To explain my task is to know any vision,
My task has come with much pain & suffering,
Yet & still I progress onward in my hopes,
It’s hard to explain,
Knowing that for my work my only reward is pain,
A steel blade thrust through my heart.
To quit,
Is to accept the agony of defeat of the heartless,
Because of my work,
My pen consists of a thousand unleashed emotions.
Mixtures of grief and anger begging to be released,
Yet I remain curiously calm,
As if a wilderness undisturbed by man,
Peace is what I seek in this land of injustice,
This land for which my pen is my dad,
While a piece of paper has become my mother,
Because of my work,
I starve as I reach for them,
Refusing to partake of the emergency rations,
Rations prepared by unknown hands,
No love involved,
Only evil intent,
For me….
To die is to be relieved of a daily life in loneliness,
So I write in order to look back,
Even if only to see….
The state of my life,
Yet & still I am humbled,
But how deep is my anguish?
Seeking friends in the midst of my enemies,
While snakes declare their love for a brother,
Only with the plans to consume me & my work,
Because of my work,
I have felt true hatred,
Only to eat the bread of truth,
That in my work I am lonely,
Without a companion to turn to,
Not even you….