

## **Poem—**

# **Concept of Freedom**

At times, I feel the tyrant,  
rapping hard leather soles  
On the sidewalk of the empty  
street, experiencing  
An ingrained evil of self  
admiration. This brief,  
Ecstatic display serves only to  
accent the  
Depression of seclusion, insight  
to personal inadequacies.

Other forms prevail.

Perhaps the occasional pleasure  
derived from punishing  
The cat for getting into the  
garbage.

The frightening interpretations  
of one's responsibilities.

Perhaps the very natural  
temptations to condescend;  
The ability to loathe the  
innocent. Or  
Embracing the politics of facility  
and rationalization,  
With total disregard for the  
politics of emotion.

Or the actualization of the  
morbid state;  
Losing grasp of one's identity—  
All destroyed in self glorification.  
No worry, enjoy vitalizing the  
role  
Of the eternal bitch.

Obnoxia personified.

—THOMAS RICHARDS, JR.