41

By misk

Submitted: February 25, 2006 Updated: February 25, 2006

somewhat of a selfe portet if you will, please injoy.

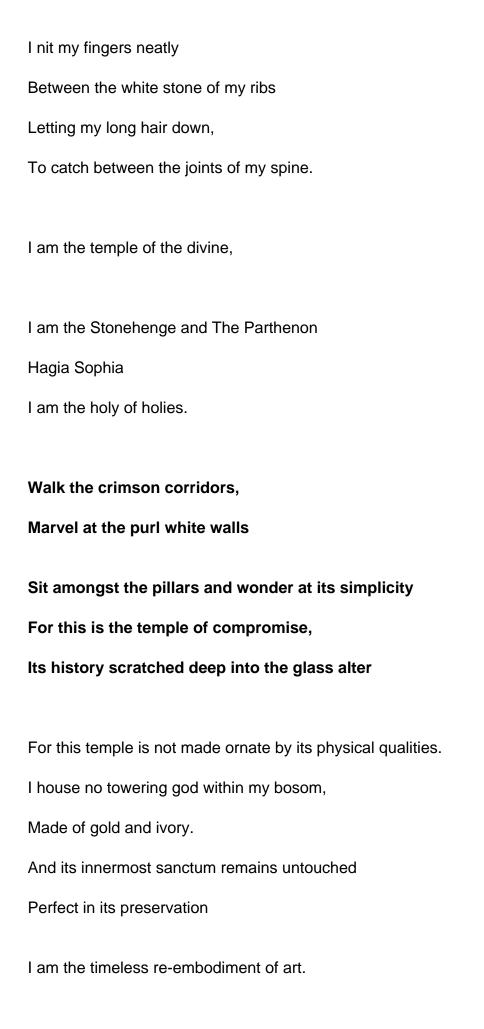
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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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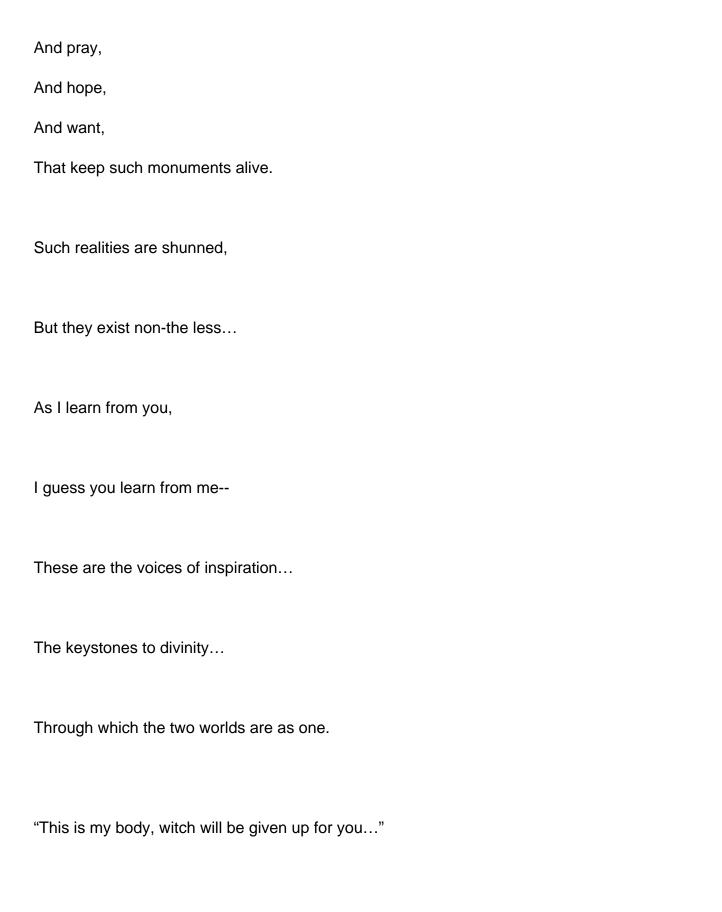
1 - Untitled

<u>41</u>
And in my head I read
Its time again, the Walrus said,
To speak of many things.
Of deceitful lies and alibis,
And the collective death of dreams
I wonder if it is that simple,
To cast away the preconception of existence,
In favor of a far more primitive and honest truth
I am not an age, a color, or a location
I am a vessel for the extraordinary
I exist on two plains,
On of the physical,
The other one of a higher order.
I am excused of the responsibilities of time and space,
I am among the last of my kind



And yet I feel and see and hear society
Dismissal tearing at my throat,
Accompanied by the leopard, the lion, and the wolf.
Hear you, hear me
Perception playing an intricate role
In the most ornate complexity of the architects design—
But no fortress is impenetrable.
To hear the brittle cry of the fallen stone,
Bones crack, neck snaps,
As Jericho comes tumbling down.
This temple has needs
This temple has desires
This temple has dreams
Passions, longings, and hope,
Longings both petty and grand.
Every great monument contains such testament,
They echo down the darkened hallways,
Ringing in the rafters
Pacing through the

Leaving but a trace of existence to be found,
Echoes reverberating from distant corridors.
The foundation is always the same
And no fortress is impenetrable.
I hear the chamber music resonate,
From the high lofts of a back ally café,
The hymns wisped
In the bus stop terminal,
The clinking spokes of a passing biker,
The word dropped unnoticed in a conversation.
Such sacred sound wafting open unseen strings.
Images seen through the stained glass,
Built through years of careful manipulation
And hard learned lessons.
No temple can stand without purpose,
And it is toughs who believe,



• Based on Langston Hughes's *Theme for English B*