

Strung Up

Vic

Hanging from so many strings
Spectacle to Myself and They
What fevers marathon my mind
What hangs upon theirs
Still, so still
Not the slightest tweak
Careful, so careful
Crave no freedom
Be these ropes or chains
Their true meaning the same
Chosen by Myself and They
Such subserviance
Yet perfect control
So here I content
Meaning unseeming
And I wonder
What of you
What my spited viewer
What of you