

The Circle

James Burton

All your life you've been looking in from the outside.
All of your time an all of your thoughts,
Are on how to get inside.
You've wanted this for oh so long,
You've waited and wanted,
Longing for the day when you would get in.
You've spent the past years,
Preparing and scheming,
Plotting to infiltrate.
Now after all that time,
Your long journey comes to an end.
You approach the wall.
You examine it, walk the perimeter of it,
Looking for the slightest weakness
That would let you in.
The wall's too thick and oh so strong,
And oh so tall, but impenetrable?
You think not.
You pound and punch,
You kick, holding back no blow.
The task at hand, ever so grand,
Seems impossible, impenetrable
You persist and go on.
Screaming and yelling,
Forcing your will upon the wall.
It finally gives way,
Crumbling at your feet.
The prize so close,
Victory gnashed in your teeth,
Your mouth waters as you enter inside.
The fame and glory which you will gorge yourself on,
with pride.
You've entered the center,
The rings of crowds, whom now you they adore.
You turn around an to your surprise,
What's this? How can it be?
The wall from which you've entered
Had appeared in front of thee.
The wall you've fought
So hard and gallantly.

The wall impenetrable in strength and immense in proportion.
The wall that blocked out the sun and blinded you to the sea.
The wall you've dreamt about passing through to the inside.
The wall which you have broken through
Is now your cell and has imprisoned you.
And what's this wall that you have immortalized,
And fought to make disappear?
It's the wall of society which feeds on hate and fear.
And now, with you inside, another victim to terrorize.
And you thought that you were alone before.