

CLAUDIA SHEFFNER

Bare Crumbs Wednesday

**AN EXCEPRT FROM 6 PASSAGES OF
TIME.**

BARE CRUMBS WEDNESDAY

"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN

In the fear man cannot comprehend

In the rich and in the poor

There is a distinct shred of hope

Yet it earns you nothing, it earns you nothing!

Bare Crumbs Wednesday's the name of the day we all go home and rot

On the couch we lay, at the TV we shout

In the name of any God— there will be nothing today.

Only on Bare Crumbs Wednesday— there'll be no "to" or "day".

In the name of any God, there will only be decay

In the name of any God— we shall go astray!

Bare Crumbs Wednesday, be our guide!"

In the wake of humankind— born anew

As lazy bums, as smokers, as those pressed

Against a wall— into nothing we regress— in the names we speak, there is nothing
but the word "repress"

Punctuated by constant death— the new age of man has begun

With no flowers, oh, no roses! no presents and oh, no words!

Words of gratitude— all gone

Words of appreciation— all off the ground

Nowhere to be found— nowhere to be seen

Nowhere to be found— nowhere to be seen

Epic poets on the run— short-hand for absurd

A single sentence earns the crown

A word of motivation— the throne shall be yours!

On Bare Crumbs Wednesday, we reject that word

On Bare Crumbs Wednesday, we burn the great opportunity

To form a community! to work as one! to be united!

We reject— we object! We, oh so long ago, professed

That the new age shall be an age of rest: that mankind will be free

And the prophecy of peace— that the greenery will spread

That the new age of man shall be one of rest

We believed so dearly

Yet our eyes had been shut have we seen this world clearly?

"No matter how much you shout about the doom and gloom,

You will dig yourself deep into that hole soon."

A backstreet prophet— wisdom's man— dressed in black

In the sheds of fools does he thrive

In the palaces of fools does he arrive

Does he go? Does he know? Does he know "woe"?

"I beget woe, yet I reject that! Death to cause and effect!"

"Beget, beget! To the heretic, the false prophet we bring death!"

"Under the floors of the House of Zenith!

In the golden gardens does he thrive!

In the lies that he bathes in do we die!
In the lies that he lives out
In the lives that he overshadows
In the words that he despairs over— over nothing that is said
Over the words that could be told---and the stories we unfold
And the greenery of the House of Zenith!
Oh how divine! oh how pristine! oh how boring!”
The House of Zenith is burnt to the ground— not a single trace to be found
The House of Zenith’s gone now— on Bare Crumbs Wednesday it burnt down
Nowhere to be seen is the Zenith of the Land— the Zenith of the New Man
House of Zenith— house of power! house of power! burnt, burnt down!
On Bare Crumbs Wednesday we shall start— with that house we go again!
With the house we burnt— with the house that they rebuilt! We shall, indeed!
In the epics of the world— in the woes of the heroes gone
In the thoughts of the greatest men— in the thoughts of the greatest of your
friends
Solace— solace is all gone! On Bare Crumbs Wednesday, solace begone!
On Bare Crumbs Wednesday— it is all lone! alone in its glow! lone in its divinity!
“The House of Zenith shall appear again.”
The Man of the Plan rubs his hands together— ready to devour the cadaver
Of the men that died for power— of the men that died for the absolute
Of the men that died for the destitute
Of the man that had his head begone
On the day we call the day of Zenith
The day where the sun’s rays leaked into our heads
Where the demands we made— all vanished
Zenith Thursday shall be called— that day
When we lost our heads right after Bare Crumbs— bare crumbs, indeed!
Bare Crumbs Wednesday looms— and we shall take revenge!
The sun will not get to us again!
“You too?” A passer-by asks me, our eyes meet
“We shall burn the House of Zenith!” I repeat.
“Burn it to the ground, you shall?” The bypasser asks
“Burn it to the ground, I shall. There will be no time to stall!” I reply— in manic
fever I deny
I deny the power that rules over modern man
In history, all is written by the victors
In history, all is written by the unaffected few!
And then, the bird flew.
Flew too high— and burnt its wing
In the colors of the night— the dark blues and the darkest blacks
The purple nights— the time to strike!
Torches we rise! Torches we cleaver! Cut in half, the fire spreads right before our
legs
What is this? How did we think of that? How absurd that is! Dropping dead,
caught on fire
The funeral pyre of the absurd few
The celebration of the lucky
The burial of the absurd few

