

# The Weight of Words

-PBC

A painted sky, a fading grace, Hope's  
Dawn, then tears upon my face. I chase  
A shadow, warm and deep, A love you  
Cannot, will not keep.

Though reason whispers, "Let it cease,"  
My heart weaves dreams of fragile  
Peace. A phantom "we", a stolen sigh,  
As times erodes the "Why".