

Imagine...

By Mark Edgemon

What lurks in darkened shadows,
Neath shattered bulbs of thought?
Edison mount twisted and tortured reflecting nothing as blackness neither the fixture,
Nor the cord works.

Dwelling in a heart once filled with hope, pining for love, wishing for more,
Cold now, cold mocking smile leering from polished views scoured by sands of reality,
Reflecting lost thoughts,
Lost ambitions,
Lost joy,
Lost to what?
To careless ambition?
To daring choice?

Nay that is madness, a trait fit for others weaker in mind.

Nothing is lost to those who have nothing to lose.
Nothing is gained to those not willing to lose everything.
Nothing: The bastard child of meditation, a syphilitic rendition of man's attempt to control what
cannot be controlled,
Only overcome.

Attack?
Fight that which is insurmountable?
Run?

Haa Haa Haa,
Foolish man.

Yes, foolish yet not the fool as escape and war has saved many,
Yet?
In the end there remains defeat,
Dishonor,
Death...

One weapon, one weapon only to wield in a breath, blood beating fast, lungs lunging, horseman
of death coming,

What?

(Smile)

I have given you your answer,
It is in the smile of knowledge gained by Truth,
In only this can you escape fear.

The End