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Category: Poetry

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## **Secrets from the People**

### **Red Devil**

They call me  
Red Devil.  
Because I am  
Ruthless,  
Unforgiving,  
Cruel.

I rule  
By conquest.  
I fight  
For blood.  
I aim  
To kill.

I join wars with confidence.  
I make decisions without hesitation.  
I rule lands with mercy.

They want my death.  
They want my world.

But to my people  
I am the Red Queen  
Daring,  
Powerful,  
Loyal.

Because everything I do  
Is for  
My people,  
My legacy,  
My world.

I do it all for them.

### **Walk On, Darkness**

They wanted me  
To walk the lighted path.  
One of glory and worship

But that was not for me.

Now  
I walk a darkened path.  
One of chaos and power  
The path I chose.

I don't need them.  
They led me astray.  
I found my way back.  
To the dark.

They couldn't see me before.  
Let them see me now  
From their pedestal of light.  
I don't need their guidance.

Why light a candle for another  
If I alone can see in the dark.

### **Miss Swan**

They ask me with a nod.  
How are you Miss Swan?  
Is life treating you well?

They hold their fancy umbrellas  
That they never use for rain.  
They speak with false sweetness  
Reserved for their own gain.  
They offer a polite smile  
That doesn't hide their obvious pain  
When speaking with the more "respectable" sister.

They ignore my sister  
Regardless of the tear in reality she claws.  
Because the rich  
Do not want to see their flaws.

Hardship is foreign,  
For they have always lied.  
They sip and they laugh,  
Enjoying tea with pride,  
While the people of my sister,  
The people outside,  
Plunder the city in fear of fate.

She isn't bad;  
She has her own life.  
But she left me behind  
On a double-edged knife.

They ask me with a please.  
How are you Miss Swan?  
How is your sister?

There is no escape.  
No leaving, no kindness.