



The People's Samizdat

the collected poetry

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The Collected Poetry

Contents

- 5 Under Twilight's Veil
- 6 Solstice
- 7 Counting Flowers
- 8 To a Dejected Brother
- 9 Dreams of Insaturation
- 10 My Father's Blood
- 11 The Cabin
- 13 On a Bench on the Otherside of the
Mountain of Time
- 16 Glory's Siren Song
- 17 Do You Remember?
- 18 Master of His Craft
- 19 There's No Such Thing as Monsters
- 21 Trans-Amalek Interstate Café
- 26 The Ghost
- 27 Terminally Online
- 29 The Farmer
- 30 Driftless in Winter
- 31 Call from the Crag
- 33 Bright Collapse
- 35 The Dairy Maidens
- 36 My Loving Blood
- 37 The Trail
- 38 Looking Forward

39 On Saint Stephen's Night

41 Epoch

42 Lung of Lies

43 Oblique Foresight

44 Pale Plaster Prison

Under Twilight's Veil

by Whiskey Bone

At summer's end and autumn's face
The rain no longer softens
Like the rending lightning splitting the sky
The precipice of thunder's cry
What a strange and lonely sort of place
Has our valley become
Carry our hearts with a little care now, Lord,
That we be sure of hand and sure of word
For here in this twilight hope grows dim
Toiling under restless sleep with heavy limb
Take care your will grows not weak
Despite demons shrewd and meek
Winter's frost will melt again
As sure as we are evil's bane

Solstice

by Whiskey Bone

On sodden turf we linked pale arms
Under a glacial full moon
Ghosts of breath and rosy cheeks
A bonfire set with gratitude
casts shadows under our feet
You said, “a haytruck can make a fine dance floor”
as you lifted your skirt to climb
In carefulness and softness, then,
It was just like me when
I lost the courage
To steal a kiss

Counting Flowers

by Wisconsin Kraut

What fools sing of garden flowers
And show their simplicity about
Dancing amongst brambles
And playing the lout

Vain fools sing of roses
Ever touchy, prickly and harsh
Always demanding attention
Prideful and spiting, a garden farse

Soft fools sing of lilys
Stepping forth on steps of air
As she sings a lifeless song
So little to damage her form so fair

Wise men lay in meadows
Where wildflowers grow
Amongst the stout young spritelings
As they perform nature's show

A wise man sings of daisies
She who grows hither and yon
Amongst the cobbles and hedges
Purest white and ever strong

A wise man loves a daisy
His woman loving and loyal
Born of cities or farmland
His fairest daisy daughter of blood royal

To a Dejected Brother

by Anonymous

We are of Adam, who ate of the Tree
Curs'd us both with blindness and with sight;
You know evils that you cannot unsee.
But what of the goodness? What of the light?
We are so blind! Sin and mud cloud our eyes
and keep us from the flames of faith and hope—
We see only death, darkness, and demise.
But creation around us does not mope:
The birds still warble and gracefully fly
Oblivious to all the horror and pain.
Do robins not suffer? Do larks not die?
Yet they sing to God and do not complain.
In spite of struggle nature always cheers
Do the same and put aside all those fears!
Mighty oaks fight and win their crowns of leaves,
Suffer many winters and storms and strife.
The elm's emerald boughs shine and do not grieve;
Through little deaths it gains glory in life.
What right do we to brood and gnash our teeth
Against a loving Lord who has bless'd us so?
Rather you should gladly earn your laurel wreath
Conquering those ugly things that are below.
For Jesus has gone before us and borne
All the sin and wrath that nips at our heels.
For every loss, for every death you mourn
Christ has a grace waiting for you:
Through toil His love He does impart,
So rejoice, rejoice with all of your heart.

Dreams of Insaturation

by A. W. MacCrinnan

Behold a mutilated landscape:
Desolate acres under a dim
Sun trying to rise with a morning
Thunder rumbling far away behind
A strange and not quite white horizon.
The soil of this land is in your blood
But the roots of the trees are thirsty,
Forgotten, and there's dead or nearly
Dead grass greying in a forsaken
Field where only starving serpents crawl.
But after comes the soft night bringing
Dreams of instauration and you wake
To behold a White horizon and
You find a grander land and sky like
A gardener might on a fine day:
A day without drought or blight or gnat;
A morning with a fist of rich earth,
A noontide slumber neath a shade tree,
An early Summer evening rain
That cools your flesh and soaks the soil and
Sates the ever-reaching growing roots:
That's an autochthonous perspective.

