Rhythms 2008

New Day, Old Age
by Jennie McAlonen

The new day was like the yesterday
That felt like seizing its existence
The yesterday was as the void of
What the new day would present with

Each feeling of a smolten abyss
Awakens the eyes with a frozen dawn
And the feeling of chill fills your spine
Like sour milk disheightens your throat

Stepping outside into the world
You feel the calm embrace your body
As if the sun itself shone
To warm your skeleton

After the feeling of epiphany happens
Reality hits you like a big boulder of hate
Smashing through a window of love
And your routine of peace is broken
By means of Corporate America
Resting its debt weight upon your shoulders

Now is the New Age
Now is the New Dawn
Now is the New Day
Where as the Old Day is lost like
A fallen bird without the ability to fly.