

RAMBLINGS
OF A
MADMAN

By: DARRELL JARVIS
134944

"RAMBLINGS OF A MADMAN"
IS A SERIES OF NON-FICTION
POEMS WHICH ENCOMPASS EVERYTHING
FROM PATRIOTIC VERSE ABOUT
AMERICA, TO THE DARKER SIDE OF
LIFE INSIDE THE CRIMINAL MIND.

AUTHOR:

DARRELL JARVIS #134944
LAKELAND CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
141 FIRST STREET
COLDWATER, MI 49036

DATE:

October 10, 2015

"AN EAGLE'S TALE"

Mist in the garden, Adam and Eve,
dinosaurs, cavemen, it started to weave
a quivering web of early man,
divine intervention then made a stand.
Riddles of life, rumors of death,
echoes of knowledge all in one breath,
promise of Heaven, rumble of Hell,
eternity's hand ringing its bell.
Christopher Columbus commanding three ships,
a journey to the realm of discovery,
our Founding Fathers, virtue and wisdom,
the Bill of Rights, huge barriers against them,
British invasion, Paul Revere's ride,
remember Wounded Knee where innocence died,
Lewis-n-Clark, frontiers to explore,
and those solemn faces on Mt. Rushmore.
Boone and Crockett, a staggering show,
Santa Ana rained fury at the Alamo,
Crazy Horse, Little Big Horn, Custer's last stand sealed his coffin.
Blackbeard the pirate, Billy the Kid,
blood-letters, badmen, evils they did,
horsemen, highwaymen, sins in the night,
faltering hearts, some dark, some bright,
wooden gallows, condemning moments,
a dead man's walk of surrender,
infernal fog, the hangman's noose,

as the sirens of oblivion sound their warning.
Butch and Sundance, outlaws and trains,
the Pinkerton guards failed to gain
a capture in this game of raw chances,
the Black Hills and Western Plains,
badlands with no name,
lightning fast, customs passed,
sacred rites still reign,
like broken bones of ancestors never forgotten.
The Donner Party, wagon-wheels west,
trapped in the snow, starvation and death,
John Wayne, Calamity Jane, rawhide to the bone,
campfire cowboys, a rowdy range they roam,
Wells Fargo and the Pony Express,
Colt and Winchester tamed the Old West,
deceit and decay at the OK Corral,
quarrels-n-leather, many men fell,
with the hunger of a crippling culmination.
Pancho Villa, a ruthless bandite,
crossing our border to plunder,
blazing saddles, powder-n-lead,
a ravishing wake, the quick and the dead,
in this remnant of tombstones and legends.
Annie Oakley, Buffalo Bill,
whispering winds shadow Boot Hill,
infamous villains, old cattle towns,
rebels-n-rivals, troubles abound,

as disquieting deeds silently linger.
The Salem Witch Trials, flames of mystery,
Harvard and Yale, harvest of history,
pilgrims to pioneers, New England's cultured classes,
unlocking muddy chains, the shame of slavery passes,
the Wizard of Oz, truth for the ages,
the Great Depression, no jobs, no wages,
Veteran's Day and the Fourth of July,
the Star Spangled Banner makes people cry,
as we revel in reward and compassion.
Washington led troops in a bold revolution,
a desperate militia, a stormy solution,
facing an army sent by King George,
our colonial soldiers survived Valley Forge.
Union or Confederate, blue coat or grey,
a river of spoil was coming our way
with its valor and bitter determination.
Clashing steel, threshold of triumph,
hazards of victory for the taking,
brother against brother, double-edged sword,
a flare of euphoria paints the horizon,
bayonets and bullets, rich men and poor,
passion and pain in a cruel civil war,
Generals Grant and Robert E. Lee,
a terrible time, we all agree,
north fighting south, our future-n-fate,

dare to tread, a ravenous hate,
as our tattered flags suffered in battle.
The Gettysburg Address, principle and pride,
a patriot's duty, some honest, some lied.
World War One, a gauntlet of trenches,
World War Two, mass graves, mad stench,
the tyrants among us, litany of psychosis,
a savage anatomy of one's measure.
Dragons-n-fire, dangerous grounds,
Pearl Harbor in ruin, this saga soon found
great wars and conquests all carve a tale
of peril and bravery, no option to fail.
I-Bay, sacrifice, awesome Allied Forces,
Hitler's Third Reich, relentless resources,
as his illusion of world rule lost its luster.
Old Blood-n-Guts, George Patton charged,
grimacing loss through Europe,
while millions saw their cities burn to rubble.
Deliberate indifference, residue of resilience,
Germany's blind-faith soon diminished.
Chaos in Korea, the Communist zone,
conflict or redemption, to each his own,
the Bay of Pigs, waste laid bare,
missiles in Cuba, a chilling score,
Southeast Asia in Vietnam,
does anyone know what went wrong?

