

My World

This world, in here is made of briers and codes,
and is a maze of cryptograms and endless roads.

Last time I checked the clocks, in here, are numbered by years.
My time is stored in Eternity's vault.

My life, said one, has become a riddle.

This world I navigate, is full of maze.
It took its design from old labyrinths.

Its architects are not friends;
I got stung by their venomous stings.
The reason for my world of pain!

This world, they made me adopt,
is not really what it seems.
Though I am filled with hopes.
Justice has not been served to me.
I await for one with a fair conscience,
beyond the conspiracies of jurisprudence.

This world I breath in,
takes a shape of its own.
All my chances, to pieces, have been blown;
and "My bridges burned",
I've been told by a judge.
But I dreamed that: there is a Isthmus to the real world!

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