

Tears

Tears, the silent messengers of my soul.

They fall but I don't see them.

They just fall and I just feel it.

I feel the first coming down with a glimmer,

as it gently runs down my skin.

Suddenly I feel discomfort wrapping me in the tear's embrace,
it reminds of love, corrupted by a feel of solace I need to erase.

My mind reaches into a labyrinth of mirrors.

Surrounded by a thousand reflections, they scream in whispers.

A kaleidoscope of selves, a vast collection of my existence,

I question, lost, in the reflection of my own inhibition:

Should I accept that these mirrored images unveil the truth,
or am I searching in vain for the reality built of my insanity?

With a doubting heart, how can I choose.

But perhaps, I wonder, it's not the glass's imperfection,
but my perception's fault, perhaps looking in the wrong direction.

Each tear is a testament,

a chapter from my life running down the flesh.

A journey through the mirrors of my soul,

for I can't put my mind to a hold.

For in the depths of self, in my obsession I seek to find,

a love that heals,

and brings to me, peace of heart and mind.