

The Poetry Collection (I-III)

I.

Tossing and turning; turning and tossing
The click of a clock resounds in the air
Its march goes on callously, harkening
Apathetically to my sad affair

"Curses!" I exclaim, eyes sanguine with rage
Green the boxes of hope were not below
The clock's tick sounds again, piercing this cage
"I'm going to kill this thing! Work you h---"

"Test Results Follow (scroll down to see all)"
Mind awl and frozen in disbelief,
"0 out of 7, " the message galled
"Ahh!" I wake with a start, heart filled with grief

I spring to my laptop, making a scene
"Good, " I murmur, "all the output is green"

II.

Still the cold night is
A gloom reigns over the land
KeyError: 0

Passion boils out
IndexError: out of range
Still cold the night is

III.

Flowers will not be placed by your tomb
The susurrus of trees warped in visage and my words of scorn will be your companions during
your boat ride with Charon
When you reach the bowels of the Underworld, if you kneel before Hades and ask of your sins,
He will respond by pointing to Phlegethon, the river of red-shedded tears
In peace may you never rest