Sacred Party

Poor. There again. It’s much harder for upscale people to fall. It all goes, and then some. They are all big heads, some heads are hollow. The best all steal more. And big heads (some all teeth, lack claw), men always can steal them, and too soon fall deeper. Sullen slaver, in your name, steal them all. A spirit of years, raider in homeland, to flog. Who said for our cross we humanly owe them some favor? The father up high, dark vulgar man, says it’s a game they are saving us from, as if all this was mere pack order. Meaning we’re all poor, you bet. They flee to up there, hanging some distorted skull on a forefather’s hidden, poor and gone, macabre outpost. In bunches they all came to hiss, lie, and come for us. So many are stolen.