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Running Deep Within My Soul

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Running Deep Within My Soul

MICHELLE ARDEN

Running deep within my soul
Pumping through my veins,
Pulsing like a nebula
Driving me insane.
Fragments of despair
Are lodged within my heart,
Slowly moving through my blood
Tearing me apart.
I'm filled with so much anguish
I'm overflowing doubt
Nowhere to run to get away
No way to get it out.
I feel it living in my cells
It's feeding off my mind,
Consuming all my hope and faith
Devouring all it can find.
Slowly my spirit is growing dim
It's putting out the light
Nothing is left to even care
Nothing is left to fight.
So I sit alone and let it grow
Until it extinguishes me,
The grateful release from all the pain
With nothing left to be.

Poets

MICHAEL WALTER

I don't necessarily like
Who come home and
Cheesecake for dessert
I don't like poets who
Their poems of wide
Different kinds of poems
I don't think I like people
themselves,
Who don't smoke or
Oblivion while writing
I don't like poets who
Find at the supermarket
Dinner for their family
I don't really like people
fences
And three kids, and
Behaves for the neighbor
I don't like poets who
A secretary, or some
Offer money to on the
And I know I don't like
Who insist on sad
Methods of detail.
Poet is a four letter