

Days of Discontent: Collected Poems Volume Two

by

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Introduction

This second volume of my collected poetry is a bit darker than the first, which focused mostly on the optimistic nature I try to harbor. These poems were written as a release, a venting, and as an attempt to purge myself of the hurt within me. Feel free to comment on my poetry at mayfairs@bellsouth.net, and I promise a swift reply.

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Burdened Branches

In the present, seeking to meet our needs
We grow tomorrow's sorrows
With our multitude of mistakes, their seeds.

We trust with the lives of the many
A few supposed sages.
They say, "Band together behind me!"
And let us down age after age.

6-4-2k 4:30pm

Defeating Entropy

Societies breed, bleed and disband
Separate to unite
And fight for the right to conquer new lands.

It is a timeless rite:
Convincing others of our noble intent
For beyond us, there is no wrong or right.
Concepts invented by our ancestors of discontent.

We are the walls of cells

Inside machines enslaving one another
Waging wars of souls and shells.
One great beast rising to kill its brother.

A new leader is born in a distant land
And ages quite bold.
He rules his territory with an iron hand,
A new tyranny up surging the old.

7-8-2k 7:25pm

Within the Mirror

As I stroll alone
My sullen soul blue-toned,
I weep inside,
Seeking a safe place to hide.

Just like my broken heart,
I see myself slowly falling apart.
No one seems to care,
Not even the bastard in the mirror.

8-10-2k 12:44am

Sins Bled

Walking the barren lands
Alone, traveling alone,
Through an ageless passage
With ancient relics protruding
From today's surface sands,
I regret our decline.
What decline?
The one I care not to remember
Well enough to properly define.

There were days when men were great
Though the cities were somewhat shabby.
Such days have since gone.
Cities have cleaned well their plates
And, moderately aged, grown too flabby
To serve the bards who sing their songs.

The sky bled once, I saw this true history.
It came to pass when common sense
departed human heads.
That day, wisdom died displayed before the community.

Now we are nomads well-scattered
With our dreams infinitely shattered.
No new ones to be born,
Just nightmares- our minds' thorns.

As I was initially saying
I kept up my consistent stagger and swaying
To maintain my miles of solitude.
Gazing presently where history protrudes.

Red rivers of infectious blood web
Across the dry lands,
Separating the nomadic tribes of man
With the sins their ancestors bled.

On one such bank
I now find my feet planted in disgust.
Vile visions accompany odors endlessly rank
From the livid stream- brighter than today's abundant rust.

Shall I attempt an unsafe pass
And fall wet and victim to the virus?
Shall I attend- quite dead- the next funeral mass?
Shall I step outright on the edge of puss?

No, not this day, for I am content where I
Have come to find myself confined.
One day, I will gasp, cry and fall to finally die
Running blissfully into the dreams of my mind.

That day has not yet come
That my will shall spill from my wrists.
Though I am growing increasingly numb
Tripping over corpses in every morning's mist.

6-4-2k

The Optimistic Seer

I see so many terrible things
Coming closer with each passing day.
Evil arriving on invisible wings
While hearts and minds decay.

I am choked by the mist of melancholy
Rolling in from a distant shore.

I see people trip, short-sighted, over folly
And fall limp on the floor.

I see good will gone to bad
Intent with a stronger drive to conquer.
I see society thriving, but I am not glad.
Because more people are crazy
The greater good shall falter.

Each day the path shortens
And the end draws dangerously near.
Destruction will come courting,
And marry us to our fears.

8-10-2k 2:25pm

Degrading Hearts

A dark mind echoes aloud
Dark times displayed
By world-wide crowds
Morally frayed.

A dark heart collects
Visions of disgust and hurt
Until they fill the cart,
A mass without worth.

Even the bad guy
Cries sometime for others.
Even the invisible man in the sky
Laughs at the failings of his brothers.

A pure heart collects
Visions of disgust and hurt
Until it become a broken heart,
A mass without worth.

8-10-2k 2:45pm

The Perfect Room

Breaking apart...
Becoming something more or less.
Two souls to a single heart
Neither with the will to suppress
The desire to find love..
To find his raven/dove.

Both want control
Both want to dominate
Yet neither know
Neither are in control of their fate.

That they have left to the good doctor,
The man who brought them here
To this nice room padded from ceiling to floor
And painted white to quench the darkest fears.

8-10-2k 2:55pm

Weird World

Smile again and I will try not to hate
You for it.
A cruel concept I have deemed fate.
Fuck it, forget it.

Rules don't make sense to me
Here in this weird land.
People are afraid to be free
And want to be led around by the hand.

Novelty frightens commoners
While routine simply delights them.
A hard transition for foreigners
From insanity trying to fit in.

Foreigners from Saneland
Are welcomed with open arms into insanity,
Yet they will not shake our hands,
Nor will they come near me or me or me.