

Free

In simple solitude,

Days, unrefined by...

Feeling of loss.

And irreverent loneliness.

She sat. Wistful. Waiting.

For some unknown force

To capture ever brooding thoughts.

Indestructible, yet broken.

Edging towards an ever expanding darkness.

She was lost.

But sound.

For tomorrow,

She will be in everlasting fortitude.

Unchained by bonds long held.

Tomorrow, she will be.

Free.