

ANGUISH

When you were just a child, you took the bait. You told yourself, "It's all okay." You try and understand, you tell yourself, "This is all part of God's plan." Trapped all alone, looking at the cellphone. No friends, no future, nothing left at all. In your head is where you hide your scars, and every day you have to fake who you really are.

No hope, no faith. You give, and they take. Pushed to the limit, one man, you will submit. Hell opened up its eternal jail, and your life is put on sale. In front of a computer screen, sitting motionless, the grass no longer looks green.

Now I have looked over yonder, and I have tried to wonder, but I have failed, and I have heard the sound of a million thunders. I have tried, making friends, but my hands, they were tied. Sitting in this cell, I have to ask, where did I go wrong, and why do I have to wear this mask?

Misfortune, and lots of drugs, people don't act like people anymore, they act like dogs. I don't know how it came, but no matter what you do, the sadness still remains. A few grades, a few twisted games. They cannot be tamed, and they cannot be contained. You cannot stop what you have done, for the battle between you and the other guy in your head, has just begun.

Same face, different person. Same place, different prison. Not the same, not at all. When you rise, I always fall. So many counselors, yet so little help. So much time, but yet none at all. Pain is familiar, but somehow still a stranger. Flashbacks, and lots of crying. People aren't civil, there's no denying.

A sea made up of faces, and a boat constructed of boots. You step over them, or they will step over you. Deaf dumb and blind, they will corrupt your mind. You will create, and they will destroy. You will listen, and they will tell you what to do. You will follow orders, or you will be dead too.

You are alone, all by yourself. You must die, so that they can live. They will sin, and you will forgive. You will not tell, you will take it by yourself. They told you what to dream, and they told you what to do. They told you who you were, and they told you that you were a fool. You believed, and they knew. You sank, and they flew.

So here you are, sitting behind these mental bars. Waiting for an answer, on what you did. On the outside, you're staring at this screen, emotionlessly. Trapped in your own head, running around in circles, but in this nightmare, you can't wake up from, you're slow as a turtle, and you can't run. Seen as a loser, an idiot, and as dumb, your life you were just a little speck in a universe far bigger than you. No matter now, the time has come. Time for you to run.

Now you have tried, you have looked. You have seen, that Hell's booked up. You have seen that Heaven's booked up too. You have seen, that you will pay, for what they will do. And you will say, what they have said. The whole world is a battleground, one death wouldn't matter at all. Empty smiles, and hungry hearts, it's time to restart.

Commented [1]: I like your reference to wearing a mask, many of us do so figuratively.

Commented [2]: Something to ponder, you are changing pronouns and if that was artistic choice keep it. But, they may doc you for slipping between I and you. I would suggest sticking with either all I or all you.

Commented [3]: It was a choice, meant to represent him slowly going between "I" which is the person, and "You" which is supposed to be him slowly detaching from his own mind. I might change it though if it will doc me points. Thanks for reading it

Commented [4]: Ah, ok, then don't change it. This is entirely up to you. If you don't want to change it, don't.

Seal your lips, don't let your shields slip. We all have a dark side, and there's no denying that. We all seem to lie and deceive, and there's no telling what's truth, and what is not. Over the rainbow, lies your dream. Over the rainbow, there is a beam. A beam of hope. Crazy, isn't it?

Now in your head, things can get strange. Winners can lose, and losers can win. Dogs are cats, and cats are dogs. Up is down, and down is up. Now don't confuse it with the real world, you have to still get through this nightmare. Now don't submerge yourself completely in this world in your head, there is still work that needs to be done. Now don't think the work is ever over, there's always something else. Nobody ever cares about anyone anymore, besides themselves.

Now your mind is corrupt, you are manipulated, so now you do the dirty work no one else will. Kill, kill, kill. Once the work is done, and once you've gotten your pay, you look around and wonder why everything looks so gray. You look at the faces, and you see it's all you. You look around and see you didn't kill anyone but you.

You slip back into your mind, and back into reality, and you see that you have done nothing. You have changed nothing. Just another, sad old story. Just another, lost cause. You scream, but no one seems to hear. You shout, but no one seems to care.

You run in the real world, looking, begging, crying, pleading. You go door to door, but no matter where you go, you know they've all seen a sad case like you before. You run, run, run. Wondering what you have done.

Well, you gave it your best shot, but happiness simply can't be bought. You run and you run, but this other guy in your head has already won. Signed by a contract, he delivers oblivion. You don't have control anymore.

Shameful politicians, and lack of visions. This guy in your head knows exactly what to do. Taken control, he can take action now. A choir of screams, and an orchestra of shouting. Nothing left for you. Now he must plan which path he's gonna take, and tell you your fate.

Blackened hearts, and fogged up minds. Old reusable TV shows might get you through some rough times. Broken strings, and chipped off reeds. Bent floorboards, and cracked beads. Revved up cars, and steel cell bars. Criminals trade, and good times fade. Howling laughter, and a heart left in tatters. Frosting on cake, and a nice blue lake. Vacation days, and long essays.

Dealing in absolutes, and marching with a salute. Stray dogs, and lots of cash. Throwing away people, just like trash. No negotiations, and no discussions. It seems a crime, no longer has repercussions.

Get angry, get sad. Get wound up, and get mad. Oh come on, it can't be that bad. It's a universal language. But still, somehow no one can understand your pain. You try and talk, but no one lets you finish. You feel one last thing, and it's anguish.

Commented [5]: Colton, this is a very deep, introspective EPIC poem. I think that is how you should submit it. You are an amazing writer and convey anguish in this poem. The sensory images you've added are spot on for the tone. I would definitely suggest sending this in under that epic poem category. Right now it's 1100 ish words and you should probably keep it around 1200 so perfect! I really enjoyed reading this. It is clear that you have ideas and thoughts beyond your years and a great talent. :)

Commented [6]: Thanks for reading it, I know it's a lot darker than what most submit, but I thought it would be good to give this some recognition. I think too many poems are about how to be happy, and not enough about why they really aren't and why it's so hard to enjoy life, especially when you are depressed. Again, thank for reading it!