

Eden Maine, Do Not Move A Muscle, Do Not Brea

We drove the long way home,
past the prison gates and through the years.
And at the side of the road we saw a faceless man
whose old grey skin held his ageing bones together like an oversized leather glove.
And whose eyes sank so far into his skull they seemed as black as the midnight air.
But this mans gift was his words.
He told us how there is a fine line between order and chaos,
that there are those in life who do not know what they are fighting for,
but that it is the fight that counts,
and that a man without principles is a fool only to himself.
And the years past and we never saw him again.
The eyes held a crystal glaze, but the scent did not return.