

'What is this Thing?'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

What is this thing?

It looks like me,
Talks like me,
It has eyes and mouth and legs.

The dictionary cast,
Out in exasperation,
At this monster carbon nothing cloud,
I created you.

Oh field of maybes,
Possibly not there when I close my eyes,
My ears,
And my mind to you.

What is the question,
Upon my reflection,
There is no answer to that solely serves the mirror?

A Warrior's obedience,
A King's undisputed position,
The true cost of a Whore,
And the Scientists' ever shifting response.

None may answer but all question.

All the King's horse's and all the King's men lay waste,
And rape,
On orders from a monarch so distant.

A crown,
A gown,
A breastplate,
And wand all congregate,
To scheme inside you then burn the plans.

Put simply, I am you.

It's so simple.

So very simple...

You know that moment when you walk into a shop or a bar,
And a song comes on that you know,
In your bones,
Came on just for you?

You did that.

What is this thing!

A mischievous fixer,
An ape with airs to aerate your dusty temple,
Clichéd,
Dawn raid,
On the soul,
Thief in the night,
And masochist for the mirror's judgement.

What is this thing?

Can't say plainly,
Non existing God of self,
I am you are we are they are us is everyone bar meyou,
Mistress universe,
Gaia,
Gone haywire,
Disconnected,
Self-reflective,
Non-elected,
Liar denying devilish revelry.

What is this thing that does not stop?

What is this thing I am?

What is this thing?

Might just be the answer.