Okker’s Shanty

In foreign fields crawl.

Frantic wind chimes singing lore.

She’s coming, he’s waiting, the wind’s so loud.

Can’t feel her feet, tracks in the snow are long.

Maintained. Incestuous.

They’re all gone, yet she sees them here.

She’s dying, he’s moaning, the pain is long.

Here, way out here,

here he’s god.

Who are all these mother fuckers who can’t get their dick into something earned?

Where are all the piece of shit faggot fathers who lost tabs on their blood?

Painting faces with the germination of a seed. “Look up at me.”

How fucking romantic.

Every country and every creed

preys on the molestation of a hole.

Filled with hopes and dick and dreams and screams

and all get swallowed whole.

Young sponge.

Pure heart.

Soaked with madness.

Break lines easily. Shame.

Core wretched. Slow hold slipping away.

Marked with a #forsale hashtag.

#forrent if the ROI is steady.

Kings and lords pay for everything,

but all she wants is her daddy.