

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

“Miracle Machine” By: Daniel Whitlow (2012)

I miss you, my only friend,
I think of you all the time,
Slowly, sliding away,
 Waving, fading in the distance,
Lost to the years and ground to dust,
Before my very eyes,

Our favority memory,
Quicksilver rain in finite pails,
Mirrored by tears,
 Your silhouette—a shadow mirage,
And though I know I must,
I’ve lost the strength,
To rationalize,

This machine is broken down,
I once believed in it,
He needs nothing but,
 Someone to hold on to,
I miss you, my only friend,
I still think of you all the time,
Lost to the years,
And forgotten by all but one...