

The Prisoner

By Edward Rodosek

Wherever I go,
a terrible crush,
hustling through a crowd,
nervous irritation,
wrath and cursing,
hurrying and pushing.

Come on! Hurry up!
Waste no time! Get a move on!
Give way, damn you!

My life is nothing but
a rough-and-tumble fight
struggle for success,
battling anyone,
against everyone.

Imprisoned in a madhouse
which I myself helped to raise
and voluntarily locked myself into.

But now I'm sick and tired
of this way of life.
I can't stand it any longer.
I want out – whatever the cost!

But the steel entrance
is shut and locked with a bolt;
I can't run away by any means;
I am stuck in here
for ever and ever.

All of a sudden
I hear a mocking voice
coming from the jail.
Who might be that sneerer?

I shudder when I realize.
I know that voice for sure;
that is – that is my voice,
my own laugh...

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The Only Genuine Truth

By Edward Rodosek

My faithful TV is waiting for me.
I sit in my armchair
and gaze spellbound at the glowing screen.

There all women are glorious as goddesses,
long-legged and full-breasted,
their eyes are azure like the sky.
There all men are like gladiators,
they all drive fast roadsters.

There I get to know
how I shall live correctly;
there I'm told
what is the only genuine truth;
which is the proper detergent;
how I can lose weight overnight;
where must I spend my luxurious holidays
at giveaway prices.

I must simply and solely buy
this marvellous product;
this old, ugly thing of mine
I have to replace with a new one.

All those splendid new gems
are waiting for me,
only and solely for me...
What am I waiting for?

I'll stay here inside
Once and for all.
I have no use for the outer world.

Yet – only one thing disturbs me:
the light and the noise from the street.
I have to close
that damned window and the shutters;
the ugly reality outside
insolently lies to me,
trying to deceive me.

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Adapt or Die

By Edward Rodosek

If you've lost everything
and haven't got a brass farthing;
if you're burdened in depth;
if your sweetheart left you once and for all
and your own children consider you a pest;
if you've lost all your good friends;
and your doctor unaffectedly told you
that your cancer wasn't curable at all,
that your lifetime would end at Christmas –
then you must be careful.

If then anybody asks you: "How're you doing?"
You have to answer: "Never better!"
with a broad smile on your face.
Or else the gang around you
would certainly beat you on the spot
or swallow you alive.

What a blowout!
One less rival in a cut-throat competition
for survival...

Then your pickled remnants
would be assorted for re-use
as absolutely nothing should be wasted
not even you.

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