

Freedoms Vise

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A view on restriction

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In the rage of all men restrained, whether by chain or himself, lies the dream of release, the desire to roam freely, to look back at where he was, to take in the scent that rides with the winds now pushing against his new direction. While every need still exists, blind to all, is he who cannot wander. Walls and barriers, that at times sway and creak, threatening to give way but remain, only serve to enhance his hopes and fuel the torment. In that nothing happens, all is changed. Memories had, return to cut, while hopes of new come, only to die... just out of reach. The unseen battle, hidden and missed by the eyes of the free, perpetually escalating within, leaving behind jagged tears, for a mind to mend. In the heights hope reaches, the descent of realization, being much farther and swift, exacts more from the fall. With tattered resolve, bleeding and emerging as lesser attempts, sheer is left to stand alone. Blade drawn, seething anger, its sheath, fury is unleashed. Final offensives are launched. Fortitude tested in trenches of thought. Most will fall, victims unto themselves. No pleas, screams or wants, only relief in finding that which eluded them, in times, savored, it could have been. But of the few, in refusing to lose, that sustain, wielding weapons forged in trials and tribulation, victory shall be found, yet again, to add to the armour of belief, for a warrior of life. All fight this war. Legions of legions face our common foe, unaccompanied and alone. Allies converge, while none comes. Internally they live, waiting dormant, till such time as to test their strength. To all, take up your battle, find your way, live!...and for those about to die, I salute you!

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