Via cieca per umanita

Run, run as fast as he can.
Can't catch him, he's a man.
Under the sea of tranquility
with a touch of madness.
he falls numb.
Faces blend together
as his eyes dilate.
Rubs the glass against his face,
the only reality he knows.

School is hell.
Walks through the maze
searching for a piece of cheese.
it's in the car
with the others.
Just another glass bottle,
that breaks with stone.

Hours go by,
with more of his mind.
He laughs in the dark,
at the dark,
thinking he's won.
in the distance, the stone is thrown.
its target is his very existence.
Glass with paper covering,
covering the lies.

No problems, no pain,
ot even in the morning.
all he needs
all he wants
behind the label
behind the glass
behind the lies
Buried beneath the amber waves
he found manhood
at it's finest.

--Gretchen Zehner

Premeditated

Virtuous
Is what its supposed to be, but
Premeditated
Is what it was,
Last
Night.

No attempt at morality
No attempt at devotion
It was for us—
Alone.

It wasn't for love, and
It definately wasn't for god,
It wasn't ornate or elegant, but it was
Comely.

It was near Dover Beach, and
It was on the floor, and
It was—
Feeling
Good.

--Michael Millington