

Lunatic

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The word, it breaks in my mouth

Loon-a-tic

Sounds of my youth

It's lunatic ways

It sounds of self proclaimed madmen

Wonders of testosterone;

Loons in the attic, up top, where everything is stored

But he is no loon

He breaks solid oak like saloons

He is brute, and likes big shoots and their force

The silent but obvious tick

The tick of a lunatic

It looms in his stare

He is in tune

He drinks and jumps

He can take a fierce punch

Never need for a lunatic to push, to contain or to weigh

His stare is enough and his bray

The bray of a wild mustangs heart

The decay of a lunatic and his lunatic ways

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