



SPIDER INSIDE + 4

By

John Beck

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

Was Existentialism the precursor to the DSM? I am plainly, patently and un-mistakenly (if not blatantly) neither a philosopher nor a psychologist, but dread and angst are now clinically cataloged. No doubt poetry soothes both the writer and reader...who is the client and which is the therapist? It remains a free-floating question. Why not drift through John Beck's perceptions in search of an answer. To pervert the immortal words of the cartoonist Charles Schultz, 'Haplessness Is...' 'We chase any light / That can blind us / From our reality / The night does not lie / Nor does it comfort / As it whispers / In your mind.' (Spacing is poet's own.)

Five Stars

Alone

Alone

In a prison I built

Bar by bar

Year by year

Once a fortress

To protect me from harm

Has entombed me

From the one thing

That can save me

The echos of emptiness

Haunt the halls

Shadowy gloom

Embraces me

Alone.

My Pirate Princess

As the thunder crashes
I hear only your sigh
And in the lightning's flash
I see only your eyes
You flow across the room
Like a silk scarf
In a summer's breeze
I feel your heartbeat
Press against me
Your lips find mine
And as you pull away
I can still taste
Your essence
And I yearn
For the storm
Held within.

Broken

My reality is grim

I'm broken

Not great

Not Special

Broken

An icy darkness

Resides in me

And any love and warmth

I find stings

As it seeps through

The cracks in my

Soul

My reality is grim

I'm broken

But at least

I know.

Depression

In the twilight of sound
You hear the whispers
Of things you wish
Not to be true
And in the darkness
Of your thoughts
Flash the images
We fear to see
And in desperation
We chase any light
That can blind us
From our reality
The night does not lie
Nor does it comfort
As it whispers
In your mind.

Spider Inside

There is a spider inside me

Spinning silk in the dark

Places of my soul.

Places I dare not go

For I fear what

It intends to catch.

There is a spider inside me

Its tiny, relentless steps

Chill my heart.

But I dare not remove it

For I fear it

Is what holds me together.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Poetry has always been an important part of my life as it was my therapy, my outlet for my feelings, both good and bad. I do not have any true stylistic influences, but I really enjoy reading all sorts of poets and their work. My love of my life will always be my muse, my light in a dark world. She is my inspiration not only in my writing, but in my life.*

AUTHOR BIO: John Beck is an IT professional from Atlanta, Georgia. He attended Kent State University and is an active member of CAST Plays Theatre group in Douglasville, Georgia. He enjoys theatre and film in addition to writing.

