

My Demons
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In the darkest corners of my aging mind,
lurks the demons of my shame, sipping on
a carafe of bitter wine.

Mockingly, they stare with eyes of
incrimination... you're too old to be doing this,
you're not pure enough to be doing this,
you're incapable of doing this!

Ah! Tell me not...they are the reapers
of my soul? For from here I know not
were I go. For I have no future and
the past is just dust in the wind...
that's the realities of life my friend.

Is this it? Is this all there is? Is this where it all ends?
What about the good things I've done...doesn't
that count some?

Demons are unbending! They never blink,
they never think, they never forgive or forget!
They constantly and silently shame the sins
of all my kind.

I came into this world without the burden of sin.
I shall leave sinless, no matter what the preacher
or the Pope proclaims. I know that I've done the
best I can.

My demons...Ah! Those dirty little demons...I hereby
cast you out of my life... for you see...I'm in love!
No demon of guilt can shame me from this pure
white dove.

Jackie R. Kays
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