

Clark Anne, Poets Turmoil Number 364

Keep me back in the real world
From which we try to run
Music and words don't mean anything
Through the barrel of a gun

A poem cannot heal a wound
Books won't help you find
That something which you're searching for
But just add questions to the mind

Tell me now in black and white
What you're supposed to do
When fists and knives and sticks and boots
Come raining down on you

A painted picture on a wall
Can't justify a life
When the weak and poor cannot escape
Their ugliness and strife

The actor in a bridge of words
Leading us to nowhere
Dressed in costumes to disguise
The reality of despair

The poets turmoil strikes again
As once more words they fail me
Another bomb has just supplied
The cross on which to nail me .