

An out of rhythm heartbeat may be fixed
By shock of strained and careful lightning's bolt
My heart is torn by knowing not the tricks
To summon such a mind-repairing jolt.

I've read the poets from the lands afar
Whose pens o'erflowed with honey-sweetened words
Of kings and queens and wars and gods and stars
But nothing to soothe wounds or harms or hurts

The scholars in their schools oft wrote of blooms
And lauded them for their relaxing scent
But they knew not the darkness in its tombs
So darkness-taken know not what they meant

In speech I've tried to sow the spark of life
But fumbling, stutter out nothing untried