

LIVING DEAD:
LIFE W/OUT

I am just as death
prolonged to linger, like
I keep waiting for the sun to rise
end the nightmare jail cells and
taste, the whistles upon the wind
of freedom not to re die

How can I love you?
I hate like broken hearts ache
In regards to prison,
someone I must hate

First and foremost, I must say
what needs to be said. I do not
want to write this poem!

The dead are not suppose to have a voice
madness is able to bleed after being cut
by a shard of moon

or re dying a second death
from bullets out against my name
the heart
subscribing to a warmth
of sun that never arrives?

I am the walking dead ;
The cold December night of man
The coming of Spring shall but warm
The bare and scars of Life/w/out

I have fantasies built on reality
A kiss of vindication that kisses back
Like she I fantasize to kiss,
The kisses which never kiss back
Are advertisement that don't sell

Alone in loneliness

I am long
No short story
I must trail...

But down the river
Far from this prison
distancing this longggggg
I am alone

Just as death can't see in darkness
Discarded to the ground's pursuit, foot
Til feet can't foot and I've no feet
I am just as death
prolonged to linger... — 7/10/13 9:39 pm