

~~From the Heart~~?)

P.S.

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From the Heart by ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

I must have must to release the
silence that keeps me from
hearing my mind.

Thought flows through me as the
solemn pace of the melancholy tone
discourses it's message.

My fall is deep within me and
sings through my heart.

How and why is life?

Ah, there's the mystery question.

I propose.

It happens the genius and the ill-
bred.

And if I die, do I die still or am
I

Silenced as the black, velvet curtain
crashes about me announcing
the conclusion of my last act, scene #.

I want to envision light, not black.
I wish to experience enlightenment,
not remorse.

Oh, God,

I am afraid to live for I
fear death.

It is it's mystery that gives birth
and rebirth to my fear.

I fear the death of those who
are composed in my life and
make life love.

I am morbid and dissolute
holding contempt in my doubt.

One day in a dream unable
to touch others as if they are
not there,

another feeling reassured as
my hand brushes theirs.

In a lone, dark room I need to be.
Never ~~the~~ Utopia, I could unrealistically
shut myself from all the world
who I fear will one day die.

It is natural, at times, this death,
but it hurts.

And when ^{the} case is not in God's
plan the pain created
surpasses all we know.

In the lone, dark room I could
silently die and my death
would not be felt and no one
would need to cry or feel sick
at heart.

But I am foolish,
and too realistic at heart ^{and I} ~~to~~ realize
I could never live without the
sight of their tender eyes, pensive
or playful.

And never to hear their laughter
or comfort their tears would
be the most heart-breaking of
all.

I could spare them the sorrow of
mourning.

I, too, ~~would~~ ^{could} be spared,
But in comparison the time lapse
between ~~such~~ ~~such~~ seclusion
and death cannot compare.

My heart would sicken and I would
weep bitter tears as I fretted
over them.

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People need people,
without each other we stumble,
fall and die, useless and
considerably better off dead.

Oh, if I could only see before me,
only be sure there was no
black curtain and the haziness
about me would lift
then I could not fear at all.

Is there no one who can see the
truth without doubt?

Is there?

no, there is no one.

It baffles the genius and the ice-bred.