

As Was True In Troy, We Also Wage War for Women

Whiskey, war, and women wake the werewolf
deep inside
While we drink this dose of liquid that tastes
just like cyanide,
And this lonely, languid world leaves nowhere
else to hide
So we sing our short lived sorrows with a single
shallow sigh.
We belt a boastful ballad all about our
stolen bride
As her father fights for feelings that we all know
as pride.
And we seem as Spartan soldiers so solemnly
we died
So now in angels all around me I aspire to
confide.
As down this fateful, flaming river Styx, rapidly
I ride.

—*Ryan West*

Dying Wings

I'll peel the dusty wrapper off
this old decaying sky.
The blue has turned to orange and red
the clouds, they float on by.
The colors make it easier
for me to say goodbye.
The horizon trades, Sun for Moon
and feelings go awry.
I forget my place, forget my name
while with you, I lie.
Your beauty fades as you decay
and I try not to cry.
But in my thoughts you'll always be
the perfect butterfly.

—*Ryan West*

