

# And Modernism?

Beau Farris

invisible currents that dominate. and cellphones  
scoop out a generations empathy consumed by  
the endless scrolling of swing sets utilized to  
shackle. this dystopia is a comfortable non  
descript original purpose abandoned intent  
ionally. it's eclectic to render electric networks  
as gaslit propaganda. instinct rises rooted in devil's

humanity with unrequited bitterness. imprisoned  
devil invites a firestorm onto innocent operators  
who merely surrender to the frequency control  
ling their blissful lives it's so depressing. a smile  
the facade of baring fangs and the once consistent  
head developed or regressed into fueling a hellscape  
visible to eyes molded from smoke. modernity isolated

the uneven lines of hair on the back of a head appear  
ears are muted and eyes are filtered and the creaking  
a chipped rocking chair or the concept of sand are  
in a vacation house in slums of Nairobi. content  
ment is unlikely to be satiated like this so a corna  
hand with horns pushes vertebrae from a skin suit  
tempting ash footprints and desire to advance against

marrow. a grin foams out from cheeks so intrinsic  
to existing it's laughable. heavy elbows and knees  
partake in joint custody of a body racing a mind  
tethered to perspective ignited by anxiety. resent  
ment is manifested as the inferno incinerating ass  
ets that cauterize whole environments with apathy.  
ears are spears and eyes are in flames yearning to boil