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Untitled

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Untitled

An intruder stood at my door.
His feet moved softly across the floor.
The blanket falls, I close my eyes,
I grasp for truth in social lies.

There is a hook upon a line;
It gracefully glides through space and time.
Piercing my flesh, it invades my soul,
I stumble through life and play a role.

Cattle follow another's back.
Fruit is picked and placed in a sack.
The slaughter's near, the bag draws tight,
Open your eyes and swim for the light!

Randy Kohltfarber