The celebration of those who rule over this world!
Their pride— insurmountable
Their words— unpronounceable
Their eyes— aflame
They go astray! They kill! Blood drains the rivers! Blood fills the rivers!
The grass is red— the skies cloudy
The massacre of Bare Crumbs Wednesday we do not forget
The massacre of Bare Crumbs Wednesday we regret
And the words we spoke— and the friends we lost
And the men that had gone into the fire
To cleave the heads off those laughing at the pyre
To fight for the absurd
To butcher the chosen few
To become whole
And let go of the primal
To be human again.
When the zodiac foretold— our words distant
Our lost friends— always here
Always gone
And always in fear
Always burnt— always felt— always felt
The new world— the new astray!
The new man— the new feelings!
The Wednesday of bare crumbs.
Feeling— felt.
A bypasser asks me
“Was it worth it?”
“It will always be.”
“And the bare crumbs spilled
Will always be
With the heads severed
THAT WEDNESDAY WILL REMAIN.”
“IN THE WORD OF GOD
Overly clinical— the surface level— always in doctrine
Inter— patient. Hermits on the run
Detail— the death of it, and thereof
In the balancing act of ‘the new human’— in the distortion of
Recipes and rapid transit— sprawling cities
19 million— 20 million— 35 million
Geographical— dense words— wrapped in the silver tongue of a serpent
Heads swallowed— the therapeutic nature of “nourishment”— hours through the
regurgitation— poor research, attending the lecture and then falling through the
floor
Confined spaces— greenery.
House of Zenith— all of it burns, O holy O holy
Preaching to the choir, the new words of the stream
To the dense depths of “interest”— and the lack of

Controversy is par the course— everything wrapped in the mystery of flames alit
to the SPECTRUM
SPECTROGRAM— the silver screen and the box office
Provided by the opaque— the factors of the loophole
A convenient alternative— a cumbersome medium— on a Saturday night, cherries
and oranges
Passages of time— and then all that
In the AGE OF MODERN MAN— we all find solace in the absurd
In the AGE OF MODERN MAN— we all find solace in the new
In the AGE OF MODERN MAN— the events of in a can— the theaters and the
dust we SPRAWL— and the squabbles and the rubble
In the AGE OF MODERN MAN— a lost period of time
Black outs and the WHITE OUTS— red outs and blue outs
The various scribbles and the various technicalities
And all that lacks— it all is locked within
Within what? A hallway— a door way
Everything burns— the skin.
The flesh— engulfed in fire
In the AGE OF MODERN MAN— feel it, feel it feel it!
PLAN OF ATTACK: Disarm— redistribute— burn.
PLAN OF DISARMING: Turn the cogs— vanish into the flame.
Punks get nailed— and the youth goes for a standing ovation
In the wake of modern man— the flame engulfs
Everything that ever is
And everything that ever WAS
In the inferno there is a rose— a bright blue vase
Rises from the ashes— into the depths of flames
Rain pours— thunder surrenders to the flame
Names forgotten— names long lost
Death sentences for the weak— and life sentences for the strong
Everything in a swirl— a spiral that— given enough time, will
Will swallow— everything in its path, uninterrupted
All burning— all feeling, all enveloping
A scale of ordinary to extravagant
Nowhere there— nowhere near
3, 2, 1. Wildfire— thirty-six wild lions in the garden
IN THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN HOUSE
The house of Zenith
The house of Panacea
The house of Faith
The house of the End
A silver God— a golden god, in the wake of MODERN MAN
Everything repeats again.
Bare Crumbs Wednesday— the hurricane and the storms
The words enveloped in the fire starter's fist

