

dos dedos

[Fudgenite @ The Lemon Tree, Wednesday 5th December]

Darker than black and turned to 11
The plumbers strike with sharpened tools
Anger, fear, and hydrophobia
Closing in and choking out
I don't want you; I don't need you
Marcus means it, hates it, screams it
A planet of sound groans ominously
If this is Christmas, where's the light?

Bass that shreds and builds then shreds
It's like a murder without blood
Two fingers to the world of noise
It isn't nu, but then what is?
The return of the double D
Was anything but silent
As from its centre emanates
A twisted rhetoric

Poetically pondered by Kai Sirius.