The Blood That Bleeds From My Souls

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/25
I walk the razor without any shoes
Discontent rules my life
For it's seldom true

The games people play are such a disgrace
Why do jealous lovers learn to hate
While the clever politicians keep to their fate?

Freedom, An ancient philosophy
Whose purpose
Is easily forgotten

Just solicit the handmaid, Offred

Hypocrisy,
The nasty drug
That slowly corrupts the soul
Metamorphosising it into a disgusting bug

That thinks it's Gregor

Love,
The ultimate test
It's belief tends to lead to a lifetime of loneliness
Though the dedicated troubadour will claim progress
His solitary efforts always end in vain or dire hopelessness

As Charles Smithson will now profess

Death,
Holds no hidden truths
Comes but one time
In age and periodically youth
It's God's only sincere gift to mankind

According to the vampire Lastat
Mr. Haller
Where are you?
I need prudent advice
Or at least a comical view
From your shoes