

WADING

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Time has shot a round of bullets into me
I bleed each time they strike so mercilessly
The pistol is not truly what I see
But old faces returning endlessly

An algid breeze revives the ruins of yesterday
My heart still splinters with the world I knew
The doors of my past look as though they wish to say
Many will forget but some will carry time's lost hue

I know not if I surge or stand inert
I cannot find myself within the mirror
Logic fails to elucidate why I have been hurt
A tale of love alone turned into error

I am space now - everything and nothing within me
Oblivious once to treachery, now even blind men see.