In the palm of an empty hand— frivolous and all— consuming
All— repeating. All— vibrating. All— cultured.
A ship sinking— a ship rising from the tides
And like that— there's silence
A literary critic and a drunken captain
All on a dead shelf of books never written
Bet you'll be fine.
Shocked by audacity— shocked by the waves
Shocked by the violent embrace of the sea
Shocked by the words drowned IN UNCERTAINTY
“Syntaxis and parataxis go to die
At your disposal— literary techniques”
Bare Crumbs Wednesday— where the modern man goes to die
Where the pathetic, pitiful man dies
Where the rich man dies in silence
Where the taxman dies in agony
Where the Wednesdays pass— slowly dissolving
Where the Thursdays go and go— running far away
Capture the opening— capture the ending.
Serpent tongue of the End
IN THE WIND comes descending a silver bird
In its white robe and its golden feathers
Its eyes made of rubies— its claws made of steel
“I got the Times of the Lives to tell you!”
The bird descends on a man's shoulder— grasping it with its claws
“I bear bad news and I bear the gospel”
Its voice resounds
“Which would you like to hear first?”
“Oh, the gospel! Tell me the gospel! Tell a poor man the gospel of the New World!”
“The world ends yesterday— and so it goes.”
‘In the wake of MODERN MAN— the pessimist revels in his ignorance, slowly,
slowly, slowly... sowing what he's done.’
“Sun in his head! Moon in his head! I tell you, sun in his head! Moon in his head!
Scrapping all he wants— scrapping all he needs!”
The literary critic gets off the ship— onto the decks and into the wilderness
The bird lands on his shoulder— grasping his fist with its long claws
Its claws like blades— into flesh it tears
The literary critic— scared— backs away— falling into the bay.
The captain swims to the shore, charging into water
With great pride— he harvests the corpse of the literary critic
With words to not be spoken— with the journalist long gone
We shall know that the fidelity is dying.
We shall know that the the tail of the Ruby Bird is made of teeth— slowly, slowly
eating away at all it touches
Sweep, sweep— the broom SCREECHES at the HOUSE OF ZENITH

“My whole life, my whole fucking life!” The broom screams.
“I sweep, I sweep! I sweep! I sweep! My whole fucking life!”
“Now, now, dear broom, pardon your French.” The carpet suggests, laughing.
“What shall I say to you, dear Carpet? I cannot find the words— exquisite. I cannot find the words— kind. I cannot find the words— right. So, go fuck yourself.”
The argument is observed by the captain— he, stepping slowly over the carpet, grinds his teeth
“Oh, dear Captain! Pardon us, we shall not misbehave!”
In the house of Zenith— the pirate screams! And screams! And screams! And scrambles for the door!
“Since when do you, dear Carpet, speak? Since when did you let go of your voice— so meek?”
I remember— as a youthful act of stupidity— pushing snow onto roads while cars pass by
When was this? Long ago, times lost to the flame
I remember it, but only in name
Only in vain do I hope to return to these days
I struggle to stay awake— bare skin in decay
I struggle to be human— I struggle to compose myself
I struggle to be whole— I lose myself
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN, I’ve found myself
Asleep and awake
At times knows when
When no man’s awake, when no man’s asleep
At times known when— indeed. With that conceit, I struggle to get out
IN THE VIRTUES WE UPHOLD— digging for gold, we find zero— and thus we unfold into nothing— we shout into the void
In the stories untold by generations long decayed— in the words thrown into the dame’s name
Arbitrary— all so pristine
In the wake of JUDGMENT DAY— we find ourselves aflame
In the wake of JUDGMENT DAY— we find ourselves awake in the golden coffin of MODERN MAN
In the pristine— the divine— the exquisite burial.
In the strength we deceive— in the words that we concede
In the glass that we shatter— all deep within
In the windows we look into— seeing nothing but the obscene
The violent and the absurd
The immoral and the darkened
The profuse apologizing— and no man’s lands colliding
The profuse apologizing— and the claws that we dig with
And the depths we find with— and the feelings that we hide
In the words we recognize as our own
As the serpent flails its tail— in the wake of FASHION and the models

