

pat-ri-arc-hy

Patch the hole and secure the thread
Just like you learned as a little girl.
They pierced your skin with their tire treads
And they snarl at your messy-haired twirl.
Like a little dog you are lead.
Bark to make our eyes unfurl.
With praise I am fed, just a pat on the head!
You leave me for dead, a disfigured pearl.

Riot in the streets when they fall--
It was just so obvious a trip.
Hook your heel and sit up tall,
Be careful if they let you sip,
Because foggy ice makes you small.
You're too quick to melt on their lip!
As quick as a crawl, they speak in a drawl,
And step on a doll flaking paint chips.

Archangels refuse to hear anymore,
They skipped the modern era;
When a child plays in dried up gore
And drowns in the everlasting terra.
As you wire the circuits, your toes and hands sore.
What are you, bug or hemiptera?
Let's make up our own lore, just so we can be sure.
You are amour, painted with mascara.

Hydrangeas of long ago turned blue;
Too much of a free and frigid ground,
Yet much too acidic to be new.
If no one is there, the apple tree sounds
As it chooses: fallen or flew?
Making himself create the world around,
And making her hands save him too.
Despite our soil, despite our dues,
The world holds power, the words hold clues.

How can we heal a timeless bruise?