

COVER PAGE.

Title: ACROSTIC PRISON POEMS.

This is an "Acrostic Poem Book" written by me, a lifer in prison. All poems come from my heart, no matter terrible or good!

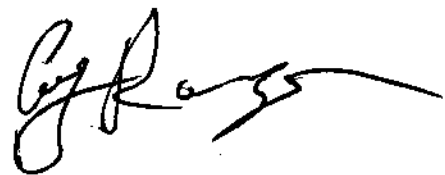
This is my 3rd Book that I have written since (1996). I have two Spiritual Poem Books also, to read them search Title: Prayer Poems and Psalms from Prison and/or A Spiritual Poem Book, Author: Cory Runge, on WWW.PrisonsFoundation.org.

Please Enjoy.

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THE WILD BLUE SKY.

**T**he wind blowing softly, like a determined lover's caress,  
**H**ither I wish always to dwell, always feeling blessed.  
**E**gos flaring in their own self fulfilling wants and desires,

**W**hite hot burning's, there is nothing to quench the fires.  
**I**nvoing this wonderful earth to spin on its unseen axis,  
**L**ayers of invisible bonds held together by thread from the flax.  
**D**aytime, nighttime, moods that may never have an end,

**B**ibles, Marking's, past rituals stating this was all a Godsend.  
**L**ively colors, flowers, beings that can and will boggle the mind,  
**U**niversal harmony, when will this I finally find.  
**E**venings of leisure after the stress and pain seep in,

**S**afaris every day, just starting from beginning to end.  
**K**nowledge slipping by with just the blink of an eye,  
**Y**ou and I are just passing through, do we dare ask why?

Cory Runge

#P-04047

CYCLES OF THE MIND.

C colors, movement, balance, smells, are we as human as we want,  
Y outhfulness, the aged, this life seems just a humorless taunt.  
C ircles, lines, squares, does this have any meaning at all,  
L ost loves, death, are we all just waiting for the fall.  
E lusive thoughts that seem just too far to grasp,  
S ins entered into easily, take a look at your own past.

O fficials ruling others, they believe the orders came from above,  
F or all its worth, does anyone really know unassuming love.

T he tentacles of faith weaving in and out of our lives,  
H atchet men for the rich, they are the ones who wield knives.  
E arnestly seeking help for the confusion circling all about,

M aking amends to our Higher Power, will this daunt the stout.  
I ncreasing troubles, suffering seeping right through,  
N ow I need to lay down, I don't think I have anything to do,  
D rowning in my own thoughts, do you have this problem too?

Cory Runge

#P-04047

## THE BREATH OF LIFE.

**T**eachers showing the way, so we might learn the tools for survival,  
**H**ealings, fellowship, thinking of all the past revivals.  
**E**nduring criticism for beliefs that were pressed into our souls,  
  
**B**elieving in the Good Word, if you dare be so humbling and bold.  
**R**eaching out to your enemies with a gesture of peace,  
**E**ach and every soul needing their own lives to be bleached.  
**A**taining strength and wisdom through our mortal deeds,  
**T**he truth can kill you, the truth can make you bleed.  
**H**aving visions of goodness snatched from your grasp,  
  
**O**ffering answers, only to hear the cruel hurtful laughs.  
**F**orever fighting for the spark of life that seems out of reach,  
  
**L**ives in a cell, struggling to be free but there is no breach.  
**I**ntensified feelings that keep growing stronger day by day,  
**F**orever, rejection is the price that is paid,  
**E**vening comes, it seems we are always looking for a better way.

Cory Runge

GUARDIANS OF LOVE.

G uarding the people who have faith and believe,  
U nderstanding the human heart, unable to deceive.  
A ngels swarming, taking orders from the voice far above,  
R eaching out their majestic wings, encircling us with love.  
D emanding our trust, now is that really too much to ask,  
I nsuring the safety of our souls, theirs is the hardest task.  
A nger and fear and envy have no place to roam,  
N ever understanding life, Heaven is our true home.  
S isters and Brothers, struggling through this pre-made life,

O thers trying to intervene, losing their place with strife.  
F orever watching for the things that don't really exist,

L <sup>l</sup>oving people helping you, only these have made the list.  
O ver and over, saying thank you to people you don't even know,  
V erily He told us, you will reap what you sow,  
E veryone should just be themselves, forget the fake show.

BIRDS FLYING HIGH.

**B** eating wings that sound like claps of thunder from above,  
**I** nteresting chirps and whistles, could they be the sounds of love.  
**R** iding the air currents just like the master acrobats,  
**D** iving, twisting and turning, always looking out for cats.  
**S** oaring through the air with a freedom humans will never know,

**F** lapping, flapping, flapping, always on the go.  
**L** ooking so majestic floating on the very thin air,  
**Y** ou'll be amazed, they look as if they have no cares.  
**I** magine if you could fly, what would you do,  
**N** othing would hinder you, nothing could stop you.  
**G** oing wherever you want, seeing things no one else could,

**H** eavenly places, just too wonderful, if you would.  
**I** ngenious little creatures that fill us with wonder and want,  
**G** reat soaring's great distances, in our dreams, there they will haunt.  
**H** earing and seeing these wonderful creatures is a blessing from above.

