

Vacant Apportion

Failure seems like the only option.
The seats of students seem vacant,
and the voices of our leaders now are silent.
The doors are pried open,
and the education is bled on the dry.
You can't see the beauty in the rough
but the writings on the walls are now memories.
The doors are pried open.
The eyes of my comrades are vacant.
I look in the mirror and see another
statistic in the media.

Novelty Crosses

This is where the fire descends
into winds of drones that wait.

Prayers are useless clichés.
Your idea of faith is man-made.
and so are your crushed beliefs;
putrid ideas for a decapitated empire.

This is where the flames make amends,
and the wounds are never ending in
this repetitive cycle.

Your idea of salvation lies in a cross when catastrophe
strikes again, where is your God now?

You are on your own
with your bravado torn into shreds,
place the shroud upon your head.
Wait for your demise.