

*I am waiting –  
With a heart of dashed snow  
Melting in grieving fear  
To be found – what I desire*

**Like a one-man choir, the broken melodies of shed dreams continue to play  
If only because dreams will keep on *falling and dying***

Trailing on the coats of untouchable breath  
Looking and seeing reversals of truth  
Undoing from the inside the workings of the heart  
Tearing, ripping, shredding to none

Hollow cavities fill the abyss within  
Like the shredded cries of curling dreams  
When inside the small voice still calls  
*“Find me”* through rain and storms

Cautiously wandering along hope  
Daring, just barely, to wish and dream  
For the sunrise when beauty can hold  
That coldness in its fiery breast

*“Hear me”*

Sing my song  
Fill me with resonating music – assure me  
Let nothing fill the world but these trembles  
Which empty quietness calls affection?

Deftly, more quickly, skimming seas of white  
Pressing out scores of sadness and joy  
Whilst the mind catches up with reveries of forgotten pasts  
Close my eyes – let myself dream

Crown kissing walls of washed yellow stone  
A little lethargic, a little sad, a little tired  
Of the world which offers its blood  
In forms of sorrow and loneliness and nothingness

**Like a stony graveyard, the tattered hopes we cling tightly to stretch until horizons touch  
If only because hopes never fail to *delight us and abandon us***

Lifting the goblet to shivering pale lips  
Dry, shrivelled, and drinking its essence  
Take me away to a place where it's easier  
To say "*I love you*" and forever – rekindle

A duet, I hear, the melodious tune  
A couple to play this harmonious prelude  
Legs begging for relief, mind wanting to leave  
Yet for all my heart, rooted they stay

In clusters you'll find them  
Alone: *That I am*  
If burning hotness finds me not  
Then cold, I'll gladly embrace

**Like a silent thunder, the heart where dreams and hopes are born laughs itself to ruin  
If only because empty wishes cannot *satisfy and protect***

Upon the same raft I stay – close enough yet so far away  
They're wrapped in their world  
I want to be there, in theirs, with them  
But: *I am not qualified*

Deep in myself there is seeping emptiness and nothing  
A cavity so gaping I'm waiting to fill it in  
So close I try to stay to them, and dream  
That one day I may share theirs

## *“Leave?”*

The thought occurs – a monotonous chorus  
Crying relief, never believing, flitting through consciousness  
Desire to inspire feelings of guilt in blooming unfurling  
Like claws they'll rake the naked within

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*But, no.*

**“NOW IS NOT THE TIME.”**

*Perhaps...perhaps sometime later...*

*Sometime later...*

...WHEN?