

## Anne Clark

# "Poets Turmoil Number 364"

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Keep me back in the real world  
From which we try to run  
Music and words don't mean anything  
Through the barrel of a gun

A poem cannot heal a wound  
Books won't help you find  
That something which you're searching for  
But just add questions to the mind

Tell me now in black and white  
What you're supposed to do  
When fists and knives and sticks and boots  
Come raining down on you

A painted picture on a wall  
Can't justify a life  
When the weak and poor cannot escape  
Their ugliness and strife

The actor in a bridge of words  
Leading us to nowhere  
Dressed in costumes to disguise  
The reality of despair

The poets turmoil strikes again  
As once more words they fail me  
Another bomb has just supplied  
The cross on which to nail me .

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