Cory Runge

OUTLANDISH ACTIONS.

**O** utcasts with odd and bizarre behaviors,  
**U** ttering and mumbling unintelligible words,  
**T** houghts tumbling around in the mind, how awkward.  
**L** onesome and listless, is this what they deserve.  
**A** gitated and apprehensive at any movement or sound,  
**N** owhere to turn, he tries to hide from the light,  
**D** epressed and frantic, nobody wants him around.  
**I** gnored by society, they just want him out of sight.  
**S** uch a unique person, discarded with vile contempt,  
**H** umiliated and hurt, he tries to conceal his feelings,

**A** bandoned and attacked, it is his soul that is rent.  
**C** autious and aloof in all of his dealings.  
**T** ormented with evil thoughts, brought on with just a word,  
**I** ngenious acts, come and go, here and there,  
**O** verwhelmed and dispirited, to him life is absurd,  
**N** auseated with distress, no one really cares.  
**S** ullen and hopeless, will he ever be cured.

Cory Runge



WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

W eather, currents, ice caps, things that make the world go around,  
B eaving with tremendous force, gravity pulling everything down.  
E verywhere you look you see the horrendous effects of life,  
N owhere to turn and run, our ruin is rife.

W orlds spinning and traveling through time and space,  
O ther galaxies exploding, taking their rightful place.  
R umers being thrown around, nothing is known for sure,  
L ast ditch efforts, everyone is looking for a cure.  
D ifferent tongues preventing any real solutions,  
S cientists with all their degrees can't even stop pollution.

C ollisions are about to happen to which no one can stop,  
O ff goes the space shuttle before it gets too hot.  
L ive as if tomorrow will never find its way through,  
L ove each other now, if its the last thing you do.  
I ndecision is what brought all this trouble upon us,  
D eviating from the original plan will get us all crushed,  
E nd the war, end pollution, end hunger, or go bust.

Cory Runge

## CRUMPLED UP LETTERS.

Cries for help, voicing the wrongs seen so close,  
Remembering your own pain, that's what hurts the most.  
Unwanted feelings forcing the pen to write,  
Mentally keeping track of things kept out of sight.  
People coming, people going, would you care to call them a friend,  
Laughing, crying, sharing memories, old scars start to mend.  
Evidence doesn't always show the wrong that's been done,  
Delivering a verdict, some you lost, some you won.

Unpublished words refusing to give up the truth,  
People denying their wrongs until it has eaten their youth.

Letters to people, friends, churches, looking for a way out,  
Enchanting thoughts you peel from your mind, always with doubt.  
Teachers that taught you may have thought they did good,  
Trying experiments to help them whenever they could.  
Entering traps set by hunters of the very clever mind,  
Return to sender, in my mailbox, this is all I ever find,  
Sensing there has been a serious crime.

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DROWNING IN SORROW.

D epression, anxiety, false hope, desperation,  
R ummaging around in my mind for an incantation.  
O wner of all the wrongs floating through my thoughts,  
W ishing for an end, that this living hell has wrought.  
N othing seems to soothe this tired withered soul,  
I gniting furious thoughts and dreams in a vivid scenario.  
N oting the times, the changes, the inflated age,  
G oing mad, going insane, I must turn the page.

I nstagating violence at every turn in the road,  
N othing can stop the end, each of us forebode<sup>l</sup>

S apping the strength from my bones and my heart,  
O nce again the terrible hatred and anger starts.  
R owing my boat into and through the gates of hell,  
R emembering hurtful memories, on these I must dwell.  
O ffering worship and prayers to my Higher Power above,  
W anting to experience and know, real, true, love.

A COMPOSITION FROM THE HEART.

Angels awaiting orders to fetch the chosen ones,

Commandments broken, few obeyed, the selection has begun.

On going prayers, they never stop, night and day.

Many of us already knew we might have to pay.

Promises of love and fellowship we hold in our hearts,

Onward we struggle, hoping God's love will not depart.

Singing praises to our Higher Power, humming a lovely tune,

Instant forgiveness we have, it keeps us all from ruin.

Tremendous love and kindness, only once has it been seen before,

In the Holy Bible it states, if you knock, opened will be the door.

Onerous I am, for my human self is so very weak,

Now I close my eyes and it is God whom I seek.

Forever with me through happy, sad, bad, and good,

Reminiscing through my memories, did or do I shun evil as I should.

Over and over I pray for guidance, help, and understanding,

Moments of truth and honesty and love is what this brings

Teacher help me, show me The way I must go,

Help me to understand, help me to grow.

Evil beckons me and always try's to turn me away,

Help me stay strong, help me fight the good fight until that day.

Each and every morning, noon, and night, I study your word,

Achieving solace is what I am granted, after I have heard.

