

To Atlas Thomas

A man goes for a walk
By a seemingly peaceful lake
Alone, he begins to talk
Suffering from a schizophrenic break

Voices in his head clash and collide
As he struggles to gain control
And keep himself alive
This man is in desperate need of the sanity of omeprazole

Now they, Atlas, Orange and violet
Try to make him die
He begs them to be silent
For he does not want to commit suicide

Finally, the voices begin to recede
But only after his arms have begun to bleed

Safety net

I killed one of my friends today.
He asked me for the knife and I refused.
He broke.
His pupils dilated
His eyes went red
And he snapped.
I watched him go into a psychosis
Being controlled by an evil
So, powerful
It tore his mind and his body to shreds.
He was never the same after that day.
He had a BB gun
That he had never pointed at himself until I was there
I warned him not to use it
But I only informed him of how to do it.
He didn't answer his phone this morning
He didn't wake up today
Bang.
I hurt her so badly.
I exposed her to the person I really am.
All the years of trust that we poured into each other
Evaporated in an instant
Half a heart beat
And everything changed
When I told her who I really was.
Bang.
I met someone new today.
And she reminds me so much of her
Her hair
Her music
Her glasses.
I finally found someone I could hold onto again
It's been so long since I felt safe

Bang
It lasted four days
Before she said I wasn't right
I just wasn't perfect
Bang.
It's been two years since then
And I still don't know what I did wrong
Bang.
It all started with her
She was a saint
She was perfect
She was everything I ever wanted and everything I ever needed
I loved her
But she never said goodbye.
It all started and ended at the exact same moment
When
Bang.
I relived it all over again
And again
And again
And again
And I saw her brains splatter against the white wall scaring a pattern that was only created by
evil and tragedy.
I watched it splatter
and splatter
for over
two thousand eight hundred and eleven nights
nineteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven hours
one million, one hundred and eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and thirty-two minutes
I saw her die right before my very eyes and I was powerless to stop it.
Bang.
I just don't know
I'm just trying to help
Bang.
All of my friends are here one day
Bang.
And gone the next
Bang.
I can't stop killing the people that I love.

Allie-Bang
Sylver-bang
Katlyn
Nathaniel
Atlas
Violet
Orange
Thomas
Alyssa
Sara
Bang.
Bang.
Bang.

There one bullet left in the chamber.
And it has my name on it.

Rooftops

A man types his work at home with the light lamp blasting into the dark outside his window

The TV blares in the other room

A child sleeps listening to a soft crescendo

The fire blazes in its place, a log it does consume

They live in the 21st century

Never knowing what they miss

They are stuck in a lifeless penitentiary

Living boring lives; Ignorance is truly bliss

Outside, life goes on

The sun lights up the clouds in a pink aurora borealis

The most beautiful spectacle until dawn

Unknown to them in their paralysis

Perhaps one day, when the curtain doth drop

They'll know what it's like to observe the world from one's rooftop

The US of I

I'm an American
Living in the united states of surveillance
Turn on the news, here we go again
We are supposed to ignore, learn in schools like the valance

But it's time to wake up and see
We are being hoodwinked
We are not really free
They tell us what to say and how to think

Planned distractions
To get us up and arms
Break us into factions
So, we can't raise the alarm

Well, I'm done, I'm going to make a difference
Because I'm tired of living in the united states of ignorance.

Nick

Light glints off glasses, conceals color of his eyes
A persona of elaborate lies
An ocean of wavy hair: blows with wind
Found on the wrong side; society's bing.

Persecuted wrongly for blasphemy
A political thinker; how nasty
He challenged the monarch, but for what cost
Tried to promote his cause; now all seems lost.

To prevent hanging, he runs for his life
His fight against injustice, causes strife
In the kingdom, shouts scream, unrest ensues
The king and his deathly oppression pursues

Our political thinker, whose brown robes
Do trail behind him like uncaged sparrows.
He does know with every, single, step: that
The king will chase him in a game of cat

And mouse. Suddenly an arrow hits home.
Our thinker falls, finding himself alone.
The king approaches, our thinker is dead
Yet, on return, they will have the king's head.