

Condemned to Write

By David Clarke

Condemned to write
Not for thunderous applause
But solitary requiem and therapy
Death to morals as we know it
Life to acceptance of being human
Once understood, I toiled not graceless even then
Thrown to the lions and condemned to write
I grew in mystery and in love
through solitude and much patience
eventually finding a use for myself, for life
I seek silence and progressive thought
not the clanging bells of many solicitors in a rabble
Like a scrum, they hobble home afterwards
misshapen and badly bruised
I am not bruised
But today I would gladly fight
For basic dignity and solitude.

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