G. I. Joe, an average man,
doing his best for Uncle Sam,
our courage held firm in struggle-n-strife,
to preserve this country and way of life
in a spirit of fierce allegiance.
Mt. McKinley, our highest peak,
Klondike Gold Rush, not for the weak,
Boy Scouts Group, and Smokey the Bear,
good clean living in a wilderness lair,
the Appalachians, a cabin's dirt floor,
moonshine jugs in a hillbilly store,
the Mississippi River and the Great Divide,
the Oregon Trail served as one's guide
for homesteaders taming new country.
The Grand Canyon, Yellowstone,
picturesque mountains with parts unknown,
the Everglades, five Great Lakes,
pearls of bounty in all fifty states.
Ben Franklin, Abe Lincoln, noble minds unfurled,
Oppenheimer, Einstein, A-Bombs changed the world,
the Wright Brothers and Ford, visionaries of time,
Edison, Carnegie, innovative chimes
that began with a hand-stitched flag and thirteen stars held in union.
Passing the torch, infinite creations,
eclipse of defeat, defiance and elations,
scholars and hobos, heroes and zeroes,

the aromas of humanity that surround us.
The Red Cross was founded by Clara Barton,
ominous wounds, some saved, some pardoned,
in this element spanning harmony and rude actions.
John D. Rockefeller and Standard Oil,
a cold chameleon, not easy to foil,
in this quagmire of wicked essentials.
London and Hemingway, hard-scrabble masters,
Mark Twain, whose roiling restrain,
was riveted through Huck Finn's disasters.
It soon became the Industrial Age,
wealth and charm, greed and rage,
women won the right to vote,
to speak their mind and make a quote,
as this camouflage of conspiracy lost its corruption.
Teddy and the Rough Riders, San Juan Hill,
Barnum and Bailey, big circus, big thrill,
Charles Linbergh, adventure in motion,
the Spirit of St. Louis crossing the ocean,
bootleg liquor and prohibition,
St. Valentine's Day, a massacre mission,
stock market crash of '29,
myths and epitaphs of that time,
as we embraced the jagged edge of tribulation.
Roosevelt's plan, one dollar a day,
building roads and bridges for the WPA,
Amelia Earhart, ambitious gamble,

a face in the clouds forever.
Paul Bunyon and Babe the Blue Ox,
Rip Van Winkle, strange days, hard knocks,
remember the Maine, sabotage of explosion,
the Watergate scandal, scars of erosion,
in this medley of fortitude and evolution.
The Las Vegas strip, spellbinding sights,
New York City, a mammoth delight,
Washington D.C., masquerade of decision,
concert of power, privilege and collision,
J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI,
judgment of justice with no disguise,
in a shuffle of tarnish and intensity.
The Boston Marathon, the Super Bowl,
the Kentucky Derby, brutal goals,
NASCAR fans, speed-demons to go,
ecstasies and agonies in this perpetual thrust of extremes.
Al Capone and mafia lore,
intrigue at the Devil's door,
Alcatraz, one's haunting hours,
Hoover Dam and the Golden Gate Towers,
Disney World, a rainbow of friends,
man walked on the Moon, then did it again,
like an odyssey in a landscape of tomorrow.
This radiant rave of prosperity and bliss,
a surreal tranquillity is always at risk
in our illuminated scope of progression.
Lizzie Borden, soiled and tragic,

