

Stones

Staring at the cold starry night's face,
The pristine white snow covers my tracks,
As the darkness that covers the light,
Blanketing the path in this ethereal place.

Stumbling along the rocky path,
Bearing numerous stones on my weary back,
I ask myself how far I have to go,
How much will the number of stones grow as I stroll.

For with each step, the weight intensifies.
Breath confined, a strangled heave,
Heart burning, yet I'm frozen in disguise,
Caught in this icy web of my own demise.
Glancing back, only the past I perceive.

Glimpsing at it, only a haunting reflection prevails,
Manifesting more trails of different tales,
Each, a world of fear cloaking each burden I bear,
Concealed under the weight of a relentless scare.

I wonder if there's a way to let them go,
To release them from my grip and watch them roll.
Each regret, mistake, sorrow, and despair,
Every sin that I've come to bear.

They pile up on me, crushing me down,
The snow has finally got me to drown.

Now I'm frozen in time and place,
My heart exploded into a dying blaze,
I try but I can't push on anymore,
There's nothing I can fight any longer for.

So, I lie as I yearn for some peace and light,
A place to finally rest in this endless night.
But all I have are these stones turning me cold,
These echoes of memories and pain, never getting old.