

Haze

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Another poem. A bad day in the life of me.

1. Haze

Haze

Abandoned...

Lost without a word...

A shadow amongst a sea of faces.

I died a long time ago,

There's nothing left of me,

Nothing but ashes...

And the scars on my skin.

Nothing but tears,

Nothing...

In my mind I feel the fog,

I try to crawl away,

Everyday I try...

Every moment...

But I keep being pulled back.

I feel my soul is shattered,

Scattered in pieces on the ground...

And everyday I have a choice,

To pick up the pieces,

And begin where I left off,

Or leave them

And fall deeper into a dream.

A dream of darkness and isolation.

A dream where my loved ones leave me.

A dream that completely destroys my Being.

The strange thing is,

This sounds more like a nightmare.