

# OBSIDIAN RIVERS

BY CHRIS LEWIS

Where are you sensibility,  
Where are you freedom?  
What bells doth ring  
In the fall eve's rain?

Pain brings me your beautiful  
Inspiration, bring me to bear.  
Allow my soul to sing,  
My pen shall keep me sane.

In these dark passageways,  
these avenues of ruin,  
streetlights host rainfall  
clouds beckon doom.

This macabre tune for a jester's dance,  
Their many masks restrain truth.  
They jump and spin, laugh and cry.  
They jump and spin,  
and laugh...  
and cry...

Hallowed chambers, concrete squares  
consecrated with blood and tears.  
These silent screams overflow  
as souls beg to know,  
to what end, what purpose  
doth we go? | CL

**ORIGINALLY FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, CHRIS LEWIS IS OF IRISH AND UKRAINIAN DESCENT. HE LOVES AND APPRECIATES THE ART, BEAUTY, AND UTILITY OF WRITING. CHRIS IS THE CARETAKER FOR A ROSE GARDEN AT OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY, AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF THE GROUND BENEATH US WRITING GROUP.**