

UNTITLED

I yearn for something
I have yet to feel,
A passion lit
For beauty not yet seen,
An inner impulse
To grasp what is still
Out of reach.
I know what I am not sure of —
The name for it
Is illusive.
Outward image would say
I have everything I need,
Yet mysteriously, an empty ache
Appears like a large bucket
With a hole in the bottom.
Sorrow at unnamed grief,
Is the shadow that follows me —
The cause,
Has yet to reveal itself.
Chasing the new thing
To erase the want,
Has grown tiresome —
Frustration in pursuit of
Something I still
Cannot catch.
But I know is there.