

Poetry: by Alex Lawler

Ever-Changing World

The light is cold. The day is dark.
The only thought I have, a spark.
The only breath I breathe, my mark.
In this ever changing world.

The mirror is the truth, my face.
The reflection is only mine, a trace.
I decide who looks back, I decide the space.
In this ever changing world.

What happens next is up to me.
Cage up the bird, or let it free.
The blinding sun over the setting sea.
In this ever changing world.

The Wicked Path of Destiny

I walk the face of earth once more,
a mindless puppet, my strings are torn.
The creaky bones, and bad eyesight,
yet the chance to turn wrong to right.
Wars are waging, full of guilt,
the world is a major tilt.
Parents weeping, children slain,
bloody thoughts, fear will reign.
I look in the shadows, a creature did lurk,
he whispered to me, hiding a smirk.
"Thou shalt be killed if thee can't find,
the demon lurking in thy mind."
So off I ventured, to quench my thirst,
of corpses piled with hearts-a-burst.
And on that quest what did I see?
The Wicked Path Of Destiny.

Weak

I'm only a picture, but not something to stare at.
Anger inside, but no need to look back.
Fire in my eyes, but not my time to attack.
Moving too fast, bound to come off track.

Pain becomes rage, it might be bad for your health.
No need to hate me, I already hate myself.
Like a brick you'll break, another trophy on my shelf.
Test me, push me, shadow me, I'm stealth.

A letter I'll write, with no regret when it is sent.
Lion locked in his cage, my bars are bent.
Piercing words, seeming alive with no repent.
Locked away, the scream creates a slight dent.

An open wound, with no salt inside.
Creating my own laws, that I won't abide.
Wars within, move around with nowhere to hide.
Stored away in my mind, but I will not confide.

I have nothing to say, no words to speak.
Thinking of a problem, but the sound will not leak.
Dragging it through my mind, leaving a mental streak.
Controlling myself, will keep me from being weak.

I'm only as weak as I think.