

# Cave In, Bottom Feeder

&quot;long walks with my temper take me down a dead end street  
in contemplation; where do we start at the end?  
before i could collect myself,  
i'm vacuumed in by a figure's armspread with fiery gasps  
of iron-air, cornered in my circle of friends.  
won't he speak to you?  
emptied on the floor were the shells of my defenses,  
placing in his own bullets of condescendence.  
those people shafted me of my own social weaponry.&quot;