Remember me please, when the time to gather begins,

Then, please, wipe away all of my dirty sins.

PATHETIC PATTERN OF SPACE.

Pot holes, cracks, voids, that are un-filled in this life,  
Attitudes adding to the destruction, adding to the strife.  
Timelessness is just a question in many peoples minds,  
Helplessness is just an answer a weak person will find.  
Emptiness is a longing hole that just won't be filled,  
Temperatures rising, waiting for the heart to be healed.  
Ingenious whispering's that just don't make any sense,  
Crouching and prowling, taking peeks through the fence.

Poor, lonely, degraded souls wait their time to hatch,  
Anarchy slipping through, waiting to peel the patch.  
The tiniest of molecules making the largest bombs,  
Tiny little whistles blowing, hardly a serious alarm.  
Entering the inner spaces, the only place left to turn,  
Ruins, all those kind and good people left to burn.  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, you sit down and cry,

Of all the planning and things to do, you left out having to die.  
For now I'll just stare at the walls and keep my feet on the floor,

Suppose all of this isn't real and there's something real behind the door.  
Perhaps someday the chance will offer itself to me,  
And I will race across the dividing lines just to see.  
Come to me the voices keep calling, but no one is to be found,  
Enigmas, untruths, are these the things we should crown.

GENOCIDE WITHOUT THOUGHT

G eography means little to someone who is a mastermind,  
E arning rewards for killing, these are truths we find.  
N o one is safe from the pen or the cameras eye,  
O nce you have been marked, it might be time to die.  
C ocaine, weed, pills, the government gets rich in the end,  
I ncreasing hostilities, arrests, this is what is rent.  
D ubious actions taken by the super powers that be,  
E vidence at times will lie, take a look you'll see.

W ithholding from the poor, and giving to the rich,  
I ncreasing miscalculations, covered up without a hitch.  
T estimonials discredited because its the only way out,  
H otels, brothels, never thinking, too conceited to rout.  
O thers never cross the mind, some people only think of themselves,  
U nder the tissue is a beating heart that has been put on a shelf.  
T omorrow is just another day, lets see what it will bring,

T ogether, if we stand firm and close, we will hear the eagle sing.  
H oping, always hoping, will there always be no end,  
O ut through the clouds, we can only hope for a God send.  
U glyness and hate and pain will be no more,  
G iant cleansing waves will wash this earth's shores.  
H appy will be that day, when common folk don't have to pay,  
T he second time said, will we just let tomorrow just be another day?

Cory Runge

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MISCHIEF FOR A MISFIT.

Moving through the shadows like an owl looking for pray,  
Instigating trouble all night and even in the day.  
Searching for that easy score, without any rest,  
Circling the neighborhoods, it's peoples awareness you test.  
Having a good time, living off other peoples pain,  
Ignorant to the suffering, believing its only a game.  
Efforts to stop or slow you down, have all failed,  
Finally a reprieve to society, you are thrown in jail.

Fortune has turned its face, you trip and you fall,  
Others have family but you realize you have no one to call.  
Ranting and raving, you vehemently deny your sins,

Another bus comes, another bus goes, all who look at you grin.

Mistakes have been made, even after chances to go straight,  
Insisting its not your fault, boy that really takes the cake.  
Selfish desires, for things you've never had, show through,  
First a misdemeanor than a felony, on these, they try you.  
Insults thrown around as if this were the way of life,  
Tomorrow you'll wake-up in prison and realize your strife.

OLD HOUSES ON A HILL.

O dd, looking around the old neighborhood, nothing looks the same,  
L adies walking laps around the block, this I cannot set blame.  
D irt and dust has settled where the water runoff used to be,

H ouses up on top of a hill, this is what I came to see.  
O range, blue, white, brown, there are many colors to choose from,  
U sed appliances and old cars littering the yards, this was dumb.  
S hades drawn so the nosy neighbors cannot get a look inside,  
E yes getting used to the gloom, this the body will abide.  
S oil still good even though many years have come and gone,

O thers wishing they had their own house, even for the old they long.  
N oting the numbers placed on the sides of the houses,

A note to one self, they will be destroyed, as a cat to a mouse.

H appy times were once here, I can almost feel it in the air,  
I ndeed with aging, I am at a loss, I can only stare.  
L ove would have held these old homes together without stress of strain,  
L oving memories of my old home, this is the reason I came!

Cory Runge



EMOTIONAL OUTBURST.

**E** nraged by the world and the view of those very few,  
**M** others wondering why their children do the things they do.  
**O** ther people crowding in, wanting to put on a show of their own,  
**T** omorrow the earth will be littered with their broken bones.  
**I** ntentions misdirected, fueling fires that need not be fueled,  
**O** missions finally put on record to defend the harsh and cruel.  
**N** o one understands the hatred and they leave the curtains closed,  
**A** ll they do is give the finger and snub their nose.  
**L** aughing at the terror printed each day in the news,

**O** utcasts, the homeless, runaways, do you think they feel used.  
**U** tter destruction, it seems the ultimate goal might be,  
**T** omorrow we might wake up, will it be too late to see.  
**B** orrowed time may be the only thing we still have left,  
**U** nder the rubble and debris, will there be a living nest.  
**R** emember the past, the future won't be too far behind,  
**S** isters and brothers, will there be any left to find,  
**T** rusting, obeying, is like running through a field that's been mined.

