

Breathing still I raise my head and smile

By trjackso

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Weird sense of irony, sitting here now,
Started out here see, happy memories.Â
Wilting now, slowly they drift away, alone; Â
Sitting on the edge of a bed, were she lay,
Saddened by the memories of times gone by.
Although my growth has been long and hard, I am living; Â

I told my inner self to stop grieving, it listened
I asked one thing to be done in return,
Help me regain my happiness, by sending some out. Â
Winter descends on us all, colder now, inspired,
Childrenâ€™s laughter helps as Christmas looms,
Memories of forbidden moments, creating voids; Â

Imagery of shallow demises, bellowing fondness,
Showing me how I begun the age old journey.
Freeing my spirit to be at one with my soul; Â
Â Happier now, even for writing this tale,
Rhymed code, as if to throw the scent off;

Onlookers and readers alike knowing me,
Reading me,
Passing judgements of me,
Telling friends of me,
Wildly assuming about me,
Alive and in hope alongside me,
Craving more and more creativity,
Bleeding lines from their souls just like me,
Telling their tales under no security,
Frowned upon, by their own insecurities. Â
Needless to say, Questioning their own insanity,
Freely,
Concisely,
Precisely,
Examining their prosperity, endlessly.

**Searching for truths not told of me;
Passing time by sitting reading me.
Rhythms of life unfold and passions consume me,
For I am me, me alone, Alone is me. Â**

Breathing still I raise my head and smile, 5/11/01 23:50

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