BROKEN BUZZ

Broken chalks of laughter

At the inevitable encored show

No one wanted it

But everyone said it

Glares and nods

Blinks and surrendering boxes

Sitting hunched like a space to fill

Though no one is there

It’s stark and empty

And smells like never present breath

Old lipstick kissed between cracked lips

Just masses of breath that fastened to the drone of uniformity

Though everyone was naive

And no one is there

And smiles of injury never recovered

Always twitching

Always eyeing the truthful

Seeking out the passive

Amplified by their stillness