

Violative Prison: E.R.D.C.C.

all these cells are unfriendly!, and Cruel's pain—
The color of blood dried from being beat
Upon and left for dead—Some fall in vain
For help nonarriving to aid good mean—
as staff dis!, the Constitution flagrant,
Conspiring in Code of Silence Rings
Beating prisoners w/ a malicious rant;
Thieving mail in a Capitalist fling
w/ intellectual properties' theft!—
Less-gift as the artists own who writ!
Where's right!, when you're governed by wrong's left?—
Bent on bending your arm til broken of it,
Unconstitutional Code of Silence
Ring bids bruises to hamper sentences—
10/20/24; 7:01 pm

To Love!, Is Beauty

To get the brightest idea!, where I am
Going in Sonnet — I turn to Love
Faithful to belight the ideal William
Drinking edgewise over others — I love!,
More depth than sex of words upon Dear! —
Mayst wound up lounging in Literature's place
To make love to the Sonnet, she bids fair —
a kiss upon a word! to caress lace
Upon the body of language soul-soft
Enhard a will to make a way!, begot!
Ting light as bright as music, strung aloft —
To get!, brightest me being! I can get
a thought lost!, is nothing gained ideal to!,
Kiss ideas RIPS! no same serene too —
10/20/24
7:12pm