

Woven Hands

Callisto

awoke from the slumber
the lapse of time
I have got nothing to show for it
entertained but not enlightened

recalling today
for a trace of tomorrow
being one without a lifespan
new thoughts must follow

the daylight draws to me
and the surroundings are not what they used to be
lights fill up space
in a solitary place

walls consumed
all the knowledge harvested along the way
watching the others
this stagnant state gall the hardened heart

a pace towards an early grey
is there life before death?

planted firmly with an abundance of time and no sun
if there is life before death, I live it through you