

Den Of The Mad
A poem
By Phillip R Horton

Who's heard the story of the two wolves, or the frog and the Scorpion
Ideals, treasured by those striving for the nirvana of a Utopian

I know the stories, but what's more I know the Cost
For I am the frog, and I am the wolf, I am the Lost

Who's been told never meet your heroes, for heroes aren't who we think they Are
We think them as grand as the sea and the forest, the moon and the Stars

I've met my heroes and it's true, misery really does love Company
I called them mom and dad, people just as scarred and broken as Me

Mom, she is the scorpion, and the angry wolf was Dad
I, part frog, part wolf survived in a den of the mad

Dad has passed but I'm still hunted by the scorpion's Sting
Exiled to my forest's river prison I can still hear the siren Sing

Her lullabies are lies and her security is Death
Am I dead already if a poisoned love is all I have Left

But my will is strong and I've learned to be alive all on my Own
It's not easy to learn one can be both happy and all Alone

By day I'm the frog in the river, by night I'm the lone wolf of the Wood
Scorpion stalk me as you might, for better or worse your poison will do you no Good