It becomes the standard— the golden and the pristine
The silver screen awaits it— the madame of the Snake
The jets emerge from behind it— bombs dropped
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— we find ourselves ashamed
Of the pasts and the presents that we hold dear
Of the pasts and the presents we hold in fear
In the words that we erase— and the truths we recognize
In the infinite “ifs” and the partially complete— half-dazed— half-foolish.
In the bare lucidity of the idle mind
We find ourselves trapped
In the unconscious we find the bizarre
In the exquisite world we call the conscious mind— there is no such thing as the
absurd
But in the depths of every treasure trove lies a stain— an echo of a shadow that
takes over
A wordless death— a conscienceless plague
The ill mind— and the recovery that we forgot
And the people that refuse— in the profuse need
To be whole and to be needed
To be human, to be whole
To be whole and to be human
To refresh— to rearrange
To burn words into your memory
TO FIND SOLACE IN THE ORDINARY
TO FIND SOLACE IN THE EVERYDAY
“Oh lord! Must we suffer in vain?”
The priest shouts into the sky— the echo of his voice uncertain
Will it reach? Will it mean anything to any God?
Any deity at all— any strength to be given— any faith to be maintained?
Must we doubt the solace that we’re given? Must we doubt the fake that has been
foretold?
Must we doubt the absurdity of our reality, oh so much we have to unfold
Oh, so much that burns! Oh, so much the scent of which lingers!
On Bare Crumbs Wednesday— we reckon
We’d rather be dead than be a beacon of hope
The stew that we brewed stands on the stove
Always forgotten
The stew that we brewed stands on the table
Never eaten— never touched
Yet a man comes up— and takes a sip
With a wooden spoon he eats
Disassembling the empirical
Disassembling the Biblical
“An obscene attack on our God!” The priest exclaims
In the words of the worst men

“We’ll always be here— scared again?”
In the delusions of our broken minds
We find solace in the absurd
In the refuge of the bare dime
In the refuge of the time— spent, lingering
In the refuge of the words unspoken— left unsaid
In the refuge of the winds that pour into the room
In the refuge of the winds that will be coming soon
In the beauty and the excitement
That we shower ourselves in
In the pettiness and boredom
In the keys to our new “if”.
‘That’s not a great way to sell a novel!’
The literary critic exclaims in the depths of Hades
In the river of death— he finds confusion
He finds the protrusions of bone trees— growing from the bottom of the lake
He finds himself drowning— grabbing onto the branches, he climbs the bones.
They clunk— flesh sprouts.
Skin covers.
Surprised— climbs to the shore— runs away.
The bones move, the branches grasping him— miniature in comparison
“In the wake of modern man— we shall repeat our mistakes!” He exclaims. He
climbs the bone tree again— then falls onto the ground, his body deflected
“We shall repeat our mistakes again and again!” He climbs again— this time he
gets to grab onto the branches for a second.
Then he’s thrown off again— slowly climbing again. Making this mistake
thousands of times until he’s in extreme pain— he finds himself in the depths of
Hell, slowly looking for an escape.
The blazing hot rocks of the ground and the lava rain melt his skin— yet for him
to be resurrected yet again.
Soon he’s resurrected as a butterfly— mercilessly killed by the rain
Soon he’s resurrected a mouse— running for a bit before dying quietly once
again— a piercing squeak! A squeak! A squeak, I tell ya, a squeak!
Then he runs— then he runs— as a skeleton without skin.
A bare man— without intent and without flesh.
He runs, he runs!
Freed from his skin so thin— he finds himself stripped down to the bare
essentials— a man without flesh, without the power to take criticism.
Powerless against his own words— he screams.
For help he scrambles— for the helping hand he despairs
Maybe it’s a dream— maybe nothing is real. All swells.
MEANWHILE AT THE HOUSE OF ZENITH
The Broom exclaims: “IT’S GONE! IT’S GONE!”
Indeed, the Carpet has vanished. It has been covered in dirt— stripped of his
bright red color.

All dirty— like a shadow swallowed it.
Red— like blood, darkened like dry blood.
That which remains under fingernails— slowly turning black.
Florian's— the gardener— sprinkler exclaims: "IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE!"
The whole House of Zenith is in uproar over the disappearance of the Carpet—
oh so panicked, oh so vulnerable and fragile
In the concertos of the old— the words annotated— with every chord so precise
That the fragile— single mistake— could break it all
The flow— collapses— the melody— scrambles— falling flat.
In the provider of the words— in the lyricist— the libretto all torn up
The life that's lived had been hung up— the life that's here had been destroyed—
the life that's all there has been shattered.
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN, the mistake has been made again.
In the crime of rhyme— in the chimes of the bells— in the atrocities of the
modern— in the minor mistakes— in the old and new— IN THE WAKE OF
MODERN MAN— do not bother us again, imbecile!
Do not bother us, indeed! Leave this place at once! Leave it at once! Leave it at
once! Leave it at once, you fraud!
The imbecile— the quacker! The homeopath!
The scoundrel! The miserable mistake!
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— do not bother us again!
IN HELL we find a man sitting on the beaches burning with brimstone, with
lava flowing in and out.
Indeed, he had been abandoned— slowly but surely crawling out of HELL.
How long did this take? A while, really.
IN THE HOUSE OF ZENITH the Broom whispers: "Where's the Carpet?
Where's the Carpet?"
IN THE HOUSE OF ZENITH the Carpet exclaims: "Leave me alone at once!
You filthy scoundrel!"
In the washing room, the highest floor of the HOUSE— the Carpet is being
washed— scrub, scrub— soap, soap— bubble, bubble.
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— do not ever wash me ever again!"
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I shall wash you once again!"
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I shall wish death upon you!"
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I shall scrub you! Scrub, scrub, scrub."
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I refuse!"
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I shall."
"IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I... you know what..."
IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL the literary critic runs— descending deeper into
the void— descending deeper down the stairs of the Northern Fortress.
The coldest point of Hell— warm as ever. Scorching temperatures.
"Heat, heat! Oh blazing! Oh so warm! Oh so deadly warm! Oh so dead! I'm so dead!"
Speaking in a verse no one really gets— he proceeds down the fortress
The minotaur of Hell quickly stops him— dying, he turns into a mouse
Running under the Minotaur's feet

