

BALLAD FOR J.T.

See his lonely life unfold....

I see it every night
Destruction
these nights, and endless trips away
into oblivion.
Pain to see him,
to watch, hear and feel him,
have his eyes inside
searching then leaving
having meant nothing.
Yet that nothingness
something still
Power please to understand
the source of all that anger,
rebellion, madness, fighting, crying,
pain.

The angry young man rolls to the
wall, Helen of Troy in his clutch.
Twenty-one years tomorrow since he
was born. He's not been alive that
long though.

Were you afraid?
And did it hurt?
And how do you feel now?
And can you still help it?
And can you still love us....
Can you try?

I'm just a shadow
of what was my fate.
I'm the same as those others
only clearer.
I am no victim
but the Chosen.
And try to cease that
aching in your neck
and heart
and deeper,
for I am eternal
for me.

VICKI DANIELS