My Father's Blood

by Spader Volsung

Pines overtop, head lifted high
Aryan Man, Born Under the open sky
Lord of the beasts, lands, and sea
His dominion from mountaintop to tiny bee
Steward of an eden ever growing weeds
Astride a white horse, noble his deeds
His enemies, dark, bitter and grim
Cannot understand him, grandiose yet prim
They rage, scheme, and bite
Yet their killstroke is ever blunted by his might
Dark are his days ahead, minority on his own soil
Yet enemies still sweat at the power generated from his toil
Chosen by God, clinging to faith
Always to struggle, always to conquer is his fate
This is my father's blood, and this is also mine
And someday, my son shall continue this vine

The Cabin

by Max Sparks

It's higher, cooler than town
Ancient limestone quiet
Leaf shadowplay afternoon
breeze
The mantis is still on the
bug screen
He sways once in a while
Leaf-like
Does he see his reflection?
Black pinpoint and
Large green globes
The neighbors are patient
And long-lived as rocks
They grow gardens
And live together
Down the road
He has taken in the tobacco
And hung it in the barn
I walk the ridge
Down, between the trees
The green river sparkles
The land yields and sways
The old stone has risen
and fallen
With the stars for so long
They are higher, brighter than town
Soon will come the deer
The last one I took
Was a youngish doe

She did not suffer
The iron tang of her
In the torchlight
And the purring cat
Around the gut pile
On a frosty morning
I wasted nothing
Bless this land
Bless this land

On a Bench on the Otherside of the Mountain of Time

by Anonymous

I'm sitting on a bench today
Eyes closed, almost dozed
I feel an unexpected chill as the sun slipped behind the clouds
Reminding me
to Beware
that all too soon
Everywhere
Pumpkins
Then Turkeys
Then Christmas trees.

We cynical old men live to complain
About the screeching young at play
we seem
To be at odds with the general good feelings
In the seasonal times

“Why are you like this old man?”
Is a frequent refrain
Well let me tell ya son,
There's a hurt down deep in this old brain

On this side of the mountain of time
Most things work

and many works divine

On the other side
The pumpkins
Then the turkeys
Then the Christmas trees
Now, The holy trinity
of holidays
Then, the tyranny
of wholly owned subsidiaries

“Devils Night” saw a hundred fires burning
A cruel mockery in the motor city.
The motor city cranking
Over
and over
and over
but would not start
That city had plenty of fire but the engine had no spark.
The nation had no heart

Giving thanks to God became
“Turkey Day” hurray!
thank you for your service
In Middle-Eastern wars
that serviced us not
But wasted our boys’ blood
Dead and still poor.

Thank you for the drugs, the porn,
the endless endless eating
Gluttony made us whores
Slut-illy stuffing the spaces
Meant to house our souls

By Black Friday we were primed

with free shipping
To take delivery of something
Anything, anything at all
Always looking to simulate
Brotherly love
but left holding nothing
at usurious rates.

Christ
what a joke,
The punchline?
Happy Holidays,
Season Greetings,
Just say anything, anything else
X-mas gonna give it to ya.

On my bench, the cloud has passed
Warm sunshine reaches into me
I feel an unexpected joy and vigor deep in my bones
Reminding me
To get ready
That none too soon
The beautiful traditions
Of the Pumpkins
Of the turkeys
Of the Christmas trees
Have found true meaning on this side of the mountain of time
A bountiful harvest from a blessed land
Gratitude for those that struggled before
And Recognition of the divine

Glory's Siren Song

by Hereward The Woke

Of boats and swords and quests o'muse declaim
besing to us of fair adventure's name.
Illumine that for which we men were built
and on we'll go wherever heaven wilt.
To board the oaken barque and loose the sails
beswelled with yearning for unblaz'n trails;
no compass but for glory's siren song
that pulls you forth to go some where ungone.
To draw the sharpened sword and bare the shield,
to fight with all your might and dare not yield.
To sally off, beside your brothers true,
with monsters, foes, and evil ahead of you.
To heed the call, to hit the road, ahead
of you a goal, a task, to have on sped.
To aid the weak and save the day, some deed
to be sung of by those from evil freed.
We men here now, born in a wicked time
have been denied our right; a wicked crime.
But winds will rise, and swords will sharpen, for
dark just means light that heroes must restore.
So listen: stand up straight and dare not fall
because adventure waits, just heed the call.

