

**Two Poems on Violence by Joey Antonaccio, actor, playwright, director and member, New Mystics Theatre Company**

*"The Mind of a Killer"*

(written while doing character work)

I roam the streets at night, searching for my prey.  
A lengthy kill, the perfect way to end the day.

It brings me satisfaction, and a strange sense of calm.  
When I'm holding someone's life, delicately in my palm.

I feel the most at peace, when I'm taking someone's life.  
Hearing them scream for mercy, while I empty all my strife.

I love to hear the screams that escape their throats in fear.  
While I'm beating their worthless frame, it's music to my ears.

All their hopes and all their ambitions, I slowly tear away.  
And they beg for naught, cause round' here, we do things my way.

They run from my arms screaming, and desperately try to hide.  
We call them innocent people, but everyone's got a dark side.

So it really doesn't matter, the lives that I destroy.  
Cause everybody's doing it; mankind is just a toy.

If they ever catch me, they'll call me insane and toss the case.  
How come no one sees, I'm making the world a better place?

They'll say I should feel remorse, but I don't really give a damn.  
They'll say I should feel guilty, but I can't change the way I am.

*"What's the Point"*

What's the point of loving? If it's never allowed to grow.  
What's the point of feeling? If I can never let it show.

What's the point of giving? My heart, my soul, my all.  
What's the point of trying? To never lose control.

What's the point of waiting? When there's nothing I can do.  
What's the point of dreaming? When I know it won't come true.

What's the point of writing? When I can't see through my tears.  
What's the point of crying? When there's no one there to hear.

What's the point of wishing? When life is one big lie.  
What's the point of hating? When it no longer satisfies.

What's the point of playing, the game that I can't win?  
What's the point of praying? When all I do is sin.

What's the point of thinking, someday you'll say "yes"?  
What's the point in caring? When I know you couldn't care less.

So what's the point of living, a life so dark and hazy?  
And what's the point of being? Being without you, makes me crazy.