Blackout:

Seething Rage.

Blood pressure hitting all-time highs, an atom bomb

Exploding upon all who are near

A loss, an expected loss

Yet, the loss is illegitimate.

As the cheat reveals himself in the end

Threats of love with opponents’ maternal figures

Commonplace after the game ends

For the enemy are deceivers and thieves

A veil to shroud mediocrity

Controllers spiked; expletives shouted

A rage uncontrolled

Despite it all

The loss was guaranteed, backs were against the wall

Even without the sleight of hand, the cards were stacked against us

Despair filled faces and sighs deafened the room

But when it was pulled out, a spit in the face

And this spit, will not go without recompense

A clean slate, nothing but a clean canvas ready to be painted,

But instead of oils and latexes; words, numbers, and logic are the paint

Keys clacking away like the brushstrokes moving skillfully.

A story of despair, depression-

And hope

A world that’s filed with strife, characters filled with mistakes.

Loss, failure, pain-

And redemption.

A place that emulates life.

Mistakes, regret, consequences, but also a way to forgive one's self

I stop for the day and look at the canvas I wanted to paint

And realize that the painting-

Mirrors my own soul

Sweet Embrace,

Promises from the world.

Like a warm cloud,

Surrounding our youth.

But life is never soft, never yielding.

One day a gentle breeze and joyful laugh,

The next a raging storm,

 killing old friends and breaking the world

A teacher is responsible for his students

And the teacher before him taught the teacher.

So, when the students venture and fail

Are the students fully to blame?

As the days go on,

And the storm loses its ferocity,

I still blame the winds of days gone,

Of the sinking feeling in my heart