



Bull'ish Opinion.

Arrested by my desire for equality,
As I see through both eyes equally and exist utilising both planes of this,
Cursed encephalon; It has been decided by priests that see a beast in me
That I am no more an equal than the inception
My name becomes my bond.

The slain desire wings my sanity and my equilibrium,
I fear this inequality of righteous men has been embedded in our DNA
And thus we shall never change this fatally flawed system and remain
new slaves to the public "service" announcement.

I try to smile and be happy that I have something to stress about.
Trialling ever so hard not to bring this stress about.
Rampage on my clout that another may never see it.
For the clouds and trees and all, they are about,
Is all we have to believe in.
Amen, for men's sake fights only half the battle.
He may herd the cattle but do not neglect the maestro of infancies rattle.

The battle is of two: XX and ask YY.
We obsess on excess,
Discarding.
Disregarding.
This crucial part of our lives.

Garden.
I beg your pardon.

Karl Leon