

creative writing

#1

Posted upon a great city wall, is
a list of regulations that represent
a definition of social sanity.
Almost as if these laws manage to
separate the pure and the evil.

I stand on top of the harsh reality behind
the fading fairytale of life, and dare question
my inherited integrity.

"In which does my pride lie?"
Due to my passion, I am labelled unstable,
and given a chance to reconsider
my doubt.

My childish delinquencies somewhat disguise
my genuine intentions. I'm perfectly
sealed and packaged, only to be sent off
to a corrupt obedience school, where
I help introduce some decency.

Upon the return of my forced contemplation,
the piercing, yet hopeful eyes of the guilty
parties, surround me, and await my final decision...
...and when my face finally cracks with a subtle yet
cocky smile, confirming my personal revolution.
All the fathers, and priests, and politicians
that once parented me, simply shake their heads
in disappointment

#2

I strike up a conversation with the hand that
guides me to the lake just to surrender.
He tells me that my eyes are young...
and it seems as though I may be done,
for the whole world has my name upon their shoulder.
Like a fish swimming in pond where no fish swim...
I am told I should sit down...and take a subtle look around...
for I am the only soldier who begs to be out of order,
for I am the only soldier out of order.

While sweeping up the broken glass...
I've no choice but to look upon my past...
and hope someday I'll understand my surrender.
but for now it's just another burden on my shoulder.
but for now it's just another burden on my shoulder.

Well sure, my eyes *are* young,
and they bleed flame.
and when I dance,
I'm just the same as all the others.
and if I dance,
I'm just the same as all the others.
I wouldn't dare sell my passion...
to be the same as all the others...

Robert Gallant

Late Summer Rain

Sitting in the silence
Hearing water trickling from the eaves
falling on the lawn
Watching the last remnant
of what used to be a hurricane
Waiting for the lightning
Seeing none.
Wondering if the girl
Who lives across the park
Is home from work yet.

*Joe Stevens-Written on a rainy night in
September, shortly before midnight.*

The Tree of Jupiter

The tree of Jupiter stands in my face,
calling me out for some pleasure.
Buried within an army of clones, he took
fire in his eyes and planted an egg shell orange.
With popularity resting on his left shoulder,
he laughed at our prayers of renewal.
The grass he called home, was quickly changing
colour. He'd only three weeks to live.
Blindfolded for his own benefit, for the life
around him was sure to upset. You see, his
friends had been cut down to size.

An hour ago, this tree of undrawn Jupiter
slapped the sun with envy. He's just a few
days to live, then the winds of the great sea will
come in and kiss his individuality forgotten.

He's left a broken man, the beautiful opal of orange
he once new, now sank to the floor around him.
Some green still sits in his face. It rests at the top of his
head, two blotches of nature, staring into the sky like a pair
of wondering eyes.