

UNTITLED

by Tomlin Campbell



EMOTIONS THE FOE OF HIS MIND

by Brent White

The foe of his mind,
The stirring within,
The unpleasant feelings start to begin,
The sound of thunder, the strobe of lights,
He starts to think about the night,
The bottle is may be filling, but not enough
To drown his hurt, sorrow and such,
The rage within he holds so dear, to only let it lash out
would be a fear,
The crumbles of the wall, the weakness of his defense,
His mind tells him you can't win,
From his mind to his feelings the trouble begins,
When he is tossed and twisted and wrapped up to the
end,
The dark of the night slowly creeps in the hounds of
hell start to move in,

The look in his eyes, the fear of his mind, he yells for
help but no hears him,
He's all alone for miles no one around,
He turns in panic such a poor soul,
No way to escape,
He lashes out in pain,
He yells for help again,
That's when the light starts to fade in,
The darkness over him slowly fades, the hounds of
hell start to make away,
Few feet from the edge,
He slowly backs up, as he comes back into mind,
Takes one more look, and then turns away,
For his life was spared for another day.