Journal #1

**Song of Myself**

Borja Rojo

A laughing mass, our cheers get louder

Beyond these walls, our voice won’t matter

Shadows of dreams are dark behind us

Born to be shattered by a light that blinds us

All these fallen angels weep

Clipped wings; they admit defeat

Peace signs sewn from molted feathers

Our liberties stolen makes us beggars

What do we really have left

A starless sky black clouds have theft

Hope there’s a day when morning comes

Where my heart will burn with the fire of drums

Shades of past come back to haunt me

Thoughts run through just like a baby

I’m losing sleep for what I will be

Chased by thoughts of what I should be

I keep two spyglasses below deck

One is worn and guards from shipwreck

The other untouched, still plated with gold

It leads a course I’d like to hold

Though the winds blow South, it points me North

Ignoring my first mate, she leads me forth

A ship so fine, she can’t hold me from the truth

I continue my journey towards the fountain of youth

This old car drives up the mountain road

Rickety and rusty though it not be slowed

Rocks and potholes littered across my path

But I can not fear Mother Nature’s wrath

The night rolls in as I reach the peak

The summit in a twilight most people seek

Though I do not wish to near God’s sky

I’d rather see Apollo forever fly