

Yowl, by Liam Hildreth

For the Forgotten Ones

I saw the best friendships of my generation grow drastically distant, torn apart, seeing brothers
become as strange as Heaven and Hell while we could merely sit and observe as just
another participant in the game,
Who found new friends where clouds of smoke would block out the sun in place of the open
space of healthy inspiring relationships that once let in the light,
Who found new friends where video games & social events took precedence over intellectual
advancement enlightenment and honour,
Who drove and were driven away by factors in and out of our control,
Who's own perpetual infatuation of anything willing to return such admiration presented
detrimental to the genuine relationships,
Who's relationships fell in a cyclical pattern of love then hate then love then hate with no ability
to halt,
Who have grown and differentiated beyond recognizability, transforming into a shadow of their
former self refusing to step back into the illuminated group of positive influences, the
brotherhood became the estranged,
Who have become overwhelmingly inattentive to the positive people in their life, and more
preoccupied by the game,
Who has become surrounded by an unshakable fog of darkness constricted by cognitive
corruption,
Who has been coddled as if they were still a child and now makes capricious attempts
captiously to deliver ad hominem attacks when backed into a corner,
Who has become consumed by addiction blocking all rays of hope from entering,
Who has become dependent on pot and nicotine and alcohol to let them escape into the
darkness of anything but the reality they have so helplessly fallen into over the course of the
past few years,
Who's former selves still shine through in rare occasions where parts of their former self that still
remain are illuminated like the sun's rays shining through gaps in the clouds with such
glimpses into the past developing into a rarity that becomes fewer and more far between as
time carries on and the game moves forward,
Who's reign of King and Bloomsgrave and Gibson seem a shadow of what it once was,
Who's connection once for life, now missing the right cord,
Who once were so close, but now seem a world apart,

To the Forgotten Ones

I'm with you in Hope

Where we can rise up together

I'm with you in Hope

Where you and I could once converse until the sun would rise and then wait long enough to watch it set

I'm with you in Hope

Where we can run from parents responsibilities chores and school and life

I'm with you in Hope

Where we can start new, and find tranquility by the Ganaraska

I'm with you in Hope

Where problems are treated with palliative measures of pot and drunken debauchery

I'm with you in Hope

Where three naive teens may roam Bloomsgrove, King, and Gibson without being followed by an unshakable cloud

I'm with you in Hope

Where blind eyes see and deaf voices can be heard

I'm with you in hope

Where our friendship will not merely endure, but long prevail

I'm with you in hope

That the flickering flame of our friendship will not burn out

I'm with you in hope

That the flame instead will be rekindled and able to burn bright, bringing us out of the darkness

I'm with you in hope

For a future without addiction without darkness without quarrel

I'm with you in hope

That our memories full of drunken stories laughs good times and bad and everything in between will never be forgotten

I'm with you in hope

That our brotherhood does not end here

I'm with you in hope

The home of our school and adolescent live's and friendship and us

I'm with you in Hope

Where our friendship and legacy live on while our presence dissipates as we move into the next phase of the game