



Escape

by H. Kent Craig

The pain of life lies behind the veil of
darkness of the day
Release to joy and happiness embraces
within the light of night and dreams
Come to me, come to me sleep
deeper and deeper and still deep

Cursing the torture of truth cut deep by day
Let me lie, lie still, lie well, lie through my teeth
Let me tell myself that everything's going to be alright
And that life has some purpose or meaning still
Right, yeah, right, fucking right, fucking right !?!

Left on the floor shadows hidden scraps of self in day
Running hard running fast away sitting at night's desk train
Single-edge razor blades and cyanide dull by darkness's day
the hacksaw and single-barrel 12-gauge shotgun sharpen on night's
grindstone
Calling to me their siren song of folly
"it just doesn't make a bit of mutherfucking difference in the end
anyway"

Door of somber grey day lies unlocked, waiting for decision
am I in or out, out or in, play the game of day, take the fucking pain
or wallow in the sweet pig trough's of delusions of happiness of
night

Shall the next warrior within the photon field of ay-eem be allowed to
kill me
As I sit mind and bodynumb zazening on the battlefield of life
Waiting, begging for an honorable warrior to do the honorable thing
Follow the code of the way of the warrior, the way of the bow
and the horse
And dispatch me to my next incarnation painlessly

Or shall I warrior on still, fighting the demons of shadows and darkness
Who hide within the paradoxes and contradictions of the day
Oh, fuck it all, I was only a healer who killed and destructed those
around me
I was never really a warrior, anyway