Sneaking past the guards— he succumbs to the heat
He is reincarnated as a butterfly— quick and nimble
Quick and speedy— oh, he runs! Oh, I run!
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— I shall die again!
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— he dies again.
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— as a ladybug, he flies.
Tiny in its size— quickly squashed.
Quickly deprived of life— quickly gone.
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— the critic is dead.
On the shore stands the pirate.
In the glimmering sun—
The wind rises— the tides flicker.
On the beached whale's back
Stands a pirate
His hair wavy— long and made of void
Shadows do not reach it
The night could not compare
The silken, the enchanted— the hair in the wind
Of the pirate's long unshaved head
No bald spots— no light to shine
Florian— the gardener— with his quick hand trims the plants
And the pirate makes amends with the sea
“Oh mother! Shall we sail again?”
“No, we shan't.” The sea replies, rising its tides.
IN THE ARCHAIC TONE— in the voices of the old
In the voices of those lost— in the voices of words left unspoken
In the voices of words left unsaid— treasured by time and left behind
In the voices of words unspoken— in the voices of words not evoked by anyone—
in the voices of words left behind
Shrieks and screeches— the AM radio flickers on, through talk shows
The rhythm of stories— the rhythm of boredom, always looming— always ticking.
The silver beard of the pirate glimmers— in its light— absorbed
No rhyme— no rhythm— death of song
In the words that flicker in and out— the shapes of old
The meanings and the deflections— the reflections of the young and the long
forgotten
The reflections— the refractions— the reactions— oh so clear
Diving headfirst into nonsense— pen and paper in hand
With the words that sprinkle together— with waves made through the lines of a
song
Oh the lyrics of the old! Let life be new and bold! Let recycle and let re-heard!
Let your lines flow, let your scribbles concede in song and dance!
Let the conceit of your prose be the absurd! Let your conceits be clear! Let your
words launch into the stratosphere!
Oh so beautiful! Oh so glorious! Oh so divine!

Let us disarm the Gods that we dismay— let us disarm the Gods that we protect—
and the Gods that we regret
The humans that created— and gave form to— our own selves and the memory
carpenter's déjà vu
Good morning and good night— dose yourself— doze yourself; let the catalyst be
the end!
Let the catalyst be the beginning— let your words flow in a stream like the tides
rising in the Bay of Berlin!
Let your words restructure life! Hold your spirits— hold on tight! Let your words
create infinite possibilities— without flaws and liabilities!
All so flawed— and all so beautiful
In the graceful voice of poetry— we find solace
IN THE ARCHAIC TONE –in the voices of old
That is our conceit.
To find voices and to give them life
To raise spirits and burn all rights!
Public domain— into the wild it all goes!
Burn Mickey Mouse at the stake— let his spirit flow free
An endless Disney— a carbon avenue
A greenhouse gas— a Great Awakening
A new life— a new sprouting of memory
A new grace— a new face
A new life— and a new mace!
A new death— and a new dead cop
A new life— and a new event
A new life— and a new death
A new life— and a new regression
A new life and a new depression
Let your cycles be rewound!
Let your wounds be healed by the sound of silence!
Let your wounds be healed by the sound of tone!
Let your wounds be healed by the sound of voice!
IN THE TROPICS OF YOUNG MAN— we find voices of your friends
We find voices sprinting across— we find voices deserted.
Voices lost— and voices stolen
Voices taken— and voices returned
Everything in order— everything in harmony
Let us disassemble it anew! Let us give birth to words reborn!
Let us give the lives to the Golden Horn— of voices that remain
To be trumpeted and born again
As the brightest voices— as stars in the sky
As the anthems of a new world— as the anthems of words written anew
In the bright language that we speak— in the festivals of a single syllable
In the bright words of a single tone— a single fricative
A single exchange of breaths

