

True Dark and Strange Life by Clare Lauren Kelly

There is more talking than thinking,
There is no peace to be found as
Life laughs, the senses happy.

Gotta think quick, would it be a kindness? Gotta save face,
A funky little Death Omen is strutting on by
Like a funny little friend there one moment then gone again.

Every fool gets a lucky chance or two.
Forgiveness can be given a thousand times,
Yet trust is only truly given once.

What can one do, oh what can one do?
Watch them crumble into sand there is
No room for Pride as darkness comes from inside.

Self-effacing yet at times quite morose,
Some can be a reflection of the world around them,
Others gain a personality molded by their environment.

A dead heart is not a great loss as there is
Too much hate and evil deeds, only
Happiness can be given without being had.

Impersonal shades with bloodless smiles,
Unsettling vibrations hidden beneath the skin
Are a rare gift and undeniably terrifying to behold.

Yarrow flowers blooming on a deadman's grave,
As life can be very dark hidden all around there are
Complete monsters and soft-spoken sadists lurking under masks.

Every king sits on their lonely throne and
Cowards seem courageous hidden within a crowd
Yet everything, everything comes with a price.

True evil comes with grace, charm and humor,
Something nearly none can see coming and
Darkness is a funny thing, it creeps up unseen.

With luck, there is always misfortune.