

TAKE NO PRISONERS

Take no prisoners,
allow no rhyme:
I haven't the inclination,
I Need more 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.
Did I acquire it at birth?

If not, the fault's in me;
a flaw in my identity,
my sense or perception of worth.
Really! Call it intoxication:
I can buy that; it captures the moment,
the insistent demand of craving to be fed.

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

not ordinary. Never Ordinary

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

Leslie D Bush,
© May 2019
[Revised © 26072023]