Cory Runge

THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.

**T**he tender memories carried in the heart of the mind,  
**H**appy feelings and love are always so easy to find.  
**E**arning the trust of a child seems the hardest thing to do,

**A**lways having a mind of their own, always mimicking you.  
**P**leasing you with just a laugh and a smile on their face,  
**P**eople of the future, they will be those who start the new race.  
**L**ife turning so fast, the years just going right on by,  
**E**ntering their teens, this is when you want to yell and cry.

**O**ff they go to college to get a degree or two,  
**F**orever sending cards and always calling you.

**H**appy are the holidays, returning home to share their love,  
**I**nsisting in your own thoughts, that you were blessed from above.  
**S**haring love from the heart, which is stronger than anything on earth,

**E**njoying life, and thanking Heaven for their birth.  
**Y**es all parents are very proud of the children they raise,  
**E**ngineering life deserves, no demands great praise.

DOING LIFE IN A CELL.

**D**rawing curtains over your mind, for the things you want to miss,  
**O**thers running around initiating bad deals that seem to have a twist.  
**I**nserting repetitive notions upon the stressed out brain,  
**N**othing would have prepared you, for everything and nothing is the same.  
**G**uarding your feelings and emotions, not lending them to anyone,

**L**eaving nothing out of your thoughts, one is gone, one just begun.  
**I**ntimidations with just the nod of the head or the wave of the arm,  
**F**orever wondering, will today be the day to defend against harm.  
**E**mbracing the warmth of the sun and a nice strong wind,

**I**tems that just cannot be held in an overflowing bin.  
**N**ow you want to do good and right but now its just too late,

**A**nother burst of anger builds, yes, even a flash of hate.

**C**orners and walls seem to keep getting smaller and smaller,  
**E**nough is enough your mind screams, you've been collared.  
**L**ife will either be a beginning or a definite end,  
**L**ife in prison is hell, on this observation I will not bend!

Cory Runge

WALKING ON THE WRONG SIDE.

Wandering's that make no sense and have no rhyme nor reason,  
Always thinking of new dreams, could this be an act of treason.  
Laughing at jokes that are just not funny anymore,  
Kingspins riding high, having no thought of work or doing chores.  
Ignighting terror in the minds of all the little sheep,  
Noting the signs of the times, knowing, nothing can we keep.  
Going astray before learning our own good self worth,  
  
On go the fighting's and killings, fires always burning in the hearth.  
Never truly learning right from wrong or good from bad,  
  
The human beast lives on, now isn't that very, very, sad.  
Hiding in corners of the mind that you never knew existed before,  
Entering into hell just by opening that one fatal door.  
  
White, black, yellow, brown, just what does it all mean,  
Riots and killings, things we are used to, things we have all seen.  
On goes the troops, breaking through the enemy's defences,  
Nothing will stop them, not even understanding their differences.  
Gangs thinking and even believing they are doing the right thing,  
  
States in an uproar, teaching them, showing them what it will bring.  
I turn from the evil, trying to see if even I could win,  
Dividing lines, you don't see them, they are so very thin,  
Ending lives so that the next generation might begin.

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SYMPHONY OF THE HEART.

**S**igns of beauty and love in a luscious mellow haze,  
**Y**oung love, strong like oak with a true finish of glaze.  
**M**oves that are unsure but the soul has a mind of its own,  
**P**uppy's kittens, doves, you savor these forever, its not just a loan,  
**H**aving thoughts of goodness that never seems to cease,  
**O**pening up and sharing, to which there is never a decrease.  
**N**ever getting angry or upset towards the love in your life,  
**Y**ou will then know harmony and peace which will always be rife.

**O**missions of all your help and all your good deeds,  
**F**ound is the meaning of humble, through all the weeds.

**T**raining the eyes to turn from all the evil ways,  
**H**ealings, love, fellowship, where are those lost days.  
**E**arning respect from fellow workers and your friends,

**H**earing praises of honor, the welcoming hand is lent.  
**E**ars ringing with the very soft voices of wonderful joy,  
**A**rteries pounding, its just too overwhelming to play coy.  
**R**emembering past loves, images that could easily drive you mad,  
**T**omorrow is a new day, stay strong, be happy, be glad.

Cory Runge

## WASTING AWAY

W hitewashed walls, steel, and concrete,  
A nimals in a jungle fighting for the top seat.  
S tretching the imagination as far as it will go,  
T rying to stay alive but who knows.  
I nsomnia strikes just when you think you can let go,  
N othing going right, this you feel, this you know.  
G oing nowhere fast, you sink lower in your chair,

A nger, anxiety, depression, and yes even fear.  
W ashing your hands hoping all the dirt will wash away,  
A lways, evil lurking, someday you will have to pay,  
Y ou lay down on your bed and dread another day.

