

The Sword in the Stone

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Text - Poetic description

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

The Sword in the Stone

I see your pupils in the darkness and they shine like the sword in the stone. Concrete body and emotionless hands, fingers never held in a heart-warming grasp to end the chill of your solid heart. Mind never wandered far from it's home; life never blossomed like the sword in the stone. Time never wasted on desirous wishes. Poverty never studied for you live humbly within it. Sound never echoed for you live alone; always still and waiting like the sword in the stone. Neither hills nor mountains ever traveled upon. Never anyone to express to when day goes on and on. Hope never felt from the rock within. Everything beyond your midst is devoured by sin. Yet never a complaint or the slightest moan, like the tearless baby you are the sword in the stone. Haunted by soulless shadows awaiting to be put to rest, you stare into blankness with a dagger through your breast. One day you will shine more than the sun has ever shone, for you are the timeless believer, the sword in the stone.