

disillusionment; i've been waiting for weeks now he said that he would call
friendships die from broken promises clutching for answers that will never come yet strands of
age grow within the veins a mirage of newfound wisdom
filled with tears, glossy pearls
 fall from clouds, the rain;
history hides from sunshine's rays
 running towards the moon
written words on a page tell the story
 yesterday is dead, don't you see
the present is now and now is gone
 tomorrow may never come along
yesterday's men hang on to today
 to sing in the old fashioned way

the sea desires the horizon line, she is unwelcoming; his touch feels foreign
to her, how can they be so intertwined yet allow such space to split them?
thunder rolls the die, eyes fill with freshwater flowers sprout from the looking glass
so much time has passed, running
 running away has gotten me nowhere and it never will, or maybe someday my wounds will
 heal, and I won't feel so gray