

Reality

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A werewolf poem, I was bored and suddenly werewolf popped up. And if you read it and think a while it does have to do with a werewolf.

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1 - Reality

I can feel them, these implications on my face.
I can see them, these demons plaguing the human race.
If I could touch this moon, this night,
I would fill with rage, over powered by might.
This disease that swarms in my heart,
This purpose that has split apart.
I've been waiting a while but this feeling won't come back.
Torture and solemn, friends I lack.
Never did I wish to become like this,
I always wanted to sleep at night in silent bliss.
Why is it that the world has changed?
Why is it that I'm the one so deranged?
If I were to turn and let the moon take me now,
If I were to ignore and not care how.
Would this change break my soul?
Or would I sink into a splinter of a whole?
Can I run this night with no worry?
Or must I escape in the moon's dark fury?
To howl at night is more than a gift,
But to break bones in star's sight is more than I can lift.
These wounds can't heal,
Why must this be real?
My song, my soul, my call.
My pain, my fall.
This curse, my hurt, my fatality.
This is my gift, my spirit, my reality.