

Sobriety

by: Raven Yoder

I wonder how many write as I do,
have seen themselves pariah of this earth
and have played touch-tag with the darkness
to laugh inside its girth.

Are they gods among the living,
necessary words among the chatter
scorned arrogantly by mirth?
These souls, are they as me and always wander off the cliffs
into the abyss that is self-worth?

Seeking to find an entry
to purge their minds of the ever-tempting
beckon to the pleasures
that race wild and crave to be unearthed.
For, we lie buried and can be found off the path
where there waits trampled, blackened dirt.

A rebirth to whims of fancy
and queries which expand the mind,
yet so few come upon us as they see only with their eyes.
These others, they see the shadows loom,
taunted by eyes that flash and burn,
and run rampant from the tunnel
made by flames not of this earth.

Yet they don't know that burning gives
more than only hurt—
it filters out society and lets sobriety occur.