

Ocean of Conspiracy

Hidden away inside, conscious thoughts of suicide.

Concealed in a veil of fear, no one can be near.

Taken out of context, the words they cannot show.

Phrases spoken long ago, their meanings still invoked.

Elocution rote, a dog whistle.

People demeaned by a superficial joke.

Are we just caught up in a trope?

Souls lost to tripe in the fight to enlist with a viral social ill.

Swallowed to the hilt.

How am I supposed to be in an ocean of conspiracy?

Our senses can't reveal why our views congeal.

We filter all we see and echo only our beliefs.

Our thoughts are a mystery, without enquiry.

Smooth talking sons, with our daughters on the run.

From a viral social ill, behaviour is instilled.

Fast talking girl, will she do another twirl, then fall to her death, at her friends' behest.

Only the brave can influence those pliable of mind.

An ideal life that's so idyllically defined, sublime.

The result of our curation and cultivated deeds.

Ruminating, regurgitating, denigrating creeds.

Only the meek will succumb to the haughtiest of minds.

An average life so unremarkably refined, benign.

Restless indignation, spurious pretence.

Hawkishness and hostility drive suicide attempts.