Do You Remember?

by Spader Volsung

Do you remember the first time you skinned your knee
Do you remember the first time you were stung by a bee
Do you remember the first time you played in the snow
Do you remember the first time you picked up rocks to throw
Do you remember the first time your ankles felt the current of
 mountain streams
Do you remember the first time you felt the rush of adventure
 not in dreams
Do you remember the first time you got lost
Do you remember the first time you felt the bite of frost
Do you remember the first time you felt dirt on your face
Do you remember the first time you realized your parent's grace
Do you remember the first time you jumped in a pile of leaves
Do you remember the first time you fell from tree
Do you remember the first time you ascended mountaintop
 grand
Do you remember the first time you felt too tired to stand
Do you remember the first time you felt waves over your head
Do you remember the first time the moon and the stars relieved
 your sense of dread
Do you remember the first bonfire, the first s'more
I remember all this, and so much more
And cannot imagine a childhood spent masked and indoors

Master of His Craft

by Charlie

A bet began, ten-dollar pot,
Hemingway wrote to win the lot,
The shortest work your soul to mourn:
“For sale, baby shoes, never worn.”
And win he did, to much acclaim,
His fellow writers praised his name,
Except one man, whose dev’lish pen
Could chill the souls of all good men.
At day’s last light the writers found
A broken board upon the ground,
Stained in soot and ash and smoke,
Two words in blood upon it wrote.
A look of shock crossed all their eyes,
As they envisioned their demise,
In Lovecraft’s name the board was signed.
“Niggers everywhere”, underlined.

There's No Such Thing as Monsters

by Fifth Level Druid

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My father told me at night.
"No dragons under your bed.
No spooks to fill you with fright.
Those bad things are in your head."

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My mom told me every day.
"You will grow up and you'll see,
Beaked things won't treat you like prey.
Horrid creatures cannot be."

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My priest told me every week.
"He has made us all the same.
Hate the strong, God loves the meek.
Intolerance is to blame."

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My neighbor told me one day.
"We do not hurt anyone.
Can't help it, we're born this way.
It's not like we'd touch your son."

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My mayor told me before.
"Evil is you and your kin."

We don't need you anymore.
Bigotry is the real sin."

"There's no such thing as monsters,"
My police told me today.
"There's nothing that we can do.
Privileged men have no say.
Nothing they do can hurt you."

"There's such a thing as monsters,"
My heart told me all the time.
"Though many are shaped like men.
Some would sell you for a dime.
Be wary or they will win."

Trans-Amalek Interstate Café

by Max Sparks

A million
car miles
came through here
daily
before
And now, cold
the cafe wall
through a hole
smiles
the
rusted city maw
Changing lanes
to cut the grass
addicts of the past
are now ghouls
He pulls the box
from his tattered
coat
it buzzes broken fax
and he answers the call
He picks up the bike
and it screams a
binary
roar
Through the scattering
white
with the sun low

across hatched
brow
the rider creeps
under
the lowing concrete
sow
The silence shatters
as he twists the throttle
to climb the verge
He sets the bike there
and scans the distant lot
his visor reflects
the drifting plume
They flood the exits
and scatter to the hills
as he stalks across
the forecourt spills
Through the flames
he sees her
wailing
coal-burned
soul
leave the surface
for the thousandth
time
and he walks away
to where
the fallen arches
glow
by the back lot
He approaches
the motel lobby
the door is a frame now
his steps crunch the glass
like frost
under the

emergency light
Upstairs, she awakens
and gathers her children
they creep along the hall
and hear many twisted voices
The leader speaks
in ten tongues
them, they chatter and
seethe
arcane curses
In its fist
a symbol
of agony
glows and buzzes
The barefoot mother
covers the mouth
of the infant
and gathers the others
through an exit
The rider is
on the stairs
she curses him
and he raises his hand
Take the children
to the lower floor
and cover their ears
I will fight them
she says
to which he replies
wordlessly
raising his visor
showing
his blazing eyes
In the hall
they slither and grind
as the leader cuts

