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Ode to Juvenalia

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until now:
life seen as the new
Evil,
the new cicada
one syllable scarab—
but not nearly more
as sacred.

Ode to Juvenalia

we lack
but being terrified
of revisiting
the past
on those freshly milked bones
of cookie cut homes
where Father
had spent hours on painting
static
you know the one
the one that you
genuinely rationing
because to us
for fun
it was more
than just blank space
framing a prison full
of Mother's
interior design
it was a canvas
a paper thin galaxy
God
given to me by
where ancient mystics
had last spilled their guts on
leaving behind
their talons
and abandoning
their scratches
upon the world
that tries so hard
to remember
what the face of art
looked like
today
yesterday.