



By Darlene M. Washington

Warring

The war in your mind, is darker than sunshine. Is purer than the rain, it's a human stain, ridiculed with pain. Sadness and weakness and meekness a crying shame, no one to blame. It's the war inside you, conquering, immobilizing, sabotaging and immunizing you from success. Somebody's voo doo hex, if you believe, you can't achieve, without their consent. Your time is spent. Warring!

The battle lined up against shelters in your mind, blocking all exits to start a beginning into a new world. The gun, a neuron, a blood cell, laced with crickets, crap, marking you for stupid against the wall. You're a target! Large enough for everyone to see. Woe is me, on bended knee.

The war in your mind is pleasant when you're winning, something that never should have begun, nothing is what you've won. Seeking, wanting, crying, stalking the enemy, the mind, that is mine, that is needed, for what is necessary, for doing time on the battle lines. Bloody and muddy with tears for fears that shielded you from next steps, cradled you from being blessed, while you went unwashed in a matted mess. Warring!

Battling casualties in your mind, which are darker than the sublime. The bullets, electric bullets of shiny new obstacles racing around in a strategic romance, a war dance, revealing no reason to fight. Just an empty plight for a mindless soldier who has lost his way. Warring!