

Breaking Silence

*By Corey Highberg
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This refuge of the mind	Safe-less, loud, pressing, pressed, distressed
This once safe place	Printed, posted, found and founded
This haven, now pushed to forefront	Shouting secretive sentence
Prison doors slammed shut un-wanting	Burst from our heads to the ground
Sealed among those seeking recluse	From this, the broken silence sounds
Unavailable, loud, pressing, urgent	From this, new verses wound
No longer a home	Spinning new constructs
Panic, opened cages	Winding new clocks
Unshackled, those held in bondage	Writing new equations
Unsafe, those in retreat	Proving solutions known, endless
A vestige of oppression	Glass ceilings etched
Hoping to destroy	Carving over and over
And never again	The same tale of certainty
They, which scream at the sky	Behind the crystal story
Hands raised, head high	Lies in foreground, truth trailing behind
No longer familiar	Time, time, time, time
Uncertain and insane	Setting new expectations
Purpose hopeful for the hopeless vain	Lining new victory laps
Broken, bent, un-mended, spent	We are so tired
Shouted, searched, sought, heard	Soles never seem to wear out
Those who will fix it	Lines will flip
Tinker secret sidelines	The second voice will ring first
Away from masses	Ears shocked, granted attention
Searchlights sighting frightened boys	The volume will not rescind
Slighted ladies posing sides of isles	Silence broken will begin