

TAKE NO PRISONERS

Take no prisoners,
allow no rhyme:
haven't the inclination,
Won't spare the time.

Such a battle ready state
is not my preference,
so it goes; something like that.
Never mind. It's a point of reference.

Why is my mind not crystal clear,
cunningly astute, sharp as a knife;
all those other tired metaphors
and overworked similes?

Why indeed? Surely must be a reason:
some external stimulus or stimuli
over which I have no control.
If not, the fault's in me;
a flaw in my identity,
my sense or perception of worth.

Did I acquire it, was it there at birth?
Really! Call it intoxication:
I can buy that; captures the moment,
the insistent demand
craving to be fed.

The id rampant, takes no prisoners;
consumes everything in its path,
rhyme, reason, time, treason.
I want what I want. Give it to me,
I am quite happy to take it regardless.

I need something to believe in
doesn't matter if it's true or false,
as long as it had dramatic tension;
as long as I don't have to waltz.
I need something to believe in;
a touch of magic,

a willing suspension
of disbelief - a scenario
in which I am special,
not ordinary.

Ordinary, I disdain;
boredom is for the dull.
I am not. I proclaim.
I exclaim. Vanity,
Vanity is my name.

Leslie D Bush,
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