

# Fallen Apples

A Dystopian Poem By Sexy Emperor

We are the fruits of your labour  
The rotten apples that run backwards, further,  
and further.

Depressed and suppressed we run.  
Away from your rules, away from your guns.  
You shove bricks of knowledge into our heads.  
If we don't build our homes you'll shoot us dead.

Others are homeless and continue to run.  
Your trio of eyes peer through us like suns.

You see all.

You know all.

You are all.

That's what people living in homes believe but  
us, we choose to be free.

Though, what is freedom really?

When all of us are supposed to be one.  
When some of us have everything and others have  
none.

You say we're stupid for wanting to be free.  
Us rotten apples, why can't you leave us be.  
If you think about it for a while, then you'll  
see.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.



