



Attendance

{ Noni Frys Wedding }

Who are all these faceless ones?
Afraid to tell their true names,
The names of their secret passions.
The other side of their lives.
Hiding the festering wantonness,
Caged primordial demons,
Kept fasting like monks,
Behind tight locked doors.
How many dare,
Follow my fallen footsteps ?
Dancing on the bright spot,
Being me always !
They tie their teeth,
Afraid their minds might leak out,
Their covetous jealousy,
Smolders at my silent shouts.
Wishes left unspoken,
Loath my true seeing laughter.
All mechanized self virtue,
Crouching at my disrespect.
My unhesitant departures,
Deny common ego fuel.
Raise mutters of discontent,
Distasteful sideways glances.
Afraid to play,
Puppets aren't able to dream.
To claim their realness,
Stylized nine to five world.
Let their fantasy rumors encompass
me,
Being more than they imagine,
I will throw it back in their visage,
Reflecting my innocent impurities.
Never to cease proclaiming,
My exit from their rituals.
Shouting myself upon the wind,
A blow for the legend of Beak !