A Sure Posture And Generic Poise

We lift from our shadow.

We’re drained of our marrow.

We stray from our battles.

We lay so hollow.

Slight in weight for what you bring around.

A cast and clone you make, plaudits go to you.

Now a soul-melted farce, lie beside your title.

Giants shrug you off.

Runts plowed, running from their innards.

Watch them trespass and cower in the fracas.

Lifeline is out, you’re all red.

Can’t stand, social forum is your pillar.

No staunch brace, no stout mask.

You’re not quite who you think you are.

A sure posture, and generic poise.

Who am I?

I’m nobody, just like you.

We dropped from our routine.

We’ve come for your bathos.

Slight in weight for what you bring around.

We expand on the purpose.

A cast and clone you make, plaudits stay from you.

Fortune of abandon.

Now a soul-melted farce, lie beside your title.

You lay so hollow.