

Decision of a Gift

Looking through old dreams, you'll often find
With dreams and reality aligned,
I would dream of psionics
They'd work via brain's phonics,
Move with the sound of a psychic mind

Starting Out

They call us heroes, the ones who can solve all their problems,
yet we have hit roadblocks along the way,
due to some unknown forces.

Fear

Fear is what controls, as it always has,
sewing its way into what makes us mortal,
or at least mortal enough to perish.

Anxiety

Anxiety often gets the better of those who have weak wills,
to train that will is to relate it to something else,
a tree

Will

I see the apricot blossoms on the tree,
long killed by frost and wind,
the pollen gone from the air,
the willpower is smaller.

Altered

I shan't prattle on about just myself,
as I am not the only one who is altered from what I once was.
Tell me 'bout you.

A World Changed

What's your chosen gift?

The one that you decided
When the world was changed.

My Choice

My gift changed my mind
To move and speak with just thoughts
A psionic mind

Telepathic

I'm telepathic
Publically not a freak
A hidden power

Turn it Off

I can read the minds
of those who are in this room
It can't be turned off

Overwhelming

Please just turn it off
And now I'm going to cry
A cacophony

End it Now

Constant voices hurt
I just can't scream in my head
'Lest I hurt other

A Curse

Now I bear a curse
Tempering myself each day
Please just let it stop

A Cause

I try to be a hero, a masked and spandex clad vigilante

Fighting crime in the dead of night, using my psionic talent
Trying to help people, but they don't want any of my help

Guilt

People like me do more harm than good, mostly property damage
Yet I still feel the guilt of not helping, despite the fact it harms
How can I be saved from this guilt, except by forfeiting my gift

Villains

When the world has heroes, then there must also be villains
This is a simple truth, and one that we cannot deny
It is a petty shame, when all that some desire is chaos

Fated End

Again, again, again, the tables roll, falling through the broken floor
We see the end before it's begun, yet foresight fails us
We cannot escape this, this horrid fated end for us all

Chaos

But they don't truly know what chaos is, at least not like I do
It is a poison, one that festers in the mind of the people
All of which I am intimately aware, despite my efforts

The Truth About Magic

To be validated in bizarre ways,

Found weird on more than social behavior,
Falling through my many broken dismays,
Psionic Talents are in my reservoir,
We battle through all of these chaotic ways,
Acting as I could be someone's savior,
Molding with the mind, as if with some clays,
With the mental voice of a soft klavier

But that's not how life ever functions here

People are blinded by what is bizarre,

Wishing to cover it all with veneer,

Try to hide things as they really are

In the end we all think about magic,

But having it would just be so tragic.