

Untitled Lies

January 14, 2009

Know my broken heart lies, destined to be.
So, but all the trying should never have been undertaken
For the outcome would have been the same.

Remain unchanged. Unaltered. As I remember.
Would be deception... As it occurs, the difficulty is in
seeing the grammar and
noticing the rules that govern.
After, the difficulty is forgetting the pattern as it
happened.

Reverberations of an echo
being the fabric of dreams
Extends and stretch out the void red darkness
forever-over again and over

Being unsatisfied, left a broken record,
unattended to as-if forgotten.
there still is music, a melody to happen.
It does not take a bold lover to show and reveal
in order to see everything unfolding
that is now cloaked in darkness
and hardly shown

Realize all along those few moments where everything
and at the same time realize what it means to be a
human

Almost dying, coming close to the edge
only to see the same vision
of being in a dream

So where is the edge of this dagger?
- where will the red blood drips reveal?
remember being frightened by trains
remember leaving something valuable behind
lost only to be found
stolen, only to remember and have forever.

Know my broken heart lies, destined to be.
So, but also know why I keep it hidden
somewhere that I think is safe but isn't.

Know my heart lies broken, jumbled.
As it always has-happened before

So, with its breaking,
no-longer generating within me fire,
cutting losses for what they really are,
ropes to far off stars

Connections that will never again happen
as they were transcendent and only for a moment
in the here and now.

We all will continue like clockwork
We all will age gracefully
We all will find lovers whom we do not know now

and do not expect to ever find.
Notice things that have been there
all along and bear witness to life happening
and lighting up our faces in the far off distant future
- and in the far off distant past,
like burning shadows