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A Net In Which

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A NET IN WHICH

we grew up through pictures, a net
was what we wore, we wore what we would
as we worked to the open, the factory
of weight, an order announced, barrier
of threads and chords, we were strung into
a network of fibers, after programs wires
remained, the rite of being born, a sin
into structure of sidepieces to gain in
importance, a series of ascending social
rungs used for downward climbing,
once comes to visit, walking under
belief we found our running origin.

we live in which an insect is divided,
small and in confinement, barbs
hooked and swollen when inflamed
and pointing backward, what else
is in our cells, a crime in which we
revel is our status, a more than likely
to repeat, to dedicated dwellers some
district, we wear an order of backlash,
design against communicating sense,
we require many men to work it over
a frame, a winged bag of afterthought
when all deductions have been made.