

## Lifers & Sons

What swift slippage of time endured...

expiring  
ing out

youth, slow to pour, now oozing and gush-

Wraiths in steel boxes, these lifers. faded,  
worn, exchanged... replaced.

Surplus souls, as if faceless, handless clocks  
encased in ever struggling skins...

Captured like the uncivilized beasts from  
which we are spawn... each the like of our sire...  
the same as is my cellmate.

- Calanë N. Kemet