

Not a victim

Riots? Or not?

It's more of a hunt, simple and blunt

All the way and just by the end

Of a journey, that takes heroes to mend

Loud and wide, or self embracing whispers

Reassuring the soul, in lingers

Quit rolling the dice

For it doesn't lock it in twice

And tear that bulb of thought "you're victimized"

For victims wear their (can'ts) up high

A residue of a far tale

Dragged around heavier than a whale

Now, you, the bright knight, who

Captured those (can'ts) at the vicinities of your (cans)

Breaking free through the vessel deep

It melts down like ice

As you rise, rise, rise

Vicious is a drive by due to abate

A simple trace to get where victory lays

Victory, a privilege, a crown; golden made, a place, space

Free of predators. An honor, patience attained

Victorious not a Victorian theme

You don't need to immerse in history,

For your heart to beat, flesh to seize

And voice to reach, as far as this poem takes me