

RYAN WILSON

JUNIOR - 1st Place

Alumni Poetry Contest - 2017

SR - 34

Our Pain

The rains all
Rained out
Blacked out, it's dark now
The pitiful revolutions of a whimsical clock
Long nights, strange men

There's heat with no light
Stress soaked streets lend their scent to the air
Fancy girls on the Boulevard,
Flagging down fancy cars
Men dance with the devil in dirty ballrooms

Lord knows she's beautiful
Lord knows she'll never escape the allure
Embalmed morality captured in grey clouds
Streets trampled by depressed cycles
Lord knows we'll never escape the allure

In her heart, she hates it there
In their mind, they made it there
Drowning to stay afloat
Assured by perpetual revolutions she goes into the night
By barren aspirations born from barren circumstances, we go into the night