

A tired man's tale

Besotted

The words of my heart resonate as I gaze
A song, one equipped with bringing tears to the emptiest of souls
coated with fear yet not consumed, aware that the curse is lifted
peace of mind returns and the hole where love lived is restored
yet the intimacy is unfathomable, leaving you to ponder is it true
the pain too much to bare, walls align protecting your accord
the walls drop much like the tears from your uncertainty
the experience is delightful, wishing it was first than last
but eternity is forever
kindled souls hold hope for love

home

Laughter fills the air as tiny footsteps trample on the wood
the walls are filled with memories of joyous moments
fresh and ripe fruit lay on the table awaiting its end. satisfied its journey was purposeful
the smiles are endless and bountiful, lighting up the day for anyone who sees fits
but what was once tiny has grown
the wood creaks and rips, leaving unsettling ambience amidst
walls tainted by tears once pristine now drenched in the pain of the forlorn
Freshness diverges to rotten as it shares a mutuality with its host
what was once a smile has now faded and a grin is a sin
what was once a home is a shell, harboring the fall of kindled tranquility
the door remains locked

Liberation

I ponder death often not because i wish to die
but because i wish to finally be at peace
living a tedious yet necessary trial
a trial without a judge is merely a sentence
this is no way to live, what happy ending can come from this
i don't wish to die, only content with the inevitable
the shackles grow heavy as i feel locked into the harsh reality known as mankind
i am different from others yet share the same struggle
life
If i die will i finally be free

I'm you

I look into the window and there's no reflection
outside i see nothing, only emptiness
behind me the cold hug of sadness holds me tight refusing to let go
but why
i break the hands and sadness cries, you don't want me anymore
if my emotions can speak to me

why doesn't happiness
why doesn't love
what have i allowed through the window
if emptiness exist so does something fulfilling
i turn around and look back into the window with realization
i see myself once again
he asks am i okay

Rainbow

From the clouds the storm rages and in its eye lies reason
The rain kisses the grass rejuvenating it's cause
Watching while shackled, I envy the rapport they share
Pondering the bond, the storm rages yet gentle to its paramour
The rain drips from the blades, his tears full of anguish
Wind sings it's harmony in unison with the thunder
The blight mistaken, residing with peace in the storm
Serenaded by grace
The clouds part dismissing what is contrived as dismal
Grey skies remain as I ponder on its subsisting
I am the storm