

ONCE AND FOR ALL

When do I get to cry?  
When do I get to scream?  
When will it finally be okay  
to have my day, (to be enraged),  
and weep over my shattered dream?

Why is it always okay for you,  
but never okay for us?  
While the raging you do is over much nothing,  
we're shipped if we raise a fuss --  
on the eternal bus of the ominous.

So let me scream in the halls of silence,  
lest found guilty of Capital defiance;  
and punished with the brutal barbs of hate  
lashed from their tongues -- "Berate!, Berate!"  
Till I learn to love, above all, the dream to die once...  
...(once and for all).

Poem: By PF Lazor. Copyright 2008 ©  
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