

Fortress

by Enzo Scavone (January 2013)

thick and cragged massif
entering our world from afar
angry we bare our teeth at you
feeling your grind on them
putting forth our angry shields
against the truths your battlements spell

your expressionless face
laughing at us
we feel it breaking our long sticks in contempt
down to arrows that we launch from bowstrings
peeled off our tongues
as they fly, we envy them
hitting you with our wish to touch you
our stubby wood splintering on your cold surface

ashamed of your failure
we belittle you,
never able to feel taller
confidence we turn into rage

thick, hard rock
we throw at you
you blow it
to fine white dust
that settles on your walls
and primes them

desperate to remind you of our grief
we throw our bodies at you
their weightless flight
never meant to lift them up
pulled towards you by your gravity
they're soft, unable to dent you
bursting upon impact
our twitching compulsions exposed
our blood giving you a vital blush

now, only your dreams left
fleeting and powerless
captured in your mind

there you stand
alone