

LIFE?
Robbie Rogers

Asleep I ride within the winds fear,
A naked alliance with evil I make,
As masochism does with pain -- writhing in misery,

I plunge against a towering pyre,
Built of painful memories -- wishing faithless promises.

Life?
There's no such thing.
Only birth and death know our name,
Or, are we even born?
Surely nobler things were begat
From such a God professed to claim our soul;

And death -- a state of woeful life,
Tormented within the souls of those alleged alive.

Awkwardly stumbling in killing fields I go,
Pastures slickend with feces from my mind,
Vexing my egg-bound heart.

Two lookers call out,
Doubt and Blame, they know my name.

Awakened now, surprised....
I lay unbroken, staring outloud,
Sweating, yet fettered in rusty chains of my mortal soul.

Tormented by desires and immorality, I breathe a prayerful lie,
Wanting life...n'ertheless choosing, what I know to be,
The painful death of soul's true repose.

Once again I rise and go,
Shamed, broken, and trapped.
Me, in my chosen cage of cages,
Landlocked in deathly struggle.

Now I know the truth;
But, lie I must when says he,
"What's it all about Alfie? This life we fancy."

"S'bout learning, feeling, and caring,
A nobler state of mind,
Of compassion, and sharing
With those less fortunate;
That's it; don't you see?"

So steadily I go...
Playing my part,
Balefully aching,
Facing myself...
The truth I now know...
Onward and upward to yet another day.