

Mothership Alien Connection

by Mark Edgemon

How many enemies can you find in the picture of your life?
Behind every tree or inserted within every smile or simile?
If possession is nine tenth's of the law,
Then demons have ninety percent of you;
You call the shots only ten percent of the time.

Arguments going round and round in your head,
Draining your energies into anarchy of your intent
Or pup tent, whichever the powers that rule will allow.

Be a man and grow a pair of tentacles;
Be a woman and rule the man subtly.
Control is the name of the game.
How well do you play? Your countenance will keep score.

The End