Harry Houdini, hands of magic,
Harley-Davidson, heritage of gold,
the Hindenburg, ashes gone cold,
Howard Hughes, colossal creature,
eccentric, electric, feral features,
Elvis Presley, rock-n-roll mode,
Evel Knievel, Thunder Road,
Microsoft, titans of the trade,
memorizing, high-tech, high-grade,
colorful characters, some jewelled, some jaded,
these rolling stones etched in our memory.
Voices of venom, wayward of heart,
hijacked airplanes, terror found its start,
as the rabid fumes of destiny strained our convictions.
For here is free enterprise, a recipe that works,
including its flaws, transgressions and quirks,
democracy, there's not much around,
but you'll find this deal in each of our towns,
leading the Free World, the essence of our pledge is often tested, like a
clamor of primal cravings ripe with reflection.
Savoring the fruits of one's mind, proverbial, literal, quid pro quo, this
rare gem still holds its splendor.
A vivid portrait, a nation's worth,
stars-n-stripes, a humble birth,
a gritty challenge, hopeful years,
ugly secrets, grief and tears.
Mortal beings, immortal souls,

drama of life playing their roles,
Senator Kennedy, Martin Luther King,
shrill cries of anguish made angels sing,
four slain presidents, times we nearly fall,
American dreams built the Panama Canal,
as we grapple life's treachery and traditions.
And there's Lady Liberty with welcoming arms,
Old Glory's Constitution shielding us from harm,
for across this mighty land is freedom guaranteed
to own guns, choose religion, and live how you please,
to raise a family and have a career,
visit a park and drink a cold beer,
vote for our government, elect young or old,
a high school education for those who enrolled,
we can rant and complain about all its flaws
and still find protection under color of laws
that make this "flawed" nation a treasure.
Beneath the torpedoes coming our way,
the fearless and strong have something to say,
"This badge of honor has no disgrace,
a message for the human race,
wings in flight, talons ready,
keen eyes of sight, resolve is steady,
an eagle of purpose, its soul the key,
America, land of the free ..."

CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE

"VOLCANIC VERSES"

By:

DARRELL JARVIS

#134944

"VOLCANIC VERSES"

AS RESOUNDING TRIALS IN LIFE UNFOLD,
A GOLDEN MESSAGE WILL NOT GROW OLD,
WILL NOT GET STALE OR LOST IN RHYME,
SO GOES THIS LIGHTNING BOLT OF CRIME
A TURBULENT TALE, AN UGLY END,
A JOURNEY CUT SHORT, HORRORS OF SIN,
LOVING TRUST FOR A SON GONE ASTRAY
WOULD SEAL THE COFFIN OF HER LAST DAY
HIS PHANTOM SOUL ERUPTED IN GREED,
SELFISH WANTS, SHALLOW NEEDS,
DEPRAVED DESIRES, RAMPAGING TOUR,
CLUTCHED IN CRUEL ARMS OF THIS ROTTING WAR.

- / -

THE CHALLENGING YEARS BECAME A WASTE,
STENCH OF RUIN, SPASM OF HASTE,
A LUST FOR DRUGS, A REALM HARDCORE,
AS HE VENTURED NEAR THE DEVIL'S DOOR.
WHILE STILL A TEEN HE WENT TO JAIL,
A SEETHING HATE, A FORLORN WAIL.
A FIERY CLOUD MARKED HIS RELEASE,
A DRAGON'S LAIR, A SPIRITED FLEECE.
THE ROBBERY SEEMED AN EASY CHORE,
WICKED GUN, GUTS-N-GORE,
HARDENED YEARS IN PRISON HAD BAITED
A DESPERATE HEART OF DOOM WHICH MATED
THIS TREACHEROUS VILLAIN'S SCHEME FOR MORE

IN MAD DELIGHT AND THUNDEROUS ROAR.
REFUSING A ROUTE OF RESIGNATION,
TIMID SURRENDER, ROTTING STAGNATION,
TRAPPED INSIDE GREY WALLS AND STEEL,
HE FOUND A FRIEND AND SCORED A DEAL
THAT WOULD MOST LIKELY GET HIM OUT
WITH FUMES OF DANGER ALL ABOUT.
SOON PAROLED AND ON THE STREETS
THE EX-CON STROVE TO MAKE ENDS MEET,
A BLOODY STATE-OF-MIND SET IN,
EXPECTING BATTLE TO FREE HIS FRIEND.
SNEAKING AWAY WITH CALLOUSED FIXATION,
STOPPED BY POLICE IN A TRAFFIC VIOLATION,
FITTING THE PUZZLE PIECES TOGETHER

