

Internalizing

by Rito Deltaro

Sometimes I feel like the Devil
Sometimes I feel like God,
Sometimes I feel like I am tested,
Other times, I wonder,
Just who is it that is on trial?

There are times I look at the world,
I look at all the things it calls sin.
I muse to myself, what if to all these desires
the world simply gave in?

Find a way to explore every whim,
worship every fetish, work out every kink,
find a way that all parties consent to,
a way that forges stronger links?

There are times I stare at the world,
and toss my head in disgust.
I am no angel, to be sure,
but at least I put value in trust.

However strange and twisted, odd and disturbing
my dreams and desires may be,
At least I have no desire to enforce them,
To upon others inflict these fantasies in me.

Then I look, from one mask to the other,
I set both down with a sigh.
"I've seen this world in it's greys, stared long at the me in the mirror.
How superior, how much better am I?"

I've looked at the world as one who has a better way.
I've simplified the world as if there were no shades of gray.
I can't leave the masks long; in my soul they stay.
Though, even alone, by myself, I grit my teeth and I say,
"But still, there must be a better way."