Poetic Justice of the Masses

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The Meek only live once and live so long,
How long till The Strong fall, and say "shit i got it all wrong!"
And take up witchcraft and hunting in an off-curriculum package
, Just for the heck of it, just for 'Fun!'
we all see through the looking glass, and belong on one side, you and me both, or you and me alone.
Once in a life-time it will be too late for anyone and all our days, gone.
~~the end

- **A new day dawns , a new beginning.**

any color of the plant that holds the morning blossom, a vivid imagination of things past and things to be discovered, what then is my favourite vision if all will fade to grey, the end is the end they say, yet they want a new beginning, who gets to decide but god themself.

- **to be restrained, to show confinement,**

If all is lost what is a memory? if I had known I never would forget, I was born but once, and once was born, only then only once,
but shall i be reborn again by the grace of god? or shall the devil pity me and send me back to the start?
- Stolen Valour does not exist, yet those who claim your honour,
they would say the same thing, but instead use it as a clever sales pitch, to gain what's yours, or be honoured none the less, did come at a price, what's yours? What's the risk?

"Mijn moeder vroeg eens: ‘Hoor je de spotvogel zingen?'" Ik zei nee, kroop onder het bed, en smeekte haar te gaan. Ze riep mijn naam: ‘Kom, luister met me mee!'
"Dus liet ik haar achter – want ik wilde niet zoals hij zijn."
"het is maar een zang/gezang Eén klank, maar het lied ging toch door en iets te lang, nu ik niet eindig zoals hem, en ook niet als haar, is het maar een galm. vraag het niet een spotvogel want die leven nou eenmaal zo arm"

- **River**

Fog & Memory

Most don’t know
fog is smoke dressed in silence.
It clings, not to skin —
but to memory.

We step into it like opposites attract,
drawn to what hides
what we already carry.

Grief is the shape
the world forgets to name.
We all pass through it,

Like roots pulling blindly
through the heavy earth.
Or a quiet river carving
the exact same stone.

Slow-footed,
eyes stinging,
pretending we see ahead.

But we do not move alone.

Shadows and spirits
move by our side,
touching our footsteps
with every stride.

Things still unseen,
and not yet gone,
will follow and meet us
where the crossroads turn—

even if their presence
we never learn.

Every shadow walking beside us
knows the weight too —
the hush,
the burn,
the way the fog
never asks permission.

And still —
there is something tender in it,
bittersweet
like lemon tea with honey:
a sting that stays,
a warmth we choose,

a taste that reminds us we’re still here.

Can you imagine?

"The dream of the future, you see, dissolves, and, with time, so does the apprehension. The world under sun is no exception,
and all you see around you evolves. New traits, and things familiar, can be sensed, but futile is hope without fruition.
The grief you knew begets no vision.
The happiness you felt becomes regret. Winter fades, and takes its cold and storm. Spring revives the world with love and warmth.
But still the law: all things decay and age. Vanity itself won't dry your tears.
And so you fear as your time draws near. The world will turn, but never change."

- **The Void**

"Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!" - "All the better to hear you with." - "Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" - "All the better to see you with." - "Oh, grandmother, what big hands you have!" - "All the better to grab you with!" - "Oh, grandmother, what a horribly big mouth you have!" - "All the better to eat you with!" And with that he jumped

"Oh, nonna, che orecchie grandi!" - "Per sentirti meglio." - "Oh, nonna, che occhi grossi!" - "Per vederti meglio." - "Oh, nonna, che mani grandi!" - "Per afferrarti meglio." - "Ma, nonna, che bocca spaventosa!" - "Per divorarti meglio!" E come ebbe detto queste parole, il lupo balzò

"To groom a mocking bird" "My Mother once said," Can you hear the Mockingbird Sing?" "I said no and hid under the bed and asked her to leave" "She called out my name and 'come with, listen!" "So i left her alone, because i do not want to be him"

- **Anoniem / Anonymous**

'A Tear of Joy, a Tear of Regret'
but one tear a time, the bucket fills,
once happy once sad, with iron will,
oh you are so stubborn, but a shill
she said with iron will,
do you wish to be sad or happy, she asked?
---the time we killed....
she was like me and i like her, no taste for frills,
together we lived in separate houses
And I Love her still

- **River Lyle**

"to light a light, and breath the shadow"

to light a light, would but kill the dark,
yet night will fall, no matter what,
a spark of hope within the stars,
shows the way to kingdoms far,
i light a candle , and know it will wane,
the nightly shadow of twilight came,
tomorrow a new day with no name,,,
Where is the shadow and from whence it came?
---- we do not know.
now rest in peace, and live your days,
neither here nor there nor from where you came,
but somewhere in between, without no name.

Another for me, and you, will a cherry tree blossom?
and what do we see in our view?
“The Cherry Tree”

Beneath the hill where shadows sleep,
A cherry tree grows long and deep.
Its roots reach down to ancient fire,
Fed by lust and dark desire.
Its blossoms blush a sultry red,
Like secrets whispered in a bed.
They lure the mouths of those who crave
The fruit they’ll hunger for to the grave.
A woman came with golden eyes,
A man who wore a thief’s disguise.
They plucked the fruit,
their fingers bled,
But neither saw the price they fed.
One craved flesh,
the other gold,
The tree gave both—
its grip took hold.
It whispered sweet,
it sang so low: “Take what you want, and never let go.”
Their hearts grew hollow,
full of thirst,
The more they ate,
the more they cursed.
For every bite brought deeper need,
And what was lust soon turned to greed.
Now roots curl 'round their buried bones, Twined in sighs and muffled moans.
Still the tree bears fruit each year,
Still it tempts the ones who near,
So if you see red petals fall,
And feel a want you can’t recall—
Turn back, lest you be caught,
like me,
A soul devoured by a cherry tree.

Fin

River Lyle