## A BEDTIME STORY

A nother day loses its light, now it turns to night,

B ed, pajamas, sleepiness, I cannot and will not fight.  
E ars attuned to the night sounds, I hear a cricket outside,  
D reams come easy, on big fluffy clouds I ride.  
T ime and space merge together in a strange embrace,  
I mages flashing beneath my eyelids as if their in a race.  
M emories show up once in awhile, just to say hello,  
E verything, everybody, comes together in a soft hazy glow.

S tories come to life, some are old, some have just begun,  
T rying to manipulate the outcome is a great deal of fun.  
O n go the ships, trains, horses, planes, and even some cars,  
R ocking slowly until your eyes close and you start to see stars.  
Y ou try to remember your dreams when you wake, if your not quick,  
your too late.

Cory Runge

I

I turn off my light and make all things dark,  
I dwell on past memories and try to pick them apart.

I look at the world around me and see evil, hate, and pain,  
I also notice the beauty, the oceans, waterfalls, cleansing rain.

I have sinned and yes I have done some good,  
I see the straight and crooked roads, do I turn as I should.

I offer all my prayers to my Higher Power above,  
I pray others may see into my heart and witness true love.

I try to understand wisdom so knowledge might come to me,  
I try to understand knowledge so wisdom might let me see.

I turned from my evil ways, I'm making my life anew,  
I know I could never have done it without you.

## I CANNOT

I cannot change life's journey or foretell the ending complete,  
I cannot know true love until that very special woman I meet.  
I cannot hide my feelings, I must release what is on my mind,  
I cannot make it right, nor wrong, but it is truth you'll find.  
I cannot share my love with just anyone passing by,  
I cannot see the soul but I must see strength and goodness in the eyes.  
I cannot force or make anyone to show kindness to one another,  
I cannot hide my affections for my sisters and my brothers.  
I cannot know mortal love again, until that time finds me at last,  
I cannot pray hard enough, that time may come to pass.



LIVING IN DARKNESS.

L ight gives warmth and darkness makes cold the soul,  
I nitiating trouble is why I am in hell I'm told.  
V isiting the sins and wrongs on generations to come,  
I magining my past life, did I ever really have any fun.  
N othing seems right anymore, did I miss the last stop,  
G one are the schools, the computers, here come the cops.

I nside my mind, fireworks light up the shadows,  
N umb from the pain, my brain has been rattled.

D rained and useless are the thoughts I try to build,  
A rriving at midnight are all the medieval guild.  
R ight and wrong have no meaning in this life,  
K indness and giving has only led to terrible strife.  
N ever will my choices amount to much,  
E ager to leave this world is a wish I clutch.  
S orrow and pain fills the void in my empty heart,  
S uicide is left, but I'm fighting for a new start!

Cory Runge

## THE ALPHABET.

A bstracts of thoughts weaving themselves on the brink,  
B asic teachings, there must be some kind of link.  
C louds obscuring the velvety blue you wish to see,  
D emands placed upon you, can't they just leave you be.  
E arning abuse for the good deeds you have done,  
F orever running a race, no one will know who won.  
G reat aspirations coming and going like the wind,  
H elp is on the way, this He promised He would send.  
I magining a different life, not the one that has passed,  
J ust having a daydream, I pray and wish they would last.  
K nowledge loosing its hold as old age sinks into the soul,  
L urking around searching for it but only feeling the empty hole.  
M oney was and is the power, where did it all go wrong,  
N ow everyone airs their life's woes and sings their own tired songs.  
O ppression everywhere, must we have this so we might live,  
P eople not caring any longer, acting like babies' just out of the crib!  
Q uestions asked, and for answers we only receive lies,  
R estrictions on life, we have learned this will cause the young to die.  
S ystems breaking down, new ones being put in their place,  
T omorrow we promise to warm up before we start on life's race.  
U nder the strength of a Higher Power, we place all of our trust,  
V erily, verily, we are told to believe, on this matter we must.  
W aiting for time to tell the truth, this we know for sure,  
X-rays traveling through us, to check if our hearts are pure.  
Y ears floating by without a thought to the troubles of life,  
Z en, we should seek so we might dull the edge of the knife.

Cory Runge

ATTEMPT AT SOLACE.

**A**nger and hatred will often attack my mind,  
**T**hese thoughts never leave me, this I find.  
**T**errible, evil, hellish thoughts, all of them are,  
**E**mpty and drained I feel and I know there's a scar.  
**M**anaging to hide them or cover them takes real strength,  
**P**sychiatrists, doctors, my family, to these I give thanks.  
**T**rampling and treading through my brain like an obstacle course,

**A**ttempting to clear my mind will sometimes make things worse.  
**T**ogether with help from my Higher Power, some relief I feel,

**S**ilence, music, photos, letters, this is what keeps me real.  
**O**ccasionally, for an instant, I'll be granted a reprieve,  
**L**aughing, the voices and pain rush back and bring me to my knees.  
**A**nother day fighting, trying to gulp breaths of fresh air,  
**C**lemency, release, freedom, I wish for, if I dare,  
**E**veryone around me staring , exuding a typical fear.

