

A Prisoner to Herself

A prisoner to herself,
she bled us to dry.
Guilt and lies pouring from her
mouth,
chilling blood through her veins.
The tears fell.
She went away,
taking our youth with her,
in her little suitcase,
made of our souls,
only to be filled and emptied.

Hid within the green-grey walls,
went crying to Mommy.
Blaming everyone in her path
except the culprit.
People point and scream
in their ignorance,
never understood why.
So quick to throw stones
that break our bodies.
Never us.
We're the evil, she's the good
as we go down.
She still plays the game to the fullest
with us as the pieces.
Moving our hearts
with her cold disposition.
Never felt so cold,
never felt so old.
We're prisoners, too
with no hope of parole.

Cry madness,
cry guilt
everyone loves it.
We never believed
and we're the victims
of a crime we didn't commit.
The believers are flies in her web,
only to be trapped and devoured.
Her followers run,
down the street she said was two-ways,
only to find a dead-end.

Her venom is strong,
as she came back here.
To finish the job,
we let her start.
With armor of hate and pain,
we fight her.
For the hell she caused,
is which she will receive.
Took our youth away,
but left us with something just as good:
hate.

--Gretchen Zehner