

## Selected poems

ALEXANDER CARRUTHERS

### Confliction

To act and live with full confidence is intoxicating,  
The warm, blissful comfort of being assured that your actions will never spoil yourself in the eyes of your loved ones.  
It takes you back to the memories,  
The memories of the long summer drives,  
The laugh, the smile, the voice of the one next to you,  
The touch of their hand to yours,  
With nothing on the horizon, but the distant point,  
Where the softly rolling hills end,  
And more begin,  
With it all being touched by the warmth of the sun,  
Everything in sight,  
All in unison of appreciation to the euphoric embrace.  
It is the roaring, crash of the waves of time,  
With nothing on the horizon, but the distant point,  
Where the waves end,  
And more begin,  
It is being dragged beneath the swell,  
Drowning in the anxiety and self-doubt,  
It is the loss of confidence in your life and your actions that is so toxic,  
The hollow words of comfort, whispered from a different world,  
They echo,  
Around the gloom of your lonely room,

You close your eyes, pray for sleep,  
For as time goes by,  
Memories fade,  
Slowly, your dreams, are the only way you can feel that warmth again.  
An addict, searching for the high,  
Desperate,  
Yet despised by those who haven't experienced.  
Conflicted,  
For to lose the fear and anxiety would be to lose the only source of happiness.

**Her**

A love so pure.  
A love so true it makes all that I knew before seem like a lie.  
A lie so heinous.  
For it was a time before I knew perfection.  
A puzzle which was thought before to be completed,  
Now realised to have only shown half the picture.