

DISCORDANT TUNES

by

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The long night is falling,
Slowly and surely as an oiled shutter.
Smiles manipulate the pulley of life;
Stifling,
Suffocating
Heartbeats into an obscene patter.
Anklets of ivory
Have become plastic
As men dance to a discordant tune.

Can we die living ?
Or must we live
dying ?