

Burning With Regret

Funeral

So, it has come to this.
All but solitude in
Explicit detail
Have folded and left me.

Hopelessness grins and feeds with mirth
My philosophies of death:
The nihilistic seal in which I once sought reason,
And spites with black, sarcastic tortures.

So alas the sleeper dies,
In all devouring darkness consumed
Where tears are blood from the soul.

Facing mortality
With trembling fingers
As ever failing swords.
In truth and essence
Old beliefs are like a splintered shield

Dