hearts,
it's all we know, it's all we have to eat.

Crowded Mirrors

The surprise of it, the drive of it, the strive of it,
The new generational rising from it
Living in a box, impossible not to think outside of it.

Crowded Mirrors

Infected by the same sting
traumatic pressures from
intergenerational genocidal kinds of things.

Crowded Mirrors

Inflicted, and then they call us gifted
not the lowly entities one had hoped to see?
There's and irony to this peace,
and this defiant movement to increase,
an empty space, in this overcrowded mirror

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by: Xyzost (1 of 1)