

## **The Dark Night**

I rode into battle on a trusty  
steed,  
sword held high to the sky,  
to perform a deadly  
deed,  
to fight, the dark night.

I poked a mighty  
foe.  
Thrashing my feeble flesh,  
slashing my bones from head  
to toe.

The only choice on  
the cards  
was to seek counsel, from  
Celtic Bards,  
before a dignified surrender.

## **Street Life**

The bags under his eyes,  
drooped heavy, weighed  
down by hungry cold skies  
and early morning fights,  
beaten black and blue  
by street life.  
Dark circles shaded cracked

eyelids and blistered skin,  
on a once handsome face.  
Now, twisted, sallow, thin.  
A guttural voice begged  
for change.  
With each donated coin,  
it was clear, his life  
would remain the same,  
as the day before,  
and a thousand more.

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