

The Clinking Chain

Behold the sight so sick and wan
Gold and silver links bound tight
...into welted flesh.
Each head nods deeply draped from a limp neck
Each mouth grimaces in gratitude twice soiled
Breath stained in hollow mouths
Sucking upon slick dank air
Swirling a pink tongue into a dirty place
In hopes...
...of money.

"Without the noose, the blessed gift
There is no way, no way to it!"
Platitudes trickle from crooked lips
A broken word fills dirty air
A truth made right in the obedience
The gratitude
...of a whore.

Only pimps and whores
And pimps do nod but twice
A heart fouled in crooked brown strokes
Golden chains dirty their neck
As they ride Beauty
Clean into the dirt
And imagine
...they have tasted life.
But into what dirty crevice
Has their boast found its spoil?
...can you breathe
to know the answer?

"One must do what one must."
And she raises her dress
Unthreads the last precious thing
...and spends herself
Before undeserving eyes
Now as they...
Forever wretched
...or blind.

Her child hears an ugly word
...and knows.
From what womb is cast new light?

For the nest of filth and dirty air is a womb
The womb of filth
...of money.

And all will raise when told to step
Up upon the stage, or into the girdle
Which will form them.
As sickness feigning pride
The tumbling stink of wealth, corrupts every eye
Now wet and running
Tears and puss falling as rain
...as life made pliant and obedient
...even willing.

So does Beauty beg to be told she is beautiful
...once raped.
So does Hope wait for sanction and course
...before losing her way.
So does the day burden the young
with tomorrow's hope, sullied and wishing
...for something greener.
So does Life wither in hopeless obedience
as a whore unable to imagine happiness
without reason to disgrace herself
...for money.

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