

Reality

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In my life there have been many hardships. I found early on in my life that writing my emotions and thought on paper helped ease my pain. As I grew older and learned how to properly put these feelings into words, it became almost poetic melancholy.

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1 - Fate

Once again, I find myself, crying in the safe recesses of the dark.

Gone are the days of thoughtless childhood.

Such sorrow my heart does hold, to remember your scorn.

Always running, I am, to forget the cruel memories.

With pity, I looked upon others, for their lives were nothing but words in a book.

Meaningless.

For now I am the pitied, and my life is documented with so many others.

To God I pray, for he welds fate in his fists.

But fate can be cruel, and hearts, like lives, can be taken without further glance, and broken. Fairytales, this so called world of perfect simplicity.

Nieve, those who do not hear the pain, feel the roar, of those they have cursed.

The broken promises and false hopes settle upon my entity, and I learn.

I learn that we are in Gods hands.

I learn that people are effected by your actions.

I learn that with life comes death.

I lean to pity those who have not experienced true pain, as with I was, to have it crashing down upon them.

I learn to pray for those souls.