

INSPIRATIONAL NIGHTMARES

Joselyn Harrison
POWLEDGE UNIT
POEM SUBMISSION

An open page from folklores creed
of monsters and serpents and men with their greed
The world on its axis pirouettes the dance
while we travel through life like persons entranced
The eye cannot speak of the horrors beheld
challenges met, opponents felled
Who's to explain the madness we breed
a curse and a plague on all of our seed
We cloak our emotions in mantels of pride
for unfulfilled redemption to questions of "why?"

Turning the page, the future I see
ashes and dust coat family trees
The sky carries sadness, the wind carries need
the ocean carries magic in the comfort of dreams
My pen travels lightly across the words which you read
for change constantly hunts all veracity
Still I ask you to go and then beg that you stay
just to share in the turmoil of pain and dismay
Because life's never simple and paths never plain
and yet we keep plotting our course along the winds of change

Closing the book, I lie on the floor
to trace patterns on the concrete as my mind yearns for more
Mysteries unfolding as they turn in my hand
hands turn to fists as I start to understand
The story won't hold if you're not ready to see
all along I was blind...

it was the story of me.