

Falling fFrom a High Place

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*Meh,.... not much to comment on.

Old poetry*

1. Falling From a High Place

Railing against invisible walls,
Trying so hard, the only results
Bruises and bloodied scrapes
And mental anguish driving
The mind beyond madness,
The heard beyond breaking,
'Til nothing is left but a numb
Sort of sensation with
Nothing left inside.

This harsh macabre void
Pulls in on the fragile shell
That holds the spirit.
The emptiness falls heavy
On the mind, torturing it
To the brink of desolation
And unfulfilling loneliness
Where has this nothingness
Spawned from and
How to accomodate this
New space and how might it be filled anew?

Bleak and desolute, this honest
Depression, anger, and destitution.
Pulls apart the fibers of the
Soul, the mind still intact
To comprehend the damage
That has been done and
Leaving the eyes to weep,
The mouth to wail it's unhappiness,
The arms to grasp for something
That might hope to fill the abyss.

The utter inhumanity leaves
The body sobbing on the floor
The icy fingers of the shadows
Descend with otherworldly wrath
To stroke the feeble skin
Teeth chattering, not knowing
If the cause of it be fear or cold,
But the emptiness merging
With the frosty shadows.

What now, these lightless nights

That come, the keeping call
of the bitter abandoned soul
That wanders decadent peopleless
Streets in a homeless city
Where fire never burns for warmth
And the lamps never light to chase
The vile shadows and rancid memories
From the suffering mind of the afflicted.
The chest clenches as tears
Flood the eyes and the
Lost soul wanders,
Finding not that which it seeks,
Forever in it's bewildered, absent
State of mind, where all of the world
Appears in shadows and muted colours
Of melancholy despair.