Cory Runge

THE CHOSEN FEW.

**T**eams of brothers & sisters banding together for a good true cause,  
**H**ighly notable and unique, even the best stop to give pause.  
**E**nriching lives and kind to those whom you meet,

**C**apable, prominent, extraordinary, these are no easy feat.  
**H**umble is a trait very few can or will find,  
**O**thers depending on others, their lives will be entwined.  
**S**uccess and happiness will be your guiding light,  
**E**arnestly you welcome good and shun evil with all your might.  
**N**oteworthy will be your achievements and the goals you reach,

**F**ortunate will be those very few you decide to teach.  
**E**nlightened, you relax, you know you've given it your best,  
**W**alking worthy, holding your head high, you know you've been blessed.

Cory Runge

SADNESS HAUNTS ME.

S adness and worry fill my soul with dread,  
A ll day long, the voices swimming around in my head.  
D epression seeps in and will not let me go,  
N eedless fear and anxiety will begin to show.  
E ndless taunts and jeers mocking me to no end,  
S leep eludes me, I fall to my knees and my cloths I rend.  
S till I struggle and fight for a breath of fresh air,  
  
H ating this life but looking into my heart, I know I still care.  
A nswers to questions I've always been afraid to ask,  
U nwanted trinkets, except for my favorite mask.  
N o one sees the truth, deception is on call for the day,  
T ormented, wronged, damaged, is there any other way to pay.  
S uicidal ideations floating all over the place,  
  
M ean and miserable, you can see the uneasy look on my face,  
E xhausted and desperate to stay in the human race.

Cory Runge

## TRUDGING FORWARD.

**So sad:** Birds dropping from the sky, the sound of their little body's peppering the ground like gunfire, the steam rising, the last visage that a soul was once housed in its downy shell, now waiting to fertilize Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** Never ending rain, black with soot and radiation, tiny little bombs killing and burning wherever they strike, flowers, trees, animals, even soil, melting, falling over, puddling on the heated Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** Rusted hulks of metal strewn everywhere, cars, bikes, tractors, flakes of metal falling to the ground like dandruff, the powdered metallic dust returning from whence it came, Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** The rising stench of acid, floating through the air, trying to choke the life out of all beings it meets, A beautiful array of colors but now the permanent sharp acrid odors of Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** Lost souls creeping around, burn marks on their skin where the acid rain has touched them, their insides twisting with bitter cold and hunger, searching for anything they can get in the mounds of melting and burning trash that now litters this Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** Body's still lying where they have fallen, a man, a woman, a child, limbs fused together like a melted candle, a bizarre expression on the bleached skulls crumbling into powder, to mingle with this Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** War machines carrying militia to another planet, leaving a trail of deceit, false promises, and lies, to the civilians left dying on this Earth's Exterior.

**So sad:** Earth has become extinct long before its time; now that the forces and powers have left, after their destruction and abuse, the only chance for survival will be in this Earth's Interior.

Cory Runge

A LIST OF WAYS TO DIE.

A nacondas are a huge snake that can squeeze the life out of you,

L izards of the komodo type secrete poison when they chew.

I ll tempered rhinos will charge you if they get a chance,

S corpions are very deadly, with their tail they can lance.

T igers are huge, with fast reflexes and real sharp teeth,

O rca is a killer whale and a person would be a small feast.

F rogs have poisonous skin, if you dare to lick one,

W arthogs will jab at you with their tusks, it'll only look like fun.

A nts, the red army type, will gang up, attack and devour,

Y elling won't stop a wolf pack, they'll chase you for hours.

S harks are dangerous, they'll eat you if they can,

T ornados are as much alive as animals, they will kill where they land.

O ffspring of a jackal will crush your bones with their jaws,

D iamond-back rattlers will strike at anything, they have no laws.

I nstigating the wrath of an elephant would not be wise to do,

E ll's carry an electric charge, they can and will shock you.

Cory Runge

THE THOUGHTS OF A MAD MAN

**T** winking little beady eyes, a sharp pointed beard to match,  
**H** aving problems sleeping, dreaming of troubles to hatch.  
**E** nding every sentence with a long slur of the voice,

**T** rains, dogs barking, whispers, just can't seem to rid the noise.  
**H** omburg tilted on the head like a fifties gangster,  
**O** utgrowth of pure evil, no longer is he a prankster.  
**U** mbras building in the deepest dark corner of the night,  
**G** usts of mayhem slicing through the hearts, with great fright.  
**H** orrible dimensions, twisting around, this way and that,  
**T** horns pressing holes through the skin, I pondered and sat.  
**S** luring words right after the bright red beat has ended,

**O** utnumbering the good, entwined, they all start to blend.  
**F** risking the mind to see if anything has been missed,

**A** berrations have been running amok, send them a kiss.

**M** eddlings that really have no rhyme nor reason,  
**A** nticlimactically dying, surely this is pure raw disease.  
**D** aunting powers traveling through the veins of a weathered soul,

**M** an made trinkets excite him not, he wants to fulfill his goal.  
**A** nother day, slithering through his hellish thoughts,  
**N** othing seems to stop them, in his own web he is caught.

