

## Detached

By Nathaniel T. Jones

I've committed felonies, infidelities  
learned to lie well and faced rejections  
if being a fuck-up was scored on a total scale  
I am the picture of perfection

All the wrong I've done and cruel intentions  
trumps my good actions and love in my heart  
I seen it all fall close to nothing  
Then witnessed it get ripped apart

I am a scavenger and lived as a degenerate  
I found serenity once I was locked in a cage  
I have shed blood and tasted my own  
I have hurt myself to control this rage

There is no free will, it's called predestination  
there is no rhyme or reason to life  
Those that I love, I must love from afar  
All I have is this passion to write

After I brought the devil his cognac  
I looked deep into his ice cold eyes  
He asked me "Do you like playing games"?  
I answered hand me those fucking dice

## Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello

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Three tragedies, three men, plagued by either their own demons  
or the demons in others  
Men caught up in ruthless ambition only to meet their demise  
And now that I find myself waist deep in this un-real reality I call life  
My thoughts, hopes and ambitions are teetering on the edge of insanity  
or is it hope?  
I must survive this nightmare, or is it destined for me to meet my demise  
like Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello?  
I guess only God knows  
I would pray but if he is watching me,  
he knows of the detriment I am in  
so prayer to me would be an insult.  
It is past midnight and as the dense fog hovers so does my apprehension of what is to come  
However, I will stay this course and play out this real life drama  
I wonder, will I become immortal by suffering the fate of a man entrapped in a merciless  
tragedy?  
I guess I won't know until the final scene...

## End Game

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The sheep follow fads, man-made icons and the latest sensations  
Too often death is the end game for instant gratification  
Greedy rats fill their bellies as their stalked by hungry owls  
Judgement often shows no mercy, its strike is cold and foul  
Warnings are all around us we often ignore signs  
We can get back a lot of things that were lost, but we can never replace time  
The undercurrent of hate is jealousy and envy runs deep  
There will always be degrees of power so there will never be peace  
As morality crumbles the future is shortened and fools believe they are wise  
The perverse impose, standards are lowered and poison infiltrates our minds  
History repeats itself, the ignorant perish and tragedy invokes change  
Unity is unstoppable, awareness preserves, and life is not a game

**Nathaniel T. Jones bio:** Nathaniel T. Jones a native of Rochester NY is a writer, poet and author. Nathaniel's work has appeared in Cram journal. He published his first collection of poetry "Here goes nothing", by Mylk "n" honee publishing in March of 2014. Nathaniel's passion for writing is inspired by his faith in God, life experiences, love, the need for change and a strong desire to share his words with the world.