

More Dark Ages

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Sight Without Sound

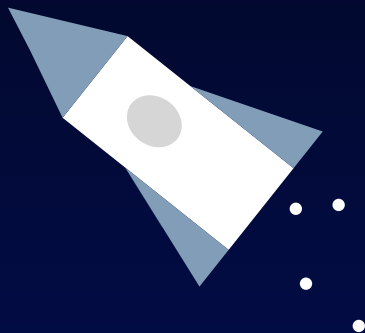
Here comes the shepherd of excess
Guiding us bellwethers to feed.
With just the weather to assess
It's an unambiguous need.
I ride atop a dead or dying horse.
Our contingent has moved on.
There is no great man to endorse.
Our ranks are ashamed and withdrawn.
Each quiet corner has been razed
Replaced by an arterial paradigm.
The troubadours of those days whose relevance
wanes
Consultants have no care and no time.
In this scene of paralyzed anarchy
Who will set the herd free?



Better Days

Winter's memory is fading.
I forgot what it was like to be cold.
Now I'm already spiraling.
My loved ones are growing tired and old.

There exists no consolation
No combination of words that works.
I'm shivering at the bus station.
Winter's waterworks have already come.



Imago

No one left but yourself to please
Making things that you can't keep.
You can't bring Zheng He back from the dead
And sail from planet to planet on a cosmic ship.

So quick to ignore the ones in your court
You absorb yourself in labor.
When you're ten thousand miles in the air
Remember who got you there.