

To punkassbutch

Many born to the grave: societal conformity.
My birth--their purpose, their
sins. Our birth, being the group.
Individual. One Nation under--?--for an
indivisible herd. For one purpose, one think.
Imagine, not boy meets girl--or mixes of between:
today is crack meets meth while dead bodies
walk the streets in uninterrupted moxie.
What Molly steals, Shatter gives; and after Obama
ploys, Trump plots. The news? What's real?
Bodies lost to morgues that never lived,
never knew: this world we set askew by word
(and will) of others, before, and beside us.
Told what to be, what not to be, and even
the when and where to be.
Every nail that stands, gets smashed; but the nails
will know (in time) how they outnumber smashed, assimilated.
Those that are made same.
Conformity is agreement to submit, to be of one,
censured of the Self.
One punk-ass-butch to change a world.
Not to go with the flow. Comply for normality
defined by those that integrate.
Conformation being confirmation of confinement.
Herdship confirmed. Today denied because of
Love and Light, that keeps on ... keeping on.
Living through the censorship, against the conformity,
and above the bullshit!
More than a number; more than a name.