

“Succumb”

Sea of people in a cluster called a line,  
dressed with masks pretending all is fine.  
Behind the smiles eyes roll like dice.  
Human nature has entered the age of ice.  
Looks of disgust and anguish upon every face.  
All of us in it – but not meant to win the rat race.

Where does the line lead?  
Live fast and die young,  
but is it worth to pick up speed?  
In a world where we murder the hand that feeds,  
and are inclined to bite thirsty tongues,  
an imminent fall is destiny.  
Trampled until breath leaves deprived lungs.

We are all animals herded against a backward wall.  
Oblivious, silenced, a cultural defeat.  
Blindly following the perception of what's right  
down an endless, deserted street.  
Paved with bodies who have given up the fight  
against mediocrity and hypocrisy.  
Faces stained by tears of fallacy and  
shortcomings against the decree.

Underdogs with no credibility  
to make a move and change positions as pawns  
in a game meant for the elite.  
Too withdrawn to free feet from the concrete,  
slowly marching to redundant drums.  
But, I refuse to succumb.

## “Duality”

Fire is essential to life, as is water. But, two necessities at the core of existence also bear a demonic alter ego. As destructive as they are equally methodic, as pure as they are damned, two polar opposites are essential, creating stability, so the world can revolve steadily on its axis. But, when tides rise to swallow us whole, and the heat becomes overpowering, utter chaos is foreshadowed. Yet, the cool tide during a hot summer's noon is as refreshing as wood burning in the dead of winter. What can be a burden can also be a blessing. What can seem venerable can in turn be imperishable. We all have two poles of extremities. We can be our own liberators or we can choose to self-destruct. Savage yet angelic elements live within us all. Intermittently, we experience times of wreckage and times of renewal. It is at the hands of the individual to tell how time will be of influence. The difficulty of change is daunting, but adaptation never ceases to fail. Without the dual dispositions one could not to evolve into a symmetrical creature. Without the clashing forces, nature would collapse to renew its beauty after the storm.

“Horizon”

Look upon the horizon, my friend.  
Look upon the riverbed.

While the wind caresses the chimes,  
the sky kisses the ground.  
Never daunted, not affected by time,  
leaving traces so profound.

The mud, soft, like innocent hearts  
waiting to be molded into meaning.  
Yet, what is now known is full of hate,  
heads full of thoughts so demeaning.  
Centuries of eternal presence overlooked  
and twice forgotten, wishing it was of the essence,  
but remains forlorn and misbegotten.

With a growing demand of greed  
and evolution of the clock.  
Taught from birth to pick up speed  
absolute energy invested into stock.

Look upon the horizon, my friend.  
Is this the bitter end?

Blindly digging our own tomb,  
instilled in most is to conform.  
Reminders of impending doom  
overshadows within the storm.

Taking back what is hers  
Mother earth will rise again.  
Millennia gathered into a blur  
renewing what once was then.

Dreams of hope becoming shattered.  
Silence takes on a deafening hum.  
Brutally bruised, beaten, battered,  
the worst is yet to come.

Look upon the horizon, my friend.  
The vultures are soaring overhead.

## “Raven”

Silhouettes dance around the fire chanting tales of good fortune. Crickets chirp songs so sweet, like lullabies. Drifting into unconsciousness – the mind is free, free from the mundane. Take me, I am yours, lead me to the deepest corners of my mind. It is utopia of a different kind. No need to walk on eggshells in my safe haven. Free to think, free to explore, bravery in the form of a raven. Heal me raven; coat me with your black feathers. Protect me from the outside voices beneath your wings. Sing your songs of rebirth, sing, for the world will renew itself upon the fire and ice. Be my sight; see what is hidden from the naked eye. Yet, I must wake up. What exists must suffice. Silhouettes reappear, but the dance is through, fire suffocated. The lullabies transformed into monotone pleas. Looking up at the raven soaring overhead. Bring me hope for tomorrow, begging for courage to enter the dread.