

October 5th

The clock struck eight

Neighbors turned to serpent's

Best friends turned to Snakes.

Beer and drink became an argument

Joy howled the bell of fate

Bullets flew at TEXAS residents.

The cops shot and aimed straight

Holding back parents without consent

The blood did incriminate

The DA disregarded his testament

A piece of TEXAS, jailbait

They trapped him in a devilment

The clock ran out like water gate

Serving time in a Colonial settlement

Time goes by like prime fate.

From suppressed too self-confident

One day to be more than an inmate

TEXAS does this to torment

But destiny isn't defined by fate

Through love we reach accomplishments

One day the entire world will celebrate

by Charles Hill

To see the art work that goes with this poem

Search "Ekphrastic Aesthetics" on Amazon