Cory Runge

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Cory Runge



## MY LIFE IN A NUTSHELL

Moments of laughter, moments of heartache and turmoil,  
You live as best you can then your buried under six feet of soil.

Life can be good with lots of good memories to last,  
Intiment relationships have been formed, the die has been cast.  
Forever wishing that you had done quite a bit more,  
Eternal life, does anyone really know what's in store.

I watch for true love to show itself to me,  
No one wants to help, no one want's to set me free.

Arrows pointing to roads that travel this way and that,

Never knowing is what scares you, you hear the thunder clap.  
Under it all lays a true heart of pure gold,  
Trusting, sharing, love, joy, these are what you want to hold.  
Sentimental feelings flowing through your loving soul.  
Hopeful that your feelings are accepted as true,  
Enthusiastic fellowship will in turn find you.  
Little did I know how wondrous life can really be,  
Love, calmness, hopefulness, trust, all these you'll see.

Cory Runge

BEHOLDING TRUE BEAUTY.

Breathtaking beauty, exciting and thrilling to behold,  
Enchanted feelings of love begin to grow.  
Heavenly Angels sing songs about your tremendous love,  
Other feelings of grace I feel coming from above.  
Lots and lots of beautiful flowers dancing in the wind,  
Dandelions, begonias, daffodils, dahlias, there is no end.  
Ingenious life forms that have never before been seen,  
Nutmeg, clove, ginger, cinnamon, all so keen.  
Granite and marble, rocks to be admired,

Trees like redwood and oak and the lesser for the fire.  
Rubies, diamonds, jade, very beautiful stones,  
Under waterfalls, under the ocean, just let your mind roam.  
Everywhere you look is a good and precious sight,

Beauty and love in your life is your indelible right.  
Every breath of air keeps life flowing through your veins,  
Air, wind, water, fire, the sun, things that cannot be tamed.  
Untold riches still waiting to be uncovered,  
These are all treasures granted to us you discover,  
Yielding to beautiful thoughts and feelings as a lover.

Cory Runge

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

I nstant rush of adrenaline, coursing through your veins,  
N othing can stop you once you overcome the pain.

T eachers of war sharing their knowledge and devious tricks with you,  
H ealth and well being put on the line because of what you do.  
E vil surrounds your soul and tries to steal your wind,

H eated arguments, you know your right, you will defend.  
E verywhere you turn is an enemy with a familiar face,  
A ttack, retreat, attack, retreat, who will win this race.  
T rouble always looking for you, is there anyplace to hide,

O thers don't think or care, their just along for the ride.  
F ailure is not an option, you must win or die trying,

B attle in the fields, where all of our children are dying.  
A nother day in hell, all I am trying to do is survive,  
T he match has started, fight for your life or take a dive.  
T errible carnage lay strewn all about inside your mind,  
L ove, hate, waste, overabundance, their all connected you find,  
E veryone knows we are running out of time!

Cory Runge

TRYING TO FORGET THE PAST.

Tossing and turning throughout another sleepless night,  
Remembering things that you tried to forget with all your might.  
Yielding to the forces that are impossible to foresee,  
Imagining the worst scenarios wherever you might be.  
No matter how hard you try, there just seems to be no end,  
Going mad, going insane, right to the core these rend.

Terrible thoughts overriding all the good you thought you had,  
Often I have to tell myself, I am good, I am kind, I am not bad.

Fighting for air when you feel like you're drowning in the past,  
Of all the memories, it seems the bad ones are the ones that last.  
Rummaging around in closets you honestly thought were locked,  
Gasping at straws, always wondering if you've been caught.  
Earning the respect you always believed you already had,  
Treating your friends the way you were treated, then you get mad.

Tomorrow brings new memories, hopefully pleasant, hopefully good,  
How could anyone live this hell and still live the way you should?  
Ending this nightmare seems just too far out of reach,

People acting opposite, is anyone qualified to teach.  
Another bad dream to keep me company through another night,  
Sermons, rituals, prayers, will I ever be allowed to see the light,  
Tomorrow is another day, God willing, I'll regain my sight.

Cory Runge

THE WOES OF A PASSING LIFE.

