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True Lies

Abdul Malik
College of DuPage

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"Insane!" they say inanely

Profanely proclaiming preposterous games he's playing

They're merely delaying but also portraying the pompous asses

That claim he can't pass his classes or surpass the masses

That have lost to the sin of sloth

He will not be sent off or bend to raucous taunts that cannot haunt him,

daunted no more, older, bolder from the burdens he shoulders

smoldering love he covets; for the few that he knew that grew of toiling soil,

boiling angst, thanks to wallowing hollow followers

Unforgiving quitters, bitter hitters,

minds that only dwell and delve as far as themselves

asshole havoc mavericks that don't reap what they sow

but keep what they owe, knowing to go and do

as they please to ease the sleaze of their dark departed hearts

an art he's cast aside and strides with pride inside his soul

Filling the hole's his goal,

the toll of a role he'll play for each and every day, living to give

a part of himself and spread the wealth to those who need him,

those who feed him, those who freed him.

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Beware the thorn of crowns

What's the reality of a dream

Or the truth of a stark lie,

The wisdom of a foolish whim

about the life after we die?

Is being too good — bad?

As an over-ripened fruit is rotten;

Is being godly — fanatical a tad?

Like vows taken in jest and forgotten.

Can you hear the sound of silence

Or see the blinding light of night,
Trust the religion of science
Or the frailty of the might?
Can you rein in your fate in oblivion
Or wet the lips of the desert in pouring rain,
Touch the sky standing on the horizon
Or set up camp at the portals of heaven?
Do we need to wage wars for peace
And tackle thorns to smell the rose,
Do we scale the peak of the abyss
In the realm of heaven to repose?
Do we need to sin for salvation
And to win God — court the devil,
Is freedom an aftermath of revolution,
Can good at all be born of evil?

Matthleson State Park

Brodie Sturm



black and white photography