

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