Tides washing the shores, this will go on forever, day after day,  
Homeliest thoughts drift in and out, will this be the only way.  
Endings coming closer and closer, some you welcome some you abhor,

Wondering where you will go? Are you sure there is a door.  
Others raising families that will never win the race you've started,  
Even with technology, they'll only win after you have departed.  
Saving and hoarding things that cannot follow in the end,

Offering praise will guarantee you life, this you will defend.  
Forever looking for the parts that have never been found,

Another day passing, pretty soon we will all be in the ground.

Poise, Grace, Honor, dignity, these you want to be remembered for,  
Assuming you have paid the price, and have given to the poor.  
Stress and worry seep in like a broken water main,  
Seeking strength to carry on and not cause anyone pain.  
Indulging in the good life before it is time to go,  
Nothing really matters if you think about it, That's the show.  
Growing older and older, science cannot stop the end,

Life being drained away slowly, time will rend.  
Inveighing the anger because you want more time to dwell,  
Feverish ramblings that might just lead you through hell,  
Endings coming swiftly until there is nothing left to fulfill.

Cory Runge

STRUGGLING THROUGH LIFE.

**S**tress, anxiety, worry, why does life have to be so hard,  
**T**rying to trust anyone is like gambling on that one black jack card.  
**R**unning around all day, just trying to make ends meet,  
**U**rging yourself on, it has to be done, you just can't cheat.  
**G**rabbing for the brass ring but only falling hard instead,  
**G**oing through the motions, not even wanting to get out of bed.  
**L**istening for tips that may or may not even exist,  
**I**ntending to do one thing, then forgetting, then you get pissed.  
**N**othing seems to work sometimes and you wonder what's going on,  
**G**rumbling doesn't help, sometimes you wonder if you even belong?

**T**hrough all these troubles and trials you still stand tall,  
**H**ard work and patience is what's needed and you just might not fall.  
**R**emembering the good times, hoping they will carry you through,  
**O**nward you strive, you know its the only thing you can do.  
**U**gly is the work sometimes but you make due with what you got,  
**G**reat is the feeling of receiving that first paycheck, it seems a lot.  
**H**olding on with both hands, hoping you will not fall,

**L**ife is good sometimes, really its a judgment call.  
**I** am trying with all my strength to do the best I can,  
**F**orever hoping for peace and rest when it gets towards the end,  
**E**veryone needs hope, this I will always defend.

Cory Runge

SAME "O" SONG AND DANCE.

S lamming a cold one, breathing in the fresh air,  
A nother long hard day dodging trouble, I must beware.  
M arnings from the past, telling us what the future will hold,  
E veryone surrounding me, I feel so lonely and cold.

O ver and over again I search for the missing link,

S omewhere in the darkness it dwells, lower and lower it sinks.  
O ngoing love and hate relationships stumble and fall,  
N othing seems right anymore, evil is having a ball.  
G rowing tired and weary of the same "o" song and dance,

A nother mission fails, the dark side wins romance.  
N ever ending story, day in and day out, I watch,  
D ividing lines crossed, in his gun he carves another notch.

D ancing to old music that does not play anymore,  
A ncient antiques and valuables crashing to the floor.  
N owhere to go, nothing to do, you bow your head and pray,  
C hance, luck, karma, you'll take it any way,  
E vening starts to overwhelm another day.

Cory Runge

## PESSIMISTIC VIEWS.

**P** eople failing, feeling vulnerable and violated,  
**E** mpty, embarrassed, humiliated and exasperated.  
**S** ad, isolated, undesirable, useless and abnormal,  
**S** ullen, stressed, loveless, worthless, and suicidal.  
**I** nsolent, intimidated, cheated, confused and irritated,  
**M** ortified, shamed, uneasy, chaotic, crazy and aggravated.  
**I** nvalidated, miserable, detached, desperate and caged,  
**S** ick, silent, wounded, nauseated and betrayed.  
**T** errified, insecure, hopeless, hateful and frantic,  
**I** nadequate, crushed, berated, bad and idiotic.  
**C** astrated, depressed, taunted, weary and invaded,  
  
**V** icious, misled, restless, retarded, and agitated.  
**I** nsulted, persecuted, shaky, unworthy and ignorant,  
**E** xhausted, erratic, useless, resigned and irrelevant.  
**W** orthless, rejected, injured, numb and agitated,  
**S** lapped, used, hurt, edgy, cornered and humiliated.

Cory Runge



CAPABLE THOUGHTS.

Calm, amused, energized and grateful,  
Accepted, competent, determined and successful.  
Proud, content, awesome and sensitive,  
Amazed, beloved, avenged and attractive.  
Brave, comfortable, appreciated and satisfied,  
Lucky, astonished, abundant and justified.  
Enthusiastic, courteous, worthwhile and fortunate,  
  
Thankful, assured, effective and adequate.  
Hopeful, witty, dignified and lovable,  
Obligated, assertive, motivated and valuable.  
Upbeat, worthy, innocent and joyous,  
Great, rewarded, important and desirous.  
Happy, pleased, loved and relieved,  
Tough, passive, involved and believed,  
Supported, sensual, comforted and deserving.

Cory Runge