

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.

