

crow

when your head is a swamp
of wet cement about to become concrete

with steel pin shot between the spine
floating above a falling lump of kryptonite

your eyes become too slow to close them,
again you feel lost in a broken time,

you crow your way into darkness
10 000 miles above Zen crashing at 800 mph

you have to, you want to reach out, what cannot be found
what cannot be stilled

you suck up all the power, that grotesque bravery to go on
because you crow, crow by crow

the model

this is society,
humanity in oblivion,
that wounds us

this is the skin,
a robe in which
the heart is forced,

this is the structure,
with its straight lines
that makes us cold

and there is the hero
who cries out "Freedom!"
but is afraid to be hurt

this is bottled up moisture
that will jump, seedless, dead
where it can crash

into that big black box

my mom can't tell me

well daddy
look, look at me,
I became a man
my lips bursting
my hands bleeding
my bones broken
and my heart dying,
well daddy, tell me
what was the reason,
to be this man?