IT WAS FOUND IN THIS FOILING WEATHER
THAT A KILLER HAD BEEN SNAGGED AND CAPTURED.
THE THEME OF THIS RUSE IT MUST BE NOTED
WAS A ROULETTE WHEEL WHERE THE WARDEN VOTED
SHOULD THE SON BE ALLOWED TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL
OF A MURDERED MOTHER WHILE NOT ONE OFFICIAL
KNEW THE WEB OF WHISPERS WELL CONCEALED IN THIS RANCID DEN OF
EVIL.
WITH ESCORTING GUARDS AT HIS SIDE,
MOODS WOULD BE MELLOW SINCE "MOM JUST DIED".
FROM FLEETING SHADOWS THE EX-CON WOULD RUN,
SURPRISE ATTACK, BIG SHOTGUN,
UN-ARM BOTH GUARDS WITH WOLFISH GLEE,
START THE CAR AND GUARANTEE A SAVORY TASTE OF FREEDOM.

A BLINDING FLASH OF STRUGGLE-N-STRIFE,
ANATOMY OF A RUPTURED LIFE
THAT SOON DESCENDED WITH A SIGH
AS THE FUNERAL VISIT STOOD "DENIED,"
AND HIS MOTHER DIED FOR NOTHING.
THREE DARK DECADES RUMBLED ON,
INSIDE A PRISON STAYED THIS CON,
FESTERING TRAUMA FROM "HEP-C,"
VENOMOUS DRUGS THAT SOON WOULD BE HIS TAINTED ENDING.
WITH A TUMOR ON HIS STOMACH LIKE A MENACING MELON,
GRANTED A PAROLE, THIS DECAYING FELON
SUCCUMBED TO THE WINDS OF ETERNITY TWO DAYS LATER.
A SCOPE OF REVELATION, ROAD TO DESTINATION,
PAINTED THE EPITAPH IN THIS QUIVERING REFLECTION OF FATE.

WALLOWING THROUGH FOG IN THIS DREADFUL EQUATION,

PORTRAITS OF SORROW, A SOBERING ELATION,

TO LET THIS BE A SIREN OF WARNING

AS WE FACE THE JUDGMENT OF LIFE EACH MORNING,

SINCE TO LIE AND STEAL IS A BAD WAY TO GO,

JUST ASK THIS GUY, HE OUGHTA KNOW.

"VOLCANIC VERSES"

As resounding trials in life unfold,
a golden message will not grow old,
will not get stale or lost in rhyme,
so goes this lightning bolt of crime
A turbulent tale, an ugly end,
a journey cut short, horrors of sin,
loving trust for a son gone astray
would seal the coffin of her last day
His phantom soul erupted in greed,
selfish wants, shallow needs,
depraved desires, rampaging Tour,
clutched in cruel arms of this
rolling war.

The challenging years became a waste,
stench of ruin, spasm of haste,
a lust for drugs, a realm hardcore,
as he ventured near the Devil's door.

While still a teen he went to jail,
a seething hate, a forlorn wail.

A fiery cloud marked his release,
a dragon's lair, a spirited fleece.

The robbery seemed an easy chore,
wicked gun, guts-N-gore,

Hardened years in prison had baited
a desperate heart of doom which mated

This treacherous villain's scheme
for more

in mad delight and thunderous roar.
 Refusing a route of resignation,
 Timid surrender, rotting stagnation,
 Trapped inside gray walls and steel,
 He found a friend and scored a deal
 that would most likely get him out
 with fumes of danger all about.

Soon paroled and on the streets
 the ex-con strove to make
 ends meet,
 a bloody state-of-mind set in,
 expecting battle to free his friend.
 Sneaking away with calloused
 fixation,
 stopped by police in a traffic
 violation,

fitting the puzzle pieces together
it was found in this foiling weather
that a killer had been snagged
and captured.

The theme of this ruse it must
be noted

was a roulette wheel where the
Warden voted

should the son be allowed to
attend the funeral

of a murdered mother while not
one official

knew the web of whispers well
concealed in this rancid den of evil.

With escorting guards at his side,
moods would be mellow since
"mom just died".

From fleeting shadows the ex-con
would run,

surprise attack, big shotgun,
un-arm both guards with wolfish
glee,

start the car and guarantee
a savory taste of freedom.

A blinding flash of struggle-N-strife,
anatomy of a ruptured life

that soon descended with a sigh
as the funeral visit stood "denied,"
and his mother died for nothing.

Three dark decades rumbled on,
inside a prison stayed this con,
festering trauma from "Hep-c,"

venomous drugs that soon would be
his tainted ending.

