

Capture The Flag

Tiles

Toe to the chalk line - mark & set
Birthright conformity - a safety net
lay down this bird held tight in hand
Beg favor from a distant emerald land

Chasing whims again...
Features blur in a casual glance
Pulse & promises notch the blinders tight

Capture the flag
Embrace prosperity
Hanging in the corridors of power
A withering vine of simple things
Waiting to die
Lift the symbol high

Indifferent to the present tense
A sense of purpose sits upon a fence
Sidelines strewn with blind regret
Haunted by voices that cry neglect
Standing in the rain

Wishing might explain...

Capture the flag
Embrace prosperity
Hanging in the corridors of power
A withering vine of simple things
Waiting - biding time to die
Raise the flag
Standing alone upon a hill
Dust upon a sill

I awake to a silent shout
Misguided past
Spent in endless quest
Time grinding down
Wisdom traded for mistakes that never end
Fences to defend
All while happiness wears a frown
Now the morning bell
Echoes out of step with modern decay

Capture the flag
Embrace prosperity
Hanging in the corridors of power
Capture the flag
Misplaced prosperity
Smothered in a blanket of desire
A withering vine of simple things
Waiting to die
Raise the flag
Half-mast alone upon a hill
Colorless & still