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
Coastlines

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