

Brazil, Canon

Alone in the city of millions,
He walks on the left,
Against the even flow of traffic,
Outwardly pushing but inwardly pulling,
Wanting to connect to the source,
He's too afraid to ask certain dimensions of himself to want,
He is the monolith...

Like limbs of a dismembered poet,
Rippling veins unhuman crooked through the scars,
Yet above the internal wounds that never seem to knit completely,
A world made of grey matter housing the city he calls his own,
Standing on a ledge, he surveys the land between his feet and the horizon,
Heat-Seeking projectile lines and run through the flame retardant dress of the mob,
And with the even past of rolling steam in time...
He is the monolith...

They will break,
They will burn,
But if feels honest,
[x5]
It feels honest...[x4]