

Anthology of Darksidepoet



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Ruby?

summary

My Darkest Hours

That ole Devil again.

My Darkest Hours

It creeps ever so slowly,
pretending to be meek and mild,
it sees you are lonely,
Alone, ever so alone,
The trap is set in silk,
like a velvet cloak,
waiting to choke you,
grabbing hold of your throat.

One moment it's sunny, smiley,
everything is glowing,
when all the time it's hiding,
biding, ready to pounce,
waiting for your footstep,
to fall in his shadow.

From green hazy meadows
and rainbow fountains
to the depths of despair.
All the while unaware,
of the Con man's hook,
to drive you down,
grind and swerve,
until you hit the ground,
trying to peer up,
blinded by clouds of pain,
numbly, feebly reaching around,
trying to stop,
the self-murdering thoughts again.

Desperately remembering words from lovers,
Mantras from Mothers,
instructions from Fathers.
Grasping, slipping,

My tongue thick and tied,
when I try to recall and say,
the life-saving tools,
which behind I can hide,
the literal word barrier,
I know I can use to defend
Myself for one more day,
against depression, my oldest friend.

That ole Devil again.

Why did I take His hand?
I had seen His evil, empty coldness,
His never-ending demands.

So why do some people heed the advice?
They notice the destruction,
don't fall for His lies.
How do they fear, respect this Devil
just enough,
to keep them on the level.

Then there are the others,
too strong to say no,
fearless and free
the envy of everybody,
Too weak to give up,
admit help is what they need,
How can the weak be stronger?
is it fear that keeps them safe longer?
Where is their curiosity,
Their need to conquer,
Do they not know,
if it doesn't kill you,
it only makes you stronger?

I envy their simplicitous life,
outside in,
looks Barbie, Ken,
or The Stepford Wife.

Then the scales fall from my eyes,
Their world, existence,
is no better than mine,

Every person lives to survive,
face consequences' of previous lies,
or past indiscretions,
creeping back,
to destroy homes,
wipe out happiness,
I see this all,
behind the façade of their
plastic worlds.
I realise we are all as One,
trying, struggling to cope
and make best.
If only we saw the bad, rotten or sour,
it would unite us as one,
until the time comes,
when we all will stand at judgements final hour.