

DARKLY

Standing by the windows
darkly, incase someone could see.
inspired by nothing -
not even the moonlight.
those he'd come to spy on
were really even more voyeuristic than he.
But he didn't let it taint the moment.

So many avenues for looking,
so many ways to see,
but never any real attempt to connect.
the mirror is her torment,
the knife some sort of saviour
to cut her flesh
and rid the pain of reality
and just so, so much that she can't control.

So the blood runs red until it runs dry,
coagulated mess tainting this gift of life.
if she never finds an answer
she will never become wise.
Got one for many reasons
but not enough lives.

He dips his be
in anything new and confronting
unfortunately he knows the pain
he will bring to others well.
He has never cried.

So many times unconscious,
but still around to live in his own hell.
So many reasons and so many excuses
that can never change the past.
too many memories that haunt,
too many wrongs fought,
and way too many grudges to enact.

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