

**In Case of Decadence**

Phil LeMere

Modern Child, comfort lies with  
a Mother who speaks mercy,  
She with breath that calls  
the wild

Familiarity, oh apprehension!  
A carpet room longing  
him through black windows  
that remain to be seen

Naked among native  
contemporaries as his relevance  
became the ticks! and loosely  
colored ties—the women's  
lips convulsed to the sight  
of an obedient man

So honest an act will always  
result in open eyes, and occupy  
his loneliness; in the bodies of  
urban wilderness he stood  
innocent before the family of  
jurors

The father's smile  
burdened a mother's passionless  
glance; their children of glory—a  
bridge for each ego to cross  
A daughter prepared to  
rotate into the continuum  
of humanity; a son regarding  
his honesty as misery

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## Coastlines

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In this son, a world crumbled in that this was

a man of first contact  
to which power will  
sweep the slum seas  
behind the shadows on  
the walls; raw dignity to  
brand the culture of  
we into demise; vomit  
in cans

And I and I and I