

Finalist, Poetry

Entrapped

By Krystal Cates

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Imprisonment; within my own body-
What hell this is to me;
To speak, to hear, to see,
To be truly free!

The ever-living light that dwells inside,
Shines greater than the heavenly light outside,
But continues to be oppressed by never-ending sorrow,
Does hope exist for tomorrow?

Confined to this place, the walls surround in spite and hate,
To shut me from the outer world...I fail to relate.
Still, I attempt to communicate,
But only frustration escapes,
Pure fury exudes me,
And I express this in abusive behavior,
To see if my anger will release my savior.

The free misunderstand this repeated plea,
As a natural demeanor common to me,
If one would only look beyond and see,
The joyful light that always dwells,
Within this everlasting hell.

Revelation is known to me,
This is but a mere dream,
This is not a girl's fantasy,
But dire necessity ...

for Helen Keller