

Cryptopsy

"Damned Draft Dodgers"

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The morning light shone across the surface
I had hoped Canoe Lake would be like this

The constant financial pressures
Were constricting my creativity

A black canvas stalked my nightmares
Night after night I had the same reoccurring vision
So I thought a therapeutic fishing expedition
Might help remedy the darkness which had been
consuming me

But sadly it only brought my blackened revelations
To the next extremity

As I pushed off the dock
I basked and reclined
In the serenity

This was exactly what I needed seclusion and peace
But after a short while I was distracted
By a faint line of smoke rising in the distance

When I approached the two men by the fire
Quickly they turned and shuffled away
I was startled when the third one attacked me from
behind

The deserters worked quickly carrying my lifeless body
Towards the water's edge

There I was laid to rest in my shallow watery grave
I sunk beneath the surface floating adrift amongst the
logger's forgotten rotting stumps

My assailants walked away
Swaying ignominiously
Running from a life of violence
Brought them closer to it than they could have ever
imagined

Now they are cursed to the life of the damned

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