

Thoughts of a Wise-Dumb Man by Keith Middleton

*Planted in a concrete depression cemented by illiteracy
I rose, only to fall again
Deep between the fabrics of intellectual expression
Lessons of the mind, trained by life's hurtful blessings
Hands tied together thoughtlessly regretting
Years lived, unable to see
Confidences sharp imagery, cutting pains constant poetry
A man/child learning himself, then learning how to read
Analyzing the cards life has dealt
Pen in hand, ready to breathe
Enter the chambers of an unknown plan
Changed by the feelings of nothing else
This is me
Raw Thoughts of a Wise-Dumb Man...*