

wasteland

sun-bleached stones carry me down the way
towards a realm of stench less unknowns,
sick feverish dying souls,
over-glorified jesters that shine so bright
in the eyes of the lackwits and idiots
that strive to be more
when that is really woefully less than
what any person is meant to be.

there is a dismal depth to the well
the sun-bleached stones have brought me to
as a beggar leans against it
dying of thirst:
fear-filled eyes glance up at me
trying to reach out for my attention
while my eyes fall into the empty well;
I shrug and turn my back
on humanity.

what more can be done
when we are busy destroying our own lands
raping our own wives
murdering our own children
forcing friends towards suicide
all while placing a shiny veil
of material possessions
in-between it all

to separate rich from poor
to separate weak from strong
to separate failure from success

when the act of succeeding
is nothing more
than
objective abstraction.

sun-bleached stones guide me on this path
towards the unknown insanities of the
inconsistent world
we call home,
passing more villains than heroes
along the way
as I'm brought back to the dismal, empty

well
where a dead beggar leans against
eyes full of a vast nothingness
gaze locked up towards the infernal sun
in an untouchable peace
that is disturbed as Death slumps him to the ground.

I climb into the well
allowing myself to plummet into the depths
of its darkness
smiling as I fall from the sunlight
it fades into a black embrace
and I feel warm enough
happy enough
peaceful
without it.

night terrors

“You should see a doctor,”
they tell me
faces-filled with an uncomfortable
concern

as I stare longingly out
the car window
taking in the beautiful
darkness
of the night.

“I don’t think I will,”
I tell them.

“It’s a part of me,
just the same as my skin,”
I tell them.

“To be truthful,”
I break away from the deep
concerned
darkness
beyond the glass pane,
“I enjoy them.”

inquisitive eyes search
desperately
for my reasoning.

so I tell them,
“Every night they come
it’s a reminder
that I’m still alive,

that I can still feel,

that there are worst things
than being
alone;

that makes living
so much more beautiful;

wonderfully
ambitious.”

they nod,
turn up the music
and shrug it off.

the dark of night
is as beautiful as ever.