

Hydrophobia

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Can a man walk on water?

If so, they would be labeled the next Poseidon.

There is a tale of a man who tried to jump

But lacked the rail to grasp onto.

Unarmed would be an insult

To the stone that pumps crimson,

As the only bones keeping him up

Are the legs that hold the table of the body.

What was triggering were the doubts

Becoming a storm in his mind,

But what was lingering in the cloud

Cannot unwind the ambition

That was set from the leap of faith,

Awaiting for the bet to unfold.

The man ran from a cliff,

And there were mines below

That were stiff to release

The chains that take you to death.

The leap of faith reached a critical point,

Where his wingless body was a failure.

It dug him deep into despair,

Devoid of the public gaze.

Hydrophobia strangles the corpse
As the mines clip into his bones,
His cries remain enclosed
As he tries to uncage himself
From the Hydrophobia
That was swallowing him whole.

Nothing more was told
Of the bold, wingless bird.
The soul was lost,
But Hydrophobia remained
As the mines drag him
Like a bag of golden pride.