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## Faceless

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Adriana Carbonara. *Let it Shine*. Photography.

*Faceless*  
ADAM SANA

A conspiracy unraveled,  
indulgence ever telling,  
choking on a piece of cake  
not worth the endeavor of serving.

A menacing frame of mind  
with an unsteady house  
swaying at the base,  
cracks piercing through.

With a faceless sentiment  
and a glass brimful of wine,  
I sit on my throne of thorns  
and drift silently to sleep.

Cards drawn and layed out,  
immutable, eyes crossed out  
betwixt my fate and freedom,  
jealousy, my ancient island of greed.

My soul subjugated by my counterpart,  
a counterfeit, a forgery of a man  
molded by a mask concealing nothing,  
but vacant sunken eyes of defeat,  
for ignorance is blissful to my ears.

The aroma of the valley has been replaced  
by the enduring fires and the stench of ash,  
for I am burning up inside,  
for I **need** to shriek, I **need** to cry out.

A deathly ghost skinned alive  
wearing the red crown of hatred,  
misery at the center, with the agony of losing  
my honest heart that is buried in chains.

The whispers just beyond the black door  
echo within my chamber of nightmares,  
dissonant, perennially forgotten meanings  
scattered along the walls of my hollow brain.

I **must** refine myself, I **must** improve,  
these voices cannot reach me just yet.  
For now, I will snatch another slice of cake,  
and wish upon the day I decide to spit it out.

Damien Mendez. *Both Sides*. Photography.

