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Friend? A poem

Armster E. Harvey

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Friend?

by Armster E. Harvey

A prisoner is conducting a symphony without sound.
His instruments, empty kettles for stygian mutes to crown.
His notes invisible scars to harmonize breaks meant to bend.
The audience, if song be heard, would be the prisoner's
friend.

Willow sway, a wand (stroke), as a prisoner plays masturbation,
Breezes blow, murmuring cadence to the flow of ejaculation.
I know you're my world, my 'life', my pearl-less oyster, my sin,
I know you're my Cerberus, my warden, but are you my
friend?

A child's tears pouring down his cheeks—like Jesus' blood,
As other Temples bled sequelling Noah's predicted floods.
So children, unknowingly, suffer to come unto thee—like men.
I know you're my God, my seraphic idea, but are you my
friend?

Dark night, fast love, a wedding in the doorway of chance,
Cold light, rotten anguish, welcome to the civilized neon dance.
Recreation, celebration, torn masks for a psyche tailor to mend,
Rehabilitated dreams (Life's mis-stitched seams), and where is my
friend?

You there, me here, living the lie of imaginary lines;
Boundaries, walls, infernos—most without vicious signs,
Bouncing off the other's prison in the alleged pursuit of End,
Where keys reside, release decides, along with the presence of
friend(?).

We are prisoners conducting our symphonies without sound,
Wounding one another's walls with cracks in leaps and bounds.
Hurt, screaming voiceless slogans of Race's beautiful trend,
Wandering vacantly as we're pushed behind/toward our crippled
friend.

Point pleasant, sharp as a tack.