

## Ego

By Mark Edgemon

The ego sits beside himself,  
Forever beside himself,  
Trembling with disquieting fear,  
Through each of his seconds from year to year.  
He never completely understands,  
His aimless, ineffectual plans,  
So, he sits and waits,  
Ever burdened by the weights,  
Of his own devising.  
Not surprising!  
For his "soul" purpose is to block  
His daydreams, while running out the clock,  
Until he finally lay physically rested,  
As his soul is tortured, spiritually arrested;  
And is apprehended and dragged, screaming off to Hell.

The End