

A Portrait In White

Daylight Dies

I see where the lines are leading
I know all I am losing
Slow
Time is taking
A life not worth living
I see where the lines are leading

Empty is this life
A portrait, painted all in white
A conclusion which was written
In words that failed to define

Vanished from my sight
A hope, collapsing fraught with bright
A well of absence
A will withdrawn