

Indignation

By,

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Genre:

Psychology theme

Pour down sorrowful tales to a bystander as he whistles along to a disgruntled tune of a rejected man whose time has passed. Rage against the rising sun who shines brightly even when old weary bones scream in retaliation to worn out usage, abuse back in days when vigor boosted health allowed for delinquency and cheeky attitude. Laugh and cry to a kid who gazes blankly at a wrinkled person who has lost dignity and passion for alas his time is up Live on, move fast to all who hear the pent up emotions of a life that ticks on simply because it is afraid to die, palpitations beating fast anxiety building up accumulating and ascending without outlet to what lies ahead of a mysterious door no man comes back from, or if they did, unbelief now a torment for rationality man's best friend turns on itself and galvanizes nerves raw from experience and hidden stories linger on quiet nights and lonely days has become everyday.

Some say Karma exist or spirituality floats to dimensions physical and ill gotten gains haunt stolen time even as delusions and lies fade quickly when make up and plastic surgery show tales of muscles liquefying and the good doctor shakes his head solemnly for no medications as yet will heal metabolism gone slow and time relentless takes away carefully concealed aged body as lookers observe deeply etched lines on forehead always there, crinkled skin rather sand like and eyes form cataract going blind slowly yet what can be done? They walk away swiftly and out-stretched arms bear no concealed deceit when a stuttering fool loses memories and words cannot form easily, forgetting eloquent speech and fine mannerism, dancing on high heels an extravagant luxury way past and yes it is time to pay the dues. Counting sheep or money, watch bank account closely such hard earned money or had it ever been when young folk come with smiles undisguised non pretentious but you've played that game, all too familiar, nostalgia threatens to close in and throat constricts tightly – games played so smoothly now that pattern of merciless greed cold chilly fingers crawl up spine as an innocent boy lifts up hands for a sweet or

two: but his eyes tell a story quite different, claws like steel pierce down neck engulfing darkness looming dense clouding vision as gaping jaws become a game turned backwards.

Remember or try not to when time will not go to a point once reality, as a child cried for help, your child perhaps sometimes memories play tricks and it is not easy to know when stimulations of television and what not confuse numbed mind that has already done the race, finished and results seen by all, resume is a paper like an open sheet and eyes stare at plain English no doubt that waves past cannot return, look back not to good old days for maybe they never had been. Belt a kid whose tears melt not a heart of a drunkard man frustrated from work and he yells not at the boss whose hand feeds him but a coward lashes onto an 8 year old without remorse as shrill screams go unheard in a neighborhood dulled by stress and poverty. Go on hit, again and again merciless whips pelt on fragile skin and a dark mind hardened by daily living cares not for a beautiful boy whose innocence you now tear over and over. "It's not right, papa, mama, someone please help!" angry eyes furious with losing at the job or just being, mirror speaks of truth rather not seen and passion hot unleashed on to whoever catches an ill-tempered man. Screw the world, everyone weak flesh recognizes the leather whips tremble at a slight touch and arthritis penetrates bones giving pain a faint reminder of torture dished out no remorse and try to imitate kindness, benign voice played out before, no one bothers to a desperate person when covered past makes no sense for scorpions do sting in pots unturned, better to go where grass is green and walk by a staggering lost soul whose judgment has been sentenced.

Love pretty deep like ocean felt keenly we all recognize it, as kids we see when a parent shouts in anger undetermined and a spilt cup of milk unwarranted bruises deep purple but pleadings go unheard to dear daddy not like other daddies and firm hands wanted craved for never experienced because some children will have beach week-ends or a party with close friends

while others less fortunate cry to sleep with a father whose ears are deaf to a little kid simply there for abuse, amusing fun and entertainment but long suffering not his cup of tea. Mommy warm and nurturing looks straight ahead when perverted hands go up skirt and midnight awakenings bring cold sweat to fierce eyes that say; “don’t scream or cry.” Oh is it you again daddy, dear daddy with teddy eyes in front of guest so exquisite and charming they don’t see ugly fingers sticky fingers dirty fingers dear mother wants her clothes, fine jewelry always laughs her pretentious ways and usual words, “oh kids these days sure make up stories!” but mommy saw, every night walks away.

Untold stories, weep – cry and wail just don’t come and say sorry for lip services mean nothing to a soul ravaged with grief.