

The Descending Path

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Who is my father today?
My ways were molded in an endless labyrinth
My world built on the detritus of consumption
Things I can taste, just beyond my grasp

Nothing stable, nothing secure

Pain and cruelty from others locked my world
Run or fight, perhaps no choice at all
Then comes a hand to raise me
A promise of acceptance and protection
Treasures and Glory
Respect, both earned and defended

Nothing stable, nothing secure

No longer alone, always for us
Colors of clothing determine our fate
Meting out death with a pipe or needle
Wealth comes from vending pain
Outside of us cruelty has no meaning
We take what is ours

Nothing stable, nothing secure

Kill those who trespass against us
They will do no less
Revenge for revenge never ends
Many to help, but my fear is no less
Never admit you are afraid
So small a place between life and death

Nothing stable, nothing secure

A friend found prone in a pool of blood
Fear coalesces into hate
Strike out to expunge the pain
One seen where he should not be
Thunder explodes in hand, but to no avail
He flees into the night

Then the screams of a mother
Cradling the lifeless infant

What have I become?