

Argument (?)

The last time that I'd slept, I dream'd that I was in Hell. Satyrs and nymphs were gathered, sitting on burning toadstools, strumming harps and lutes, whilst singing and reciting verse describing Hell; the true nature of the place. I dutifully sat myself down upon one of the toadstools with pen and paper in hand writing it all down, one-thousand lines or better. Of course, when I awoke, it was all gone from my memory; only these lines remain.

~M. 01/99

Vice & Virtue

Visions of vice are all that I see;
They engulf my life so painfully.
The friends I knew, I know no more,
They cannot know what lies in store.
They read the Word, but do not hear,
Its virtue has been painted clear.
The Word is sacred, sacred trust.
They blaspheme it until it's dust.

I have seen the Word's demise,
I've seen it through their drunken eyes.
Their bitter wine has made me ill,
I drank it 'til I'd drunk my fill.
And to the floor I've seen it spill.
I swallow now this bitter pill.

The wine now gives a bitter taste,
My mind and thoughts it's laid to waste.
Ne're again shall I choose to drink,
The reason for, I choose to **think**.

©1999-05 [Michael Charles Rogers](#)

<http://mysite.verizon.net/ultravortek>