

To rage, to gone

The water flows;
The river flows.
The light
Burning bright.

The dream
It may seem
Like a raptor
Flying so high
Avoiding capture
By the eye.
The soul
In the air
Feel it whole.

The angry stare...
To express not under
The face of hate
Or the yells of thunder
That dares fate.
A world and beyond
A time that is gone
To wrestle
To smother
In a vessel
With another
At peace you were

Hostile now and away
Rage to occur
Death if it may
To be proud
A broken dam
And so loud

Silent as a clam

No words
No thought
The birds
Flight, they sought
As to fly
High in the sky
With them
But still alone
Singing a lonely hymn
Losing my tone
Dreams so clear

The smoke rises
And the deer
The hunter's prize
Like me in fear

No more flies
The dreams are gone
But the world moves on
And life is a will
Working to fulfill
But in the moment
There is only torment
The rage is here
Living in fear
An escape
Or is it rape?
To feel the rage
Empty this cage
Of my own
Next to the stone
In the open field.
Against me they wield
Their will and pain

And the moon in wane
The skies above
There is no love
There is no reason
There is no season
And the music plays
To close the days
A flute sounds
And bass resounds
To drift asleep
A final weep
To feel young
And those among
The silence
A small glance
All that is said
Is done
Lying not in bed
At the sound of a gun.