

Schiamachy

(n.) a battle against imaginary enemies;
fighting your shadow

Abbie Payne Youth Poetry

Start dead with a smile.
Rise to a teen with a mind that comes and goes.
"Proof says life would drag me here",
His voice falling,
Unmanned by the anger in his eyes.

Spent five years in the light,
Yet the wounded felt unease.
He had laughed about a veteran of endless dark.
"No more terrors for him,
Darkness rides farther each day."
Today, numbing cold loves to ride the ancient youth,
Their excitement, empathy and desire,
Buried under the snow.

Reflected in ice
Were the blue faces of ancient youth.
Their faces buried deep enough to interrupt the details.
As we grow old, we see snow.
Children see the snow burning.
Fire?
No, guns do not solve this.
Adulthood will cure them of their minds,
Only to be replaced with the insecurity of a bomb
And guns for hands.

A knife mounted the mind of the noble knight
Sworn by sin.
He killed
And the mighty shared a laugh.
Fighting the cold on two fronts,
They have no time to live.
They fight it.
Don't feel it.
Sinking into peaceful numbness.

Yet despite a chill, some muttered
"Young knight, man-at-arms, what men freeze?
And how is it your fire burns?"
Weeping, frowning,
They reply
"We've surely killed them by our own hands,
Innocent were they to believe that no men freeze
By the cold steel of their trusted society.
For the wood we burn is frozen bodies
And the angry fire, red with blood."

And then order and honour,
Careless and unwary,
The men-at-arms' sorrow deepened
Feeling the darkness despite their fire blazing.
Saddened faces discoloured by fire.
The night's sounds unman them in fear.
"Fire fool!"
The enemy's a fire.
No!
Society is the enemy.
We are society.