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On the Burning of Anger

Mike Gifford

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On the Burning Of Anger

Anger --- Black and burning fire consuming my soul and fueling the heat of passion. Violence wicked and vicious comes easy and vents my rage Destruction, chaos Splinters and shards I throw my raw emotion against the world Hurling it with cries of frustration that escalate into screams and curses --- Who is at fault, who can be blamed? Does it matter? Even if the transgression lies within, it does nothing to quench the fire which will burn unabated until everything is consumed ---

Only then will I slump down to the ground with the last gasps of emotion Wracking my body with their departure The silent desolation around me, mute testimony of vented expressions of Helplessness and uncontrolled Anger.

In the wake of the scourge, I must fit back together the parts of that which lies in broken heaps around me. Now, as always, the fragments are less than before, as my rage has forever banished Valuable pieces of that which once was And I sadly realize that the parts can never again be greater than the sum of what has fallen into the abyss. Rebuilding the shattered structure, Into smaller and smaller frames --- Each deemed sturdy only until the black ire Lashes out again and chaos reigns.

---Mike Gifford
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