

Longing

17 October 2016

I long for things I've never known.
The shadows curse my eyes.
The scars run deep. They run at least to bone.

And though thunder grants atonement,
Always questions come from other skies.
I long for things I've never known,

And candles burn and scholars moan
And ashes creep beneath the tightest mind.
The scars are deep like bone,

And all the ancient empty tomes
Provide no lasting prize,
But only point to things we cannot know.

The ache for bluer skies,
The ache for home,
The scars that run through bone,
The longing is the only thing we know.