

Who, what, when, where, why, & how?

Who are we this time?  
What are we doing?  
When do we stop?  
Where does it end?  
Why don't we care?  
How do we change?

We were hoping the end  
would be over by now,  
& we could resume  
our hellish ways.  
Burning nature to the ground  
with no plan in place.

Enjoy yourself until it hurts.  
Indifference is our wetnurse.  
Nostalgia for the worst.  
This blessing is a curse.

Welcome to the Fun House.  
Here all the circus mirrors  
are battered, broken, & beaten,  
reflect what's forgotten.  
No one here will survive  
on the secrets they wish to hide.  
The past demands sacrifice  
of what we hold most dear.

We are praying for  
Rain on a sunny day  
& sun on a rainy day.

Needed solutions avoided.  
History goes unnoticed.  
No friends, no fans, no followers.  
Fatal mistakes repeated.

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