

Cursed

By: D. Whitlow

All of those people we once knew,
Having quietly faded from our view,
Never to return—never to renew,
Promises made and forgotten,

In between blank stares of absence and doubt,
Lays still,
The silent (embracing) ghost of memory,
And though our minds race to remember the face,
We only see the eyes—beacons of flame,

Outside,
The lackluster winds pour through your silken hair,
As my fingers are destined to do,
A waterfall of satin thread;
Endless nights pass with our breath shortened by loneliness,

Where have I fallen?
Just beyond my reach, a timid hope still flickers,
Still shivers like a frozen blaze,
There is nothing in my darkness,
Corrupt and barren,
I can remember how we used to laugh,
(nothing was real except each other, but now?)...