

# The Poet and The Escape

*by Allison Hockey*

What I have done  
Oh what I have become  
What happened to all I thought I had known?  
This will not stand  
My mind becoming rotten  
The things I thought were important to me  
Have all become forgotten  
Washing my convictions in cheap alcohol  
Feeding my misery with one kind, then all  
My precious thoughts  
My precious thoughts  
What happened to all of my glorious beliefs?  
What can I do to convince myself that it's still important to me?  
Give up all that I have here and now?  
If it is all that matters  
How can I ask myself how?  
And what if there are more questions than reasons?  
And what if I haven't even the courage?  
But this is not even up for debate  
I am the poet  
And I will escape.

