

Lost

In my foolish youth, I begged
Only the street corners knew my name
I held my crown high
With my tongue hovering on the word “peace”
Until it left me in pieces
Finding a war while lost in that not so urban jungle
All in the fickle mind I once thought safe

With these stained hands and cursed whispers
Alone with a lonely map
Of a familiar landscape of old tar and turnstiles
Speaking of city skylines in a dreamy wonderland
But where am I?
Lost in a wordless wonder of chills and wind
Scarlett paints this unfamiliar world
Scanning desperately in this wicked maze
I was young and ignorant
Thinking my mind was sound
But tell me, did I deserve to die?

Did the bombs drop first?
Or was I boarded on a cluttered boat beforehand
Brick by brick pulled apart and shattered
I'll take this crimson crown and throne
Thorns are all I will ever own
Before I rot like dead fish
Or even the ghost that raised me

Suddenly the lush green grows and glows
Distinct among the crumbling greys that stalk streets

The weak musty parchment shakes
Torn and tattered by burning breath
Cast like leaves in a breezy fall

The shredded shards dance with the maddening twister
The Kansas I once knew
Or thought I did
Is gone like a wispy dream at dawn
Sporadically warping
Shattering a churning
Rolling over and around in the brisk dusk air
Dropping me in a building of luscious wealth
Laced with gilded silver
The party starts here
Yet my scowl is my shade
Never to disappear

Seeing the dining hall
I wheeze with naught but a single tear
Whining after emptying another bottle
I died far too young
Yet my corpse remains whole
Taking another glass from the shelf
Haphazardly leaving shards on the stained carpet
Mud from skin to wool
A drunken puppet of meat and bone dancing in the flood
Racked and raked beyond repair
As I fall
Like a star past the cold surface of oceanic waves

Begrudgingly taped together like a flimsy parchment
Scarlett oozing from my palms

Smearing along the city of breaths
As I remain breathless along a wicked shore
Youth's ghost clings to my shadow
As it slowly sinks closer and closer
Each gasp is another regret
As the mazing takes me
And this time I hope its walls never let me leave
Until I fall onto my final resting place

Daniel Lamboy

Inspiration: *Army Of One* by Jeff Champion