A Dream I Can Not Escape

A Poem by Andrew Nassif

Is it all a DREAM that I cannot escape
A DREAM of pain
We ask ourselves, “What is pain?”
Pain is the whip of a dad or a father’s hand
Pain is for those who suffered to help others
Pain is the feeling of a begotten soul
Pain is the cry of the only human friend’s death
Pain is a torn heart
Pain is a beaten man
Pain
Pain is for those who cry themselves
Not the cry of happiness
Certainly not one of joyfulness
but the sorrow mourn of a begotten soul
Yet you still ask what is pain?
We’ll all experience pain
From day to day and life’s end to life’s end
The world is unjust
But one day
Yes one day
We’ll walk in peace
To the road of Heaven
Or down there to a dark place
Ask yourself "where will I go"
That’s the moral
A story from end to end.
Will it take one to save me?
A hero may take my place
A hero indeed
When Jesus looked straight at death
He died on the cross
Rose on the third day
Conquering death
A hero
A hero indeed
When John was strong
Even towards his hour of death by king Harold
A Hero
A Hero indeed
When Socrates went against Mythology and Paganism
He stood up for what he believed
A hero
A hero indeed
When Martin Luther King Jr. stood strong and proud
Giving a speech
Stating Freedom
A hero
A hero indeed
May it be a hero to take my place?
What is life in all that is wrong and good?
Is life a rope I cannot climb?
Must I hang on?
Hang on
Hang on to the rope
Don’t fall
Have hope
The world may be painful
But why the despair
Because they fell off the rope
They disobeyed
Hang on
It may feel like a year
Or it may feel like an hour
Tasting the sweet but bitter kiss of death
Hang on
Don’t fall
Make it and their will be more
More in store for you
Hang on my friend
Let us last tell the end
Tell we see the face of the mighty one
Hang on
It will be worth it
Know your feeling
But you are loved
Even while being whipped by life’s tragedies
By parliament’s hatred
Hang on my friend
Hang on tell the end
So we can roar the breath of victory
Upon thy hatred’s face
Feel the victory whistle through us
Hang on
Hang on to that rope
Don’t fall
But climb
Tell you reach the top
Pull that bell of victory
And see mine and your face
In heaven
Is life all blood and sweat?
Does Society hold a gun on one hand and a bible on the other?
Life is what you make it
How will you make of it?