



DAYSTRIDE

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The jaded remains of life lived--  
humans in bondage of unnatural morals.  
Today the Novelist with cognitive realities  
guided by pen--QWERTY--or a touch.  
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, at times  
twenty, sidling through kitchen doors  
into the Roof of the Cancered EVERYTHING.  
No. It's not any form of cosplay:  
those blue-striped tans are all the Novelist has.  
It was an Unaccomplishment, not so much  
a fail; more a misplacement of love.  
The chapters align to form a whisper,  
a mind to try to recall a world of Unknown.  
A resting place of Unworld. Nonworld.  
A world denied by the bars  
that was once a name of home for times,  
guided by pen--no QWERTY--never touched.  
In lines of one by thousands, tens of thousands,  
strangled in fours behind forgotten promises.  
Where do all the ashes go? Families ask each  
faded newsprint.