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Back To Life

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BACK TO LIFE

Samuel Irving

Inhabited by the elements
Surrounding me and the
Trials of everyday
Where misery is my guide
As I stand as one third of the man I used to be
And one fourth of the man I could be
Marking a new existence
In the cracked concrete of
A past life once held

Walking through the clouds
Of smoke, my head escapes
With tunnel visions
Of a street dream being chased
In the sewer aromas, painting
Subliminal pictures of fallen
Soldiers, tumbling like dice games
Attempting to reach the point of
Stability in an unstable situation
Where abstraction leads to
Utter understanding, but
Unjust overstandments are
Restrained to the tenements
As testimonials

My reality is
Third world treatment in a
First world country, while brick
Covered walls cancel dreams
And shorten life spans, resistance
To change is so obscure and
Acceptance to the common
Is so often found.

In this chess game
Where the skies are the
Color of gun powder, the notion
Of departure is like surrender,
And the survival instincts are sharpened

I continually retrace
My beginnings in the
Dawn of a new era,
As the page bears witness.