

Lucky

BY: ANONYMOUS

Lucky for you this poetry is therapeutic,
Like classical music.
It calms the soul, slows the rage,
Sharpens the senses
That you've made dull
Digging deep into my soul.
Displaced and broken pieces,
Shattered remnants of happy memories.
Too small to reunite,
Too jagged to hold.

Lucky for you these words flow freely
And cool my soul like Hawaiian breezes.
Poetry, I need it!
It's my seduction during a dry spell.
Water for raging fires
Quenching my thirst.
And when I'm tired
It rocks me to sleep.
Brings peace and demands loyalty.
Reigns supreme above conversation,
Wielding a sword through my anger,
Keeps you safe from physical danger.

Lucky for you, I don't verbally spew these venomous words
Letting you know just how disgusted I am with your existence.
Distance. It's really what we need.
These words are my AK and I tote them everyday.
Fully loaded.
Explosive.
More powerful than dynamite.
So try me again and I might
Verbally unleash this hideous beast.
More poisonous than a snake.
Rocking harder than an earthquake.
Lucky for you,
I chose poetry.



IRIS STUDY
- BRIAN BAUERBAND