

Heart of Flesh  
by STEVEN L. NEUGENT #1965119

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Within my mind There seems to be  
A lever THAT is subtly Pulling me  
Down The PATH of INSANITY  
TOWARD my DESTINY of MORTALITY.

BUT WHO AM I, in cell Locked in,  
forever TORMENTED, with loneliness within.

I AM A PERSON, with NOT a HEART of STONE,  
but with a heart of FLESH, LET it be KNOWN.

IT has been KNOWN, when I WATCH a MOVIE,  
THAT I shed a TEAR, in PARTS THAT MOVE ME.

I sit ALONE, in a ROOM Full of PEOPLE,  
BUT STILL I AM ISOLATED, we THINK we are EQUAL.

FOR These OTHERS have a HEART of STONE,  
They CARE ONLY for THEMSELVES, LET it be KNOWN!

