Devils (I am not here)

I cannot be awakened
as those
who only use me
will surmise
the darkened place
that is
another person
altogether
that is insane
and crossing double lines

I am not alone here
there are devils
pretending to be humans
who will not dispute with you
as long as you agree
and go along

I have pretended
to go along
but I am not here
and when they are aware of that
they seek me out
and find me where I’ve gone

They require to be admired
and never to be questioned
they believe they are kind
and beautiful
and insist upon these virtues
they cannot understand
they consume
    enormous amounts
of compulsive energy
and when it is gone
    must find ways
    of generating more….
and more….

Look at those people
    standing on that high hill
    They are too close together
and multiplying
and seem to be waiting….

Poem….Robert Clapsadle
Photo.... “Devil’s Pass” - Renny Harlin