

My Torment

When comes a time in all our lives, our youth must leave us and
Bring forth the one to see the world, through eyes as they may hand
The growth to manhood, all to see, and giving of his ways
My youth and visions of my past are nothing but a haze
There was a time so long ago these visions filled my head
My mind and hand almost aglow, share these visions I said
The page so bare, to those but me I know but a disguise
To see them there, I decree, this is for everyone's eyes
Human form, yet animal they, questioned by many around
As many saw them, they did say, "Stop or you will go down"
Then came the day, as I was told, to place these works behind
My torment lies, to be so bold, I listened oh so blind
Too many years have passed me now, the visions not so fresh
Tried many times, this I vow, to draw or give of my flesh
Now that I find to my surprise, the page has changed a bit
No need to paint, words disguise and bring out more of my wit
I will draw again, this I tell, my torment end one day
Pictures flow to release me from hell, then I will not stray