

A Poem by Christian Briano

Sleeping Giant

There is a mask that haunts the nights
the stars let out a tethered whimper
as they cry moonlight into the window

One questions beneath another
six feet underground and they grumble
they turn the earth and walk
the undead that paralyze the brave

A definition is left suspended
when the world begins to spin
and decisions stab in the childhood,
in the innocence that turns out
becoming inhibition

Fury becomes to tremble within
the sleeping giant that had been dreaming
In the darkness of the cave
where the spirit doesn't dare explore
this fire burns red and black
the waking dragon fears its awakening

Who's to save the world now that its
ugly head has reared?

When the truth bites in crisp flames,
where will there be to escape?
Provocation has ignited the dormant,
the unknown to the sword who has pinpricked
where there was no room for anything but silence

Seething serpent begins its slithering
coiling every muscle, reborn to a life
that had been left behind in a past of ashes
What will it be of the poor knight
treading the wrong lands of the fortress,
and in his might and sword will his ashes prevail?
A song is sung, the heat has not yet gathered.
Without a mask, a knight isn't so brave

Christian Briano has been writing since he was a teenager, exploiting his bilingualism to write poetry in both English and Spanish. “Poetry has been a great way to express myself and let creativity flow. I’m still a student and look forward to a life full of words, lines and punctuation.”