Resilience

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Sing along to the song of the man
who’s been damned by his morals,
goddamn quarrels
bastard of ambivalence,
questing for equivalence, resilience; his tool
for the poor fool is deft with naught left
but his will to regain himself before his shame
seeking satisfaction through action
but lacking cunning so his goals always running
from his reach while others preach
but they’re just as lost, for the cost of their loss;
also elusive

Reclusive he stays in his cave for days, rib cage aged
from the lack of a beat that his heart liked to keep
empty, putting his dreams on a screen to seem prevalent
though still irrelevant, keeping no form just torn
fragmentations, worn exaggerations
which he followed as a kid, well he did,
now he’s responsible, his dreams now impossible
paying tuition? delaying ambition,
his mission to succeed will indeed be tough, rough and tumble
humble in his quest for his path to be mastered
while the rest stay plastered

Faster he runs to not be outdone by one named apathy
passively draining his brain, a no-humor tumor
maliciously malignant, dangerously indignant
resuming consuming motivation
promoting degradation, deflating elevation
NO MORE HESITATION
Conquer the questioning
honor the festering of hope
how he copes as he gropes for the ropes
as he pulls himself off defeated streets
to his feet where he stands like a man
only to relish the hellish trauma and drama he's repeatedly
defeated and beaten, only sweetening the glory
however gory of a story.

With insight to plight and his new-found might
he fights at the height of mental potential
essential to those needing light and guiding
his passion igniting
no more biding his time or wasting his dime
floating with loathing or lacking direction,
introspection and first hand lessons have taught what he's sought in life

To soften the strife of his brothers,
bring peace to the lovers and others in need of heeding
his creed will be of compassionate action
bring satisfaction to the passionate factions

Distractions ceased impeding the seed, greedily growing in his head
in the stead of the drought of doubt that had plagued, forsaken, and ached him
he won't abhor, forlorn, or scorn that scars that he's worn
but sworn to retain the fame in his name, preventing shame from being his bane, crutch, or cane
"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.

True Lies
Abdul Malik

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