

# Divided



Miles Briand

Dripping wet and oh so slick  
Call in sick and sip on this  
Stop this fix before it faults  
Savor the sentiment and the salt  
The guilty black box  
Records of our loss  
Conflicts within forever  
Slipping in unison  
Shocks to the cerebellum  
Shifting at the waist  
My burnout  
The fly hits the light bulb  
Sizzle sound signals  
The flies pang against the ground  
We're all lost  
In the paper mache paradigm  
This model on its side  
Tipping landscapes  
Shifting in the morass  
Bubbling into the eternal  
This inflamed red patch  
Inspid and subdermal  
So solemn in the turmoil



## Sharp Pain in the Right

I am the royal state  
Nesting near enlightenment  
Steeping in the stew  
I follow suit  
Laying down two deaf ears  
And the king of hearts  
In the cornerstone of awakening  
I simply stare with the stoned-eye glare  
I'm a blank slate so I keep myself  
Maybe just this once  
Far too fragile for anything  
And my sickle is fickle  
And my wheat always  
Molds at the chaff  
I wish you well I say  
And my wrists flip to the sides  
Revealing rockets  
Nerve gas at the tip