

Constant

Many mouths
which move in linear, clawing
mannerisms, attached to bodies
which bully the weak
whose terrified tongues revert
into widened, safe haven
mouths. The weaker,
those with downward
eyes gazing at thin
aluminum shadows—
these are the angels
with the golden dispositions,
deeply hidden between
argumentative displays
and quick skims across
manmade lakes of habitual
hexes.

