

## ***Mouth of Gravel***

...

Sharpened words travelling

Through a jagged smile

Charring ashes

Left by

charming lashes

Hardened lords unraveling

In-

to a ragged pile

sounds of a rhythm, distinct

its conciseness and spiking peaks

that pierce bruised ears

left behind

by heavy handed arguments

&

Forever synced -- a consciousness,

with concessions to what I think

Stationed by the bind,

that steer fused gears

is the justice they augment

The controlled masses,

Against burning flashes

Nearer as they rile

Sparring clashes

With

not one left,

pardoned hordes, collaborating

starring fascists

They push,

their foreseen vile