

## Words

They are mental cobwebs, ours  
To thicken or pierce; each tongue  
Makes the choice. In service,

They dominate. In silence,  
They grab at and pull strings;  
Bodies dance to their gunfire.

In any language it is Russian  
Roulette, cold steel zeroes  
Pressed against the temple.

The gray matter congregation,  
Reactive and impressionable,  
Shivers before false altars

Of sound and fury, awaiting  
Incense reeking of smoke.  
Every comma is a trigger,

Each next clause a discharge.  
There are only six chambers.  
Have you spent the hollow ones?

In the beginning was The Word.  
There are five chambers left.  
In the end the Word is heard.

Will you spend the final five  
Further voicing your attachments?  
Let the last blow out your brain.

Sentence ends with exhalation.  
Imagine you were only a candle  
And kiss the wick goodnight.