

THE MIGHTY NARWHAL AND THE HORN OF MISFORTUNE

KYLE TURNER

standing in the dead memories
of battles lost and truths fallen into falsehoods,
we embrace the grotesque
and vanish into the comfort of carnal desires.
in the carnival shit show we call life
no one can save you from self.
so breathe lightly in the absence of others –
you're only making things worse.

face to face with the fallacy of our own,
we grow in infinite spirals –
we branch out into uncharted skies –
we sink our roots into the brutal soils
which bind us to the ugly, under evolved
perceptions of others. leaches. poisoned beaches.
and a particularly pretentious position of self-righteousness
– we sink our teeth into the fleeting minutes

and we take the time to smile
at the golden assholes of tomorrowland.
this is an anthem for the self-proclaimed –
for the undefined. this is an expansion of the mind
and it's time for us sever our ties with sanity.