

Book Titled: RUMINATING YEARS

Poem: The Keeper Of Men

Author: By Artem Vaskanyan

I often wonder!

How can a man keep another shackled, hand cuffed

And locked away inside a cage to suffer

For all eternity, but then,

Treat a stray dog better than a man he keeps...

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It is difficult, almost impossible not to feel

Any loathe for a Keeper of men;

For what he does to another man

Is truly the worst of all beasts.

He is a servant of the Devil in the earthly realm,

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A tormentor of the human souls he keeps...

To make a living of another man's pain and suffering

Is one of the most disgusting acts

That any man can find a way to live his life.

Not only is it a crime against mankind,

15

But it is the most detrimental act

That the Keeper of men can afflict upon one's own soul.

The Keeper Of Men

By Artem Vaskanyan

Perhaps if one, would've experienced the same shackled life
By the hand of the Keeper of men,
Then he would've too developed such loathe for him or her. 20

I say it, because I seen it with my own eyes.
I felt it on my own skin,
And heard the cries of many tormented men
Amongst whose cry was often mine.

I was in distraught from internal pain 25
By being treated like I was not even a man.
It made me feel like my body was not even mine
Like it didn't even belong to me,
Only my mind was left to me
And its ruminating thoughts that flowed through it. 30

The prayers did not always help
And there was no one else to ask for help.

I only found comfort in my tears,
When the Keeper of men was not in sight
To keep his eyes on all the beasts like I, 35
Who was grappling within themselves
To fall asleep at night.

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I cursed the God so many times at night
That I started to believe that I was cursed by him
Since the first moment I saw light. 40

When hope died within my heart,
I wished to start the process of life again;
Since death was much easier to embrace
Than my shackled life.
Which had only one meaning to me at that time, 45
To suffer, suffer to the end.

At times the only way for me
Was to escape from all of this
Was to ruminate relentlessly,
Imagining myself to have wings like raven, 50
And take flight into the heart of the sky
Where no one could ever cause any pain and suffering to me.

No one ever came knocking on my door to offer help.
The Keeper of men has always made sure of that
As he or she stood in the way 55
Like a Demon with a giant axe,
Preventing any benevolent - free man
To ever come and offer help.

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Although, the Keeper would always say,
"We do the best we can to help
These poor souls to find their way;
(And if they have failed then that is because,
They are simply Not men, but beasts
Who must be kept like wild dogs on a short chain.)

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I struggled with all the power of my mind
To keep myself from going insane.
I even lost the passion of seeing
The oceans and the forests in my dreams.

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The mental anguish from being locked away
Was one thing in itself,
But the neuratic mental games
That my mind kept playing on me
Was a completely different realm all by itself.

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Where most of the time, I was not living in Hell,
But that the Hell was living in me.
And the Keeper of men always made sure of that
As he or she stood like a Demon with a giant axe
Preventing me from escaping this awful place intact.

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