Working with Dustin on his poetry has been a really interesting experience for me as a tutor. He has opened my eyes to several different issues that he finds important to today's society through his words, and we have had a good time going through his poetry together. Dustin has the mind and words of a very good young writer, and I hope he sticks with it.
~*Amy Cooper, Tutor*

"A Million Flowers…"
By Dustin Gorden

A million followers form a sprawling wall
The bricks are tethered together in a single feed
The structure never thinking to question
The television tells them what they need

The walls melt into mud and my stance stumbles
The One vibrating higher against the Many
The fog of dissent that weaves through the crowd
Amongst a thousand equals hides one without any

The Organizations of faith have taken up our fears
Generations of mass-produced units doing what they're told
The assemblage of the army continues forth
The new models quickly and quietly replace the old

But for each straight line of conformity
There are the few who defy the rest
Those loose bricks in the barrier
The waves that break the crest

I am the mammal that chose to evolve
while all the others were gathered as pawns
The building block that would not fit
The Rebel Weed that haunts the lawn

Am I wrong in my way of thinking?
Do I so deserve these dirty looks?
Am I crazy, covered in stalwart madness
or the sane one among the kooks?

Smokescreen
By Dustin Gorden

The Smokescreen is set
and we run as lucid shadows
disconnected, as fast as we can
Covered by anomic fog
we compassionless minions wander
amongst the multitudes of the equally blind
Detached from any other living soul
we selfishly turn a deaf ear
towards the wraiths that mirror our own images.
From high above the haze
the unattainable light ceases to shine
upon a population not worth saving
The citizens of the vapor
wallow in our shame and anxiety
afraid of a populace that has grown beyond its means
Human associations severed,
disjointed by personal greed
in the land of the free-to-be-scared
The ficklest of friends
push each other out of their arrantly inconsiderate way
holding nothing to be self-evident.
A misunderstood nudge elicits fear
the insecure make ready their defense
as the over-confident throw punches wildly
Suffering, the plebeian forms begin to fall
while arrogant shapes continue running
hurriedly, in no particular direction
We the People, who brawl in this obscure haze
Care nothing for the frailty of the visual
We only know what we must do
We the People, destroy each other.