Title: Doing Time

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

Date: 2013/5/1
URL: https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/287

Keywords: Poem, Prison, Life, Hell, Earth, Poetry, Oneness, Sentenced,

Summary: If here is a test, let's analyse the rest...

If earth was a prison,
How could we tell;
If we were fallen from Heaven and closer to Hell?
Take a look around,
Listen to every sound,
Look at what abounds,
It's not profound;
It's not a playground,
When suffering is renowned.
As children we did glisten;
Yet did we truly listen;
Full of derision,
Whilst finding division.
Fighting supervision,
Inciting collision;
Questioning indecision,
Whilst comprehending the revisions.
Whilst they give us cake,
We think it's all great;
Yet many turn into fakes,
Due to making that mistake.
Where as many heartbreaks,
Cause some to awake;
Choosing not to intake,
No longer to partake,
In that which makes us ache.
People who deem them self saints,
Are often full of complaints;
Many who say they're a star,
Often don't see the scars.
Released on good behaviour,
Do we really need a saviour;
Or to control our misbehaviour?
The idea isn't to live in sin,
Or even to turn to the gin;
Yet how can we begin,
If we don't see we're here in the bin?

Everywhere is full of violence,
Pretending we have silence;
Leads to such pretence,
As an internal defence.
Instead of seeking guidance,
For our soul's sentence;
By truly finding repentance,
Turning to temperance,
No longer under endurance,
By recognizing the hindrance.