

Remedial Empathy

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*Like a heart-attack,
Like the fucking lamented,
A crown of the deity chastises
His pain. In a mocking voice,
A voice without concern for
Humanity, they call on
His work. A mixture of blood and
Sweat; the only vindication received.
Friday's melodic undertones
Hung in the balance,
As shouts of discontent flooded
The temple. Within the influx,
Beyond the vision or words rotting on
Paper, is seen this
Man's pain. And the picture is
Taken down from the wall.*

