

Burning Pages

Eowyn

Once upon a
Pages turning, countless stories, plots unfold with every
uttered breath. We can choose what is read. So much wasted
idealizing, waiting on the what ifs, could have beens,
offering no clear end.
I see the sunrise, rising back in your eyes, realizing what I've
lost, so much time. Still I wonder, wonder how to ignite
chapters real. Burning pages left to fill, so I write.
All consuming fire fill me fill my life with living sparks again,
that I not just pretend. Still the author, but now fading,
crying out for your inspired script. Let my words make amends.
While waiting on my fairytale, I hear you say, draw near.
While letting go of all my fears, I draw near. I draw you near.