a block-wall slice
The rider calls
The rider calls
The rider calls
Rolling back his eyes
A wave-tide
the leader
and his scythe
The rider is still
as the old roads
precise
as the heads roll
until
the highest rank
breathes down his neck
smiles like death
and
plunges the blade
The rider staggers back
and the leader's shape
changes
its skin folds back
and its visage ages
The rider stands
and they roar
with laughter
The rider tightens
the glaive
the beams
falter
and focus
The blade falls
in two
the leader screams
and claws at its
faces

Soon outside
the family has fled
he raises the
red
trophy
to the stars
And rides

The Ghost

by Max Sparks

You cut eye-holes
in a pillowcase
to make a costume
Not a bad idea
except
it was a
Star Wars one
The crowd of us
in the dark
knocked on doors
They gave us money
we bought cigarettes
and smoked them
on the wall
I dressed like
The guy on the
Halloween albums
the pumpkin was heavy
Goodbyes
one-by-one
waved from cheery
bright abodes
We two, stopped
at your darkened house
at the end of the night
and you drifted inside
alone, invisible

Terminally Online

by Panzer-Tan

I HAVE NO MOTIVATION
ALL I CRAVE IS INSTANT GRATIFICATION
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
I WANNA DRAW ANIME TITTIES
BUT ALL I DO IS REFRESH THE SAME FIVE PAGES
HUSTLING THEM UPCUMMIES
THE BLANK PAGE IS INTIMIDATING
ALL I DO IS BROWSE
IS THIS EVEN A LIFE
AM PROBABLY BETTER OFF HANGING WITH THE COWS
OUT IN THE GREEN PASTURES OF OUTSIDE
CANT EVEN BRING MYSELF TO LIFT THE PENCIL
AND MAKE A MARK
RATHER JUST WATCH THE SAME VIDEO ON YOUTUBE
5 TO 20 TIMES
OR WATCH THE FUNNY NUMBERS GO UP
ON THE FUNNY SOCIAL MEDIA
AND PRETEND IM ONE OF THE BOYS
NO MOM I WILL NOT TURN OFF THE COMPUTER
AND GO LIFT OR READ A BOOK
AM ILLITERATE AND MY BONES ARE MADE OF PEWTER
THE PRETTY GIRLS THAT GRACE MY SCREEN
COME AND GO
BUT THEY WILL NEVER TOUCH MY PEEN
WHY MUST THE PRETTY TOMBOY
BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS
OUT OF REACH
WHERE I CAN NEVER TOUCH HER ASS
WHEN I DIE MY LEGACY WILL BE MOOT

NO WIFE NO KIDS
ONLY A BUNCH OF PRODUCT TO BOOT
AS MY BONES TURN TO DUST
THE MAN WILL COME AND TAKE MY STUFF
AND SELL IT TO OTHER CONSOOMERS AS HE MUST
AS YOU PAST MY FINAL RESTING PLACE
TAKE HEED OH STRANGER
DO NOT LET THE TENDRILS OF THE MACHINE
SINK INTO YOUR FLESH
GO LIFT, GET A WIFE, BUY A COW
DO NOT LET YOURSELF JOIN THE LEGIONS OF
THE TERMINALLY ONLINE

The Farmer

by Free Idealist

Walking down the bloodied street,
I enjoy the dirt upon my feet,
That feeling that feels so sweet,
Of earthen dust so fine and neat.
I'm stared at by the men of town,
Their faces full of scowl and frown,
Who look so often always down,
So deep in debt they just might drown.
I laugh to myself at jokes in mind,
Jokes too rude for one to find,
In such a place like this, so kind,
Where all are woke, and yet so blind.
I travel here for a simple task:
To fill their pantry and their flask.
I'm given no thanks, and I do not ask,
In the goodness of this deed I bask.
I have no time for the fools of throne,
Whose songs are sung and horns are blown.
I care quite little for their walls of stone,
Instead I linger with the seeds I've sown.
Watching them grow from year to year,
Wiping away each and every tear,
Cultivating these souls so dear,
And teaching them to never fear.
While I'm in town I'll just be polite,
Because I know full well I'll be alright.
I'll lay in bed with my wife tonight,
And fill her full of much delight.

Driftless in Winter

by Wisconsin Kraut

Sharp cuts the blowing wind
And before her bend the willows
Deep does the great heart call
His song sweet and full of sorrow

The streaming light lies deftly on the hills
And cascades of mirrors reflect crossed summits
No heat swims in the fridged air
Lungs burn with frozen heat

The field sit fallow in winter's embrace
Untouched by Adam or his plow
Seeds sown in harvest's gloaming
Wait for spring maiden feet

The hamlets ring with songs
Words long known from father's tongue
Loud rings the accordion and fiddle
Bright swirls the fair maids skirts

Snow beds in the meadows
And dreams of summer warmth
Fires glow in blazing places
Warming men's feet.

Call from the Crag

by Wisconsin Kraut

Where is my shining prince
Steed tramping proud
Voice carried firm
Blood flowing pure?

Where is my binded kilt
Pleats swirling quick
Tartan shining bright
Belt pulled snug?

Where is my faithful claymor
Blade chopping swift
Hilt woven stout
Scabbard empty apt

Have we stuffed such to forget our old chieftains
Have we been enlightened to scorn our fathers dress
Have we laid down our ancient broadswords
And invited a foreigner to our mother's breast?

Do our eyes no more see charging stallions
Do our legs forget roads long past
Do our arms not recall clash and fire
Shall we spit upon what God gave to admire?

Are songs not sung of great heroes
Are badges of kinsfolk no more worn
Are bastions of nation now failed to build
Will the inheritance of our people be put to grinding mill?

NO!

My blood yet burns hotly
And fills my veins with razors
My mind still recalls our fallen kings
And dreams of what can be

NO!

My belt is pulled tight
And girds my loins in iron
My plaid is dyed brightly
And bears my family's name

NO!

My broadsword is raised highly
And blade is keely worked
My targe is griped firm
And dirk carried sure.

Bright Collapse

by Fifth Level Druid

The fires rose above the mountain high;
burn and bake, the city take, never again.
Bright collapse, they weep among mournful sighs.
Lost life but hurts missing bread and chance to win;
For circuses not home and hearth we weep.
High and shaky it rose, Heaven ours to take.
Living in new delights from wake to sleep.
Brighter, sleeker, greater, faster we make.

Tall and proud, chrome and gloss without we built,
cancer and boil, our hearts did toil.
More we required as our pleasures wilt.
And more we took, forsaking the soil.
The foundations cracked, walls buckled and bowed.
But we laughed, we played, never to say goodbye.
Cheap fixes tried, none could carry the load.
Warned often, again and again, called a lie.

Fire and rot within, not at once it fell.
Yet into that hole did it take our soul.
Cavorting, drinking, fucking, we welcomed Hell.
Nary a one gave notice until their toll.
Greed and lust prospered until the flames grew high.
Even steel can twist and flow should fools let,
Few knew, few cared it was built on a lie.
Cash in your chips, those who fled won the bet.

Huddled we few together in the cold,
Tears fell, no mourning bell, we saw the end

Wiser men had fled in stories of old,
Those daft and wicked, Science could not mend.
Owning only my pulse and ragged clothes
Felt, I, the soil, and quiet first in my days.
Into the wilds we fled to face new woes
And missing little, we found the old ways.

The Dairy Maidens

by Wisconsin Kraut

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
As the leaves turn to fall
We shall go to market's stall
The purest milk you shall bring
To be made to cheese in waxed rings

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Leave your verdant pasture lair
To drove on to our county fair
All your kinfolk we shall meet
Reaching for the prize we seek

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Over hillock and valley roam
Before we shall return to home
Let your sweetest song low
A melody for even angels bow

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Mothers all bonnie and well
Your calves you love with easy tell
Back to pasture the farmer brings
To wait for the blooming spring

My Loving Blood

by Wisconsin Kraut

My loving blood, which binds me with chains of kinship
My caring blood, that cradles my soul in hope
My holy blood, a gift from blessed fathers
This gift from God, my nation fair and whole
Should we toss it to shame and shadow?
Throw away this sacred gift?
Is it right to cast away this boon from Heaven?
And spit upon what God gives?
Your loving blood, which pluck the songs of fair maidens.
Your caring blood, that fills the arms of strong young men.
Your holy blood, flowing like a mighty river.
Guides you forth to freedom and bread.
Should we listen to fiends and traitors?
And tear to shame our pure white robes?
Shall we mix what God made separate?
In foolish and lustful throws?
Our loving blood, that sparks our hearts to wonder.
Our caring blood, which gives the path of the right.
Our holy blood, which preserves our memories forever.
Our uniting bond, one people and one race.
Cherish this gift from Heaven!
Protect it from darkness and stain.
Our beloved Aryan nation!
We shall preserve until the end of days.

The Trail

by Max Sparks

We join the flow and match the treading time
Us particles with medium combine

Reserved in city peace of stone
Idyll of common soul we all abode

So come ye sons of mine again this day
And walk the path we trod before your birth

The field where still he calls us back to home
A father pines December dogged earth

He whispers here then waits for your return
My child, my son, my man, my worth

Looking Forward

by Spader Volsung

The hour grows late, the day turns to night
Seeing the future ahead, one shudders with fright
Fall turns to winter, plenty to bare
The impositions of shadowy villains snug in hidden lair
Yet the storm is not without dividend and opportunity gold
If only you can build, in a truly new mold
The frontiers, banished, appear on the horizon once more
A time is coming when anything is possible to those who go full
bore
So embrace the chaos, European man
For victory and homeland can be once more achieved if we plan

On Saint Stephen's Night

by Wilfred Knudson

Bright the hall was light
And warm the roaring fires
Quiet now the feasting host
Letting good food linger

Out the Lord gazed upon the snow
And the cold wind ripped
Yet a poor man came in sight
Gathering fuel yonder

“Tell me page who is he
That braves the screaming storm
For it is Saint Stephen's Day
Why would he bear such Weather?”

“Lord his is a poor man
Who lives benight the mountain
He has not wood to heat his home
For his is a simple swineherd”

“Come hither page and servith me
Come bring my cloak and sworda
Bring me for me meat and wine
Bring good bread and tender

“Pack up a stout sack
And bind yourself a faggot
For to a poor man we shall gift
Food and forage yonder”

Into frigid frost they went
And over calves snow covered
Fierce wind into flags hoods made
Bearing frost and thoughts to ponder

Look the brave boy shakes
And cheeks are blazed crimson
“Master I can go no more”
Bid the page to his master

“Come by me braved lad
And in my footsteps tread
Against the wind I will shield
For the road stretches further”

And the page was filled with awe
For in his masters steps he trod
And heat was in the very sod
The frost touched him no longer

So to the little farm house came
Man and boy together
And the poor man’s house shook with song
For sweet was the the singer

Upon the doorframe the Lord did strike
And Angels sang Hosanna!
Here the Good King Wenceslas Came!
Like Magi to the Manger!

Epoch

by James Bryant

Thick layers of dust
Coating what was once cherished
Yet, the inheritors still stir
Living with such disrelish.

Their bubble is small
Fit to their body
It hinders them
Not allowing them to stand tall.

These people are lost
Not knowing the costs
Of their sins and deeds
Because they lack the means.

There are still men
Who yearn for something better
They won't let anything stop them
Not even a tight fetter.

Lung of Lies

by James Bryant

A lung of lies
Brought forth by abused air
Do you believe the things you hear?
Their words seek to instill fear
But I do not care
Because my heart still beats true.
They cry out for blood
As they say you belong in the mud
At this point what say you?
I care not for a lung of lies
For my life is under God's guide
Give Him thanks and give him Praise
Because the Devil will not prevail in these dark days.

Oblique Foresight

by Anonymous

What is my vision to be?
I gaze into my mind's eye peering, piercing, parsing.
But I cannot see.

The way things are I loathe.
The possibilities; an enigma.
What piece of the cipher am I?

I struggle to conceptualize.
Thus I fail to actualize.

The future races towards me
The pit of my stomach tightens
I stand, wrench in hand, with but moments to act
What must I change?

Pale Plaster Prison

by Anonymous

Off white walls encompass me
Lacking the comfort of Padding for my Shackled shattering psy-
che to bound upon

A shoebox one might call it.
An unjust label.
Within a shoe's box lays two soles.
'ere dwells one.