

Eden Maine

"Do Not Move A Muscle, Do Not Breathe A Word"

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We drove the long way home,
Past the prison gates and through the years.
And at the side of the road we saw a faceless man
Whose old grey skin held his ageing bones together
like an oversized leather glove.
And whose eyes sank so far into his skull they seemed
as black as the midnight air.
But this mans gift was his words.
He told us how there is a fine line between order and
chaos,
That there are those in life who do not know what they
are fighting for,
But that it is the fight that counts,
And that a man without principles is a fool only to
himself.
And the years past and we never saw him again.
The eyes held a crystal glaze, but the scent did not
return.

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