The Song of Everyman

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1994/iss1/25
Wisdom's Dark Side

Women are God's perfections
I cannot be mad at them
Am mad only at myself
For being afraid to reach out, love, and be human
Life is shorter when you realize you were nothing
Are nothing and will be
Nothing
I am not a man!
Merely a figment of some poor bastard's imagination
You ask me what it's like to live someone else's hell?
I can't begin to tell you.
In fifty words or less.

Suffer pig!
You who wear yourself on self-righteousness self-pity
Be gone!
For you have been forgotten.

The Song of Everyman

Everyman has come at last,
Breaking his eternal fast.
Stumbling through the broken weeds,
Planting his unnatural seeds.

How shall we explain the recent plague,
Should we just sit back and watch the dead feet drag?
That lonely shuffle pains the ears,
It holds within Everyman's fears.

A horrid sound 'gainst skin,
The jagged edge reaches deep within.
Nothing could halt the creeping vine,
A twisted extension of Everyman's mind.

The hold that has been placed with the flick of a wrist,
The power emerged from within the mist.
It spread around at Everyman's request,
It was power for solely him to invest.

Now he sits on the green with pain in his hands,
He sits on the wretched self made lands.
The vine he produced forms the shape of a loop,
And the birds sing aloud from their barken stoops.

Now we can see how real feet drag,
Now we will see how a tree branch sags.
For Everyman whom we have come to despise,
Has birthed the form of his own demise,