

Mandatory Progress

A jolt to the arm for successful ends,  
Required numbers falsify luxurious trends.  
Push harder to get the basic needs complete,  
Adopting the change from expectations is no small feat.  
Populations painted in history as a victim,  
In the deep end of poverty, they will need to swim.  
Families starve for innovation and status,  
Pushing back at every turn is the normal practice.

Leadership Requirements

Here we are pulling together,

I'm in front ready to weather.

Pushing against us challenges await,

Adapt and overcome we decide our own fate.

Demanding better is going into effect,

We must give it our all towards this project.

Grab ahold of the tasks and let it rip,

Call the rest to reenforce your grip.

Fight Night

The souls mourn with wails of hunger,  
Treaties complete in the safe bunker,  
Shots fired crafting in the fleeting waves,  
Dropping fog soaks the resting graves,  
Postures mounting fuel the rage.  
Clamoring eyes look out of the cage,  
Moon rising slowly toward the night,  
Courageously they continue the fight.

Insomnia

Lying in bed, warm bodies touch,  
Safety, security, only offers so much,  
Wheels turn at uncontrollable speed,  
Crushing pressure grows like a weed,  
Castles of sand crumble to dust,  
Hopeful feelings fade to disgust.  
Sweat soaks into the cotton,  
Smokeless fire splits the ice-cold air.

Fallen Statues

Watching from the highest tower,  
A ruler focuses on the crumbling flower,  
His face through the glass,  
Standing tall in solid brass,  
The troops fall all around,  
Screams, moans, death, are the only sound.

End of Days

Five, four, three, two, one.

I'm nearly all the way done.

Saving for a rainy day isn't that important,

The end of the world comes at an instant.

Cut off from the life as we know it,

All things end in an instant,

Protect the things you have near,

Danger fades with added fear.

A Season of Decay

Sidewalks once carried small feet,

Cracks and moss bring deceit.

The buildings burn as snowy ash falls,

Caved roofs look up to the walls.

The wealth of the rich is no more,

Those with prehistoric skills will soar.

From the dirt and dust seedlings burst,

A return to life this is the first.

Will they understand the choice is theirs?

Peace, love, hope will answer prayers.