A SINGLE TRIUMPH— a victory beyond
A SIMPLE TRIUMPH— a victory uncouth
Yet a victory so pure— devoted to its craft
A victory agreed on— yet desecrated by the law
Oh— Olaf the Taxman— we hang him on the stake
With his throat sliced and his eyes torn awake
...In the ясли of the mind
We find solace in our childhoods
In our ham-fisted thoughts
In our delinquency and inadequacy
In our broken and long— lost desires
In our empirical evidence
In our falsehoods and our traces
In our deaths and in our despairs
We shall be born again as voices that remain
In the voices that remain here— we will be
In the voices that remain there— we will be
OH SO FREE
In the comfort of our words
In the words in which we propose
Our hopes and dreams— all so lucky
In the fragments of tragedy— in the words of remorse
In the long— lost thoughts of our dreams
In the long-lost voices of our inner critic
IN THE LONG LOST VOICES of the words that you said to me long ago
AND IN THE TIMES WE'VE LOST we've gained a lot more
AND WHEN WE SEPARATED I found you again
In the books that you wrote— in the words you laid down— in the prose of your
voice— your one and only
A love song for the ages— new times for the mind
A rejection of form— yet a celebration of freedom
Every single word— dragging along, slogging through
Yet oh so pristine— oh so amateur
Oh so beautifully auteur
There's a charm in your works— always there
Always here and always there
Always buried— always in plain sight
Always there— in your bare mind
Souls laid out— a triumph calls
A trumpet rings— the whistles and the noise
Your life is here— your rigor is deserved
Your times have flickered— your life rewarded
And you're gone.
Static flickering— the end is nigh
In the grasp of modern man— the eternity we spent

IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— Bare Crumbs Wednesday'll come again
AND IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN— there'll be words for everyone
And in the end of MODERN MAN— we shall hold a wakae
A wake unlike any other
An eulogy for a grave
A wordless death— and a peaceful rest
Words stripped away— meanings lost in the sunshine
And Bare Crumbs Wednesday'll come again
With gunfire and cannon strikes— with the wounded words
Between your lies
Between your futures and between your sighs
Between your meanings and your deaths
Bare Crumbs Wednesday'll come again
With gunfire and cannon strikes— with the bullet holes of passion
With the bullet holes of com— passion
With the bullet holes of your name
With the bullet holes of what you represent
With the bullet holes of the bare skin
And the words given meaning— and the words of which is lost
Bare Crumbs Wednesday'll come again
For better... or for worse.
HOUSES OF BROKEN PAGES— razors strip away
Denizens of voiden culture— sing a song for us!
Denizens of vulture— sing a ballad for the wound!
Denizens of voiden culture— burn a stake for us!
Engage— the wheels spin— on the roads paved with gold
Flames alit— candles on the verge of death
The world— so precise, glimmering with hope
There's nothing to hide— in loneliness tethered
Lips hitched— words spoken— left unheard
Voices lost— endlessly vain
In broken words we represent
In hell's tides we find our gaze
In the many games that are played
In the voids left floating
In the voids left spoken
In the voids left considered
IN THE VOIDS LEFT UNSAID
I'll give you everything— take it, without a thought
Let it flow into the river's depths
Throw it out— ridden of
The moment ever comes— I shall find it once again
IN THE WAKE OF MODERN MAN—
Bare Crumbs Wednesday'll come again
It's plain to see-an enemy is you.

I'll give you everything— left to burn.
I'll give you everything forgotten— everything left spoken
Everything left meaningless
An effigy of the cold
In the sun in your head
Better off dead— I suppose
In rivers of prose, meanings collide
In rivers of lost time
Spare parts— machines obsolete
Humanity's woes, all dressed in pretty colors
In effigies of strawmen— I know them
They're here!
In lands of the dead