he fainted from it that's how big his grief was sit behind the screen & watch the credits roll bathed in the vacuous glow of pop royalty eaten away by the ads, the running, the scoring, the fairytale ending

sit behind the screen & watch the credits roll watch the man fall to his knees and ask about his mother and his daughter and his wife eaten away by the ads, the running, the scoring, the fairytale ending thru the poor pixelated prism where riding hood eats wolf

watch the man fall to his knees and ask about his mother & daughter & wife they told you it was safe they told you it's where you needed to go thru the poor pixelated prism where riding hood eats wolf & it's war & it's war & what do we make of it & what do i make of it

they told you it was safe they told you it's where you needed to go they took your mother and your daughter and your wife & it's war & it's war & what do we make of it & what do i make of it when your sandy square of land has been a prison for years

barbed wire on blue sky he fainted from it that's how big his grief was & the sky is never big enough, it'll never be big enough.

## box