

Depression

Anonymous pain, seeping through my body like a delicate poison, ravaging my instincts toward delight, spying on my happiness. Where do you originate, landlord of my soul? You who claimed my childhood and set dark rings round imagination. Dweller of peace and war, soldier of misfortune, entering the air I breathe and laying large dark eggs in the nest of time and fear.

Nameless occupant, silent utterance of things to come...leave me the child inside, the youthful calm which comes of innocence.

Anonymous pain, witness to birth and death...you are of the path I have chosen, or rather the path which has chosen me.

Shell-Shock

What has happened to us?
Damaged beyond all repair,
Desperate and homesick for what doesn't exist,
Or used to be.
I walk out into the light,
And know,
We are all sick,
And the world of advertised happiness,
Is a sham.

Bliss

The last poet knocks at the door
Of a “sorry we’re closed” society.
The merchant is cool and content,
“We don’t need your kind anymore,
The children are on the internet!”

The last poet walks for miles
Down the factory streets,
Hears the ticking time-bomb war
Made silent and discreet.
The crickets will know no noise
Of battleground and army toys,
Mothers will lose many boys
While leaders take their seats.

Across the sea, another story,
No time there is for songs of glory,
No pretense there of freedom’s calm,
The deafness of the human bomb