

Poetry

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boredom can work it's magic

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1 - The Comforts and Constraints of Loneliness

The Constraints and Comforts of Loneliness

Wanting nothing more than a person's embrace

Changing times forces to leave and change face

Facades broken,

Eclipsed in the corroding now

Wondering if the light will ever pierce my face again

Wishing,

Hoping,

Nothing more than a flicker in the dark

Immersed in blackness,

Become one with today leave behind tomorrow

Decide the ultimate choice and don't turn the neck of society

No second glance

Do I see a friend?

An ally?

A mediator between the thresholds?

Watching and guiding me to paradise?

My undenyng resolution lingering above my head but an arm's grasp away.

Wanting

Needing absolution,

I laugh and shake free of the charade

Turning back I face the darkness

No bars can imprison

No chains can hold

No distance can restrain

I am driven

Driven to pursue life's unachievable goal

So I stand now

Whole

Complete

Your puppet in the dark