Vicious Cycle

J.G.

I’m from death and destruction, a too familiar cycle,
A young mind corrupted by a vicious cycle,
Gun shots and screams become our sad melodies,
A world driven by hatred and greed.
One physical world, yet psychologically two exist,
One with purity, the other with death and deceit.
Two worlds completely different like yin and yang,
Yet so close to another like the very air they share.
A world where the rules of the jungle apply to us all,
No mercy for the weak, no pity for the dying, no tears for the slain.
Lose one, kill two, never rest until you do.
Who will be the last one standing, will it be me or will it be you?

Emotional barriers fill our empty souls,
Depressing memories are the one thing that keeps us whole,
Reminds us of the one time where innocence was known,
Where the innocence was once known, only hatred flows,
Hatred for the ones who corrupted our once pure souls,
Our families who betrayed us all who couldn’t even accept us as a whole.

Humans are weak and full of emotional flaws,
Weak creatures that are corrupted and blind,
The hatred and greed fill their empty minds,
They will destroy you and hurt you and show no remorse.
The negative emotions that cloud their empty souls,
But there are two emotions that destroy this negative flow,
And these sentiments are known as Hope and Love,
Pure emotions that remind of who we once were.

Take it Further

In what ways is leaving a gang like leaving a war?

Pick a few lines from the poem to illustrate through drawing or collage. Describe why you chose those lines.