With a tumor on his stomach like a
menacing melon,
granted a parole, this decaying felon
succumbed to the winds of eternity
two days later.

A scope of revelation, road to
destination,
painted the epitaph in this
quivering reflection of fate.

Wallowing through fog in this
dreadful equation,
portraits of sorrow, a sobering
relation

to let this be a siren of warning
as we face the judgment of life
each morning,

since to lie and steal is a bad way to go,
just ask this guy, he oughta know.

CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE

"CALL TO DUTY"

What does this flag mean to me,
in a land both strong and free,
it started with George Washington,
our nation's roots, our loyal son.
A Bill of Rights paved the way,
our constitution saved the day,
which made this country beam with pride,
as honest heroes fought and died.
It flew in bloody battlegrounds,
standing tall in faith it found,
our patriots did not retreat,
in heated times of near defeat.
Hard challenges we had to face,
a changing world, a frantic pace,
more than two centuries we've been around,
Old Glory still flies in each of our towns,
red, white and blue, America's theme,
all fifty states were somebody's dream,
as we tackle the future together.

AUTHOR - JARVIS
DARRELL #134944

"JOHNNY'S EYES"

CRIES OF LIFE FILLED THE AIR,
A MOTHER'S JOY WITH NO COMPARE,
A CURIOUS BOY SOON WALKED AROUND,
THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF A SMALL TOWN.
TEENAGE YEARS WHICH NEVER LAST,
A YOUNG MAN'S SOUL WAS BLOOMING FAST,
HE SOUGHT TO DO HIS PART FOR PEACE,
A RAGING WAR STOPPED HILTER'S BEAST.
HE SEEN BOTH KENNEDYS THE DAY THEY FEEL,
CIVIL RIGHTS, VIETNAM, TIME WILL TELL,
HIS HAIR TURNED GREY WITH WISDOM AND AGE,
THE MEANING OF LIFE HE TRIED TO GAUGE.
MAN STOOD ON THE MOON WITH COURAGE AND PRIDE,
MERCIFUL TEARS FOR MILLIONS WHO DIED,
TALL MOUNTAINS, BLUE OCEANS, WONDERS AND SIGNS,
GOD'S GLORY WE SEE THROUGH JOHNNY'S EYES.

AUTHOR - JARVIS
DARRELL
134944

CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE

"VOICES OF REFLECTION"

By:

DARRELL JARVIS

#134944

"VOICES [REDACTED] OF REFLECTION" 1

The race of life is not of speed
but one of stealth and cunning and greed.
A rugged journey of daring and wit,
raw tests of survival where endurance
rules it.

A colorful course of evil and hate
with camouflaged curves to
enlighten one's fate.

A treacherous trail from start to end
with voices of rage and ruin and sin.
Born out of wedlock, smothered in shame,
down this stormy path a branded child came
Raised by others, amidst filth, poverty and
a mother
where excuses went unchallenged in
this festering decay.

No father or mentor to be seen,
not one adult stood between
the "betrayals and lies" which
filled the air
in this web of cold despair.

Rampant madness, a frosty chill,
no hugs or good food but always a
steal,
a theft, a cheat and "Oh, what
the heck,

here comes another welfare check..!"
The mother seldom worked since her
routine had no ending,
and to the bars she scurried just
to find cheap thrills in life,
with her spitting, fist-fights and
foul language in this calamity of
quivering strife.

Learning how to go without,
he wanted better and had no doubt
it would be him to make a change
in this world of dark disdain.

At thirteen years he went to work
a cousin's

[redacted] farm that had few perks,
forty-cents-an-hour it paid,

[redacted] a grinding theme of struggle [redacted] ^{which} mad

a desperate youth reach for more
in this foggy land of a metaphor.

One wicked day he bought a gun
with no concept of what would come
to a future full of crime and grief
with no regard and no relief
in a ballad of bloodletters and victims.

Plundering a small store on sight,
they entered fast and with delight
a partner pushed the clerk outside,
they all embarked a devil's ride.

Outlaws - N - demons in the night,
not thinking, not caring of what
was right.

When morning came, and with a sigh,
a badman whispered, "The clerk must
die...!"

They robbed her heart of hope and life
with fatal blows and stroke-of-knife
'Tis true a child of God they stole
with merciless plot and murderous
toll.

Then on yet another day,
a kidnapped man was in the way,
a gravel pit, secluded land,
he dug a grave with two bare hands
thundering down the road less travelled
as 40 years in chains unravelled
onto a melting mass of pain
with deep regrets and sinful stains
which haunt redeeming penance
of late
behind unyielding prison gates.
Four dim decades vanished fast,
Remorseful memories, cloudy past,
whose tunnel has no end in view,
bewailing battles with old dues.

No harm, no foul, no echo of tomorrow,
trapped inside this cage I dwell,
a shadowy spirit, a roaring Hell,
and forever will I languish in this
stench of dread and sorrow.

CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE

"THE DEVIL'S DEN"

- DARRELL JARVIS

#134944

"THE DEVIL'S DEN"

11

Frontier justice of mankind,

legends and lore fading with time,

skull-N-bones, a graveyard game,

fantasy, reality, always the same

sordid relation of wrong or right,

cloak-N-lagger, grim of night.

Intense illusions, furtive features,
 muffled cries, wild creatures,
 freaks - N - geeks across the yard,
 stormy visions, morals charred,
 artifacts of fortune and fate
 buried inside these prison gates,
 life of ghosts in a museum.

Sensual guards glowing with passion,
soiled souls, forbidden fashion,
for a price, she'll be nice,
greedy hands, roll the dice.

Carnal lust, primal fears,
waves of resignation,
wicked wings, taboo spell,
flames of fascination.

Highwaymen, hit-men, warnings of
strife,

dead or alive, parcels of life,

Ravenous thunder, agony and plunder,
canine predators, jungle ~~code,~~

creepy critters, spirits erode,

wolfish whims, cloudy
sensations,

where old-school honor
rarely matters.

a medley of madness, tarnished
and bold,

paranoid, schizoid, demons untold,

courage and cowardice, nefarious
needs,

lethal aggression, damaging
deeds,

low-grade, low-life,
disquieting sins,

this habitat where one
never winds.

DARRELL JARVIS #134944

Cut-throat chameleons with
no education,

6

harrowing hostilities and
exploitation,

cartoon gangsters, plastic
to the core,

recidivistic fools walk
through the door

of this dreadful empire on prison
grounds

as warehousing humans is
commonly found

to be its calloused objective.

Jekyll-N-Hyde, phantom faces,
lack of grit in all the races,
tooth-N-claw, rabid rivals,
blood-in, blood-out,
raw-dog survivals,
haunting memories, fumes of
vengeance,
as we revel in defiance
of past battles.

Caveman weapons, homemade
wines,
smuggling drugs, hustling dimes,
employees ripe with ugly [REDACTED] corruption,
rancid harvest, scars of
disruption,
no skills or trades, times are
bad,
melting minds, no rehab,
as we slip off the edge of
compassion.

Gunslingers, gladiators, challenge
of man,

spoiling destruction shadows
this land,

a gambler's wheel, savior or
sorrow,

desperados with no tomorrow,

empty purpose, evil feast,

in the belly of this beast.

Buffoons and bullies, a turbulent crew,
outcasts and outlaws, deja vu,
Jack-the-Ripper, Bonnie-N-Clyde,
Dillinger, Capone, a rumblin' ride.
Seeds of damnation, chaos and pain,
a cruel-hearted world where very
few gain
in this eclipse of decay and
dysfunction.

Misfits in a muddy culture,
rampant thieves, ruthless vultures,
wayward villains, chorus of rot,
omertà and Karma of silence.

Dregs of society, wrath of fire,
gray walls, cold steel, dirty
desires,
shallow redemption, angry
addiction,
as the rawhide winds of
destiny turn more
savage.

David and Goliath, brutal and tragic,
 hard-charging tale, myth or magic,
 degenerate RIFFRAFF serpents and mice,
 skid-row rebels who really aren't
 nice,
 ignorance and arrogance, echoes of
 disaster,
 intellect and respect, voices
 seldom mastered,
 diminished capacity, rough stones
 in life,
 as eternity draws ever closer.

Rituals and religions, mysteries 13
in time,

Cain and Abel, riddle or rhyme,
foggy roads that drama knows
well,

be it Heaven or be it Hell.

Old man, broken man, [REDACTED]
skeltons of rust,
pangs of death, mortals of dust,

and fresh lambs entering have
no clue

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] as this infernal
plague of darkness subtly
surrounds them.