

The Waiting

Tragedy

Handcuffed and gagged, bled until dizzy
Consumed with fatigue
Acquired from years of crawling
Closer to the edge of the abyss
Only to be kicked in the knees
Dismantled again
Our eyes strained, their muscles stretched taut
Teased by visions of escaped
Viewed through narrow windows
Of missed opportunity
And windscreens of regret
Disabled by morality imposed
By those who would dispose of us
Except that our last ounces of energy,
Our last hopes generate their wealth
Our last hopes keep us i wait
And our waiting is our incarceration
The waiting is our imprisonment