

Burning for Buddies

By Brían Mannion

Oh my friends, my gloves and my bubbles,
we held hands together through all of your troubles,
together, together, together we will stay, this friendship of ours has no fear of
ice.

My comrades, my allies, my gang and my crew,
not even our God knows the great things we do!
When we're together, with our hands bound by feather,
separation or loss?
Not now and not ever!

Oh my companions, my donkeys, my stallions,
When our heads have crossed wires and our souls have sparked fires,
We are bright! We are bright! We can outshine the others!
We are special, we are unique! And we are a team.

Yes, we are a team.

Guys?
Guys?
Seriously, guys?!
Where in the sea are all of you hiding?
The waves become black and the torrent is rising!

My chums, my chums, I do not understand.
We spoke of infinity, as a goal for our unity,
my friends, my friends, why do you not speak?

Did I make a mistake?
Do you think me a tyrant?
What did I do?
Why are you silent?

I see how it is as I sit in my fright,
my former companions are rip-roaring bright,
I am blinded, I am blinded!

Writing Raw

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Their collective union in my brutal exclusion is what my past would hope a
delusion
But as I fall back and they remain bright,
the roar of my absence has fractured my sight

Up on the deck, where they have forgotten my name,
I know in my heart they are no longer the same,
so I walk to the edge, and climb down to the grey,
I'm rowing away,
I'm rowing away,
I'm rowing away,
I'm rowing away,
I'm rowing away.

Brían Mannion bio: I am a 18 year old aspiring writer. I have a keen interest in poetry and fiction I have been writing for just over a year, in that time I like to think that I have honed my technique and found my style. My current WIP is a novel I have been working on for 14 months. It is my dream to be a writer, and I have a keen enthusiasm for films also.