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Ode To Myself

Russell J. Smith
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ODE TO MYSELF

Russell J. Smith

Imagination reaching past the
outskirts of infinity
And yet, still down to earth

A heart that's torrent like the seas
And burning like a fiery hearth

A love of such veracity
A feeling of new birth

And still when things are
calming down,
Our subject's left alone

And pain and hurt catch up to him
The desolance hits home

His hollow body aches with life
And time pulls from his core

And everyone he patronizes;
he feels like a whore

He walks the streets that lead him
through
His city of the dead

And every day he goes insane
It hurts his human head

So what is left encompasses
To wake up with tomorrow

And joys and pains are fleeting daily
Leaving him to borrow

He looks upon a world unknown
At all his race's splendors

And nothing he can call his own
Amidst his daily lenders

He wants to cry and let it go
But tears are so tenacious

They just won't fall or say goodbye
His pain, he just embraces

He wakes and smokes and learns
and smokes
And smokes to sleep and dream

He lives to find a common ground
Among the live and breathing

Seeing past his own dilemmas
Helps him down the road

Exalting life and snaring love
Alters aching mood

Like alcohol for trodden
bloodstream
Leaving all behind

Take him to his special island
Where he won't be found

Somewhere in a galaxy
Between the moon and God

Wished away and wondering
I am what I am not