

Out ... Out Brief Candle

To suffer is to spar,
to endure the internal rights and wrongs ...
The morals, the virtues -- principalities,
of what is acceptable.
To societies prettily painted portraits?
Civilized behavior?
No matter how sane one's view,
mainly,
it appears to be circumstances presented,
that unleash the barbarity,
as opposed to the disciplines ...
that curb it!
Somethings are innate,
thought to be genetic --
heretically hardwired,
but history has repeatedly proved it's not!
Accepted norms ... once considered taboo
Customary practices -- ritualistic in nature.
But in the wink of an EYE,
in the blink of 'I'
ALL has perished & never forgiven!
For whose sake?
Religious doctrines that terrorize ...
political ideologies that theorize?
philosophical opinions that broaden horizons?
A fools foolosophy?
At what point does one give in?
Which straw was it ...
that broke the Camels' back?
A collage of emotional madness,
mirages of material weariness ...
parched, malnourished ... aphxsiated,
by tangible forces
stampeding every opportunity ...
drowning hope.

There would have been a time for such a word!
Instead the Tadpole never evolves,
hostilities are born bred!
The epitome of a morphed 'Oedipus'.
oral fixations and anal retentions ...
is this a dagger I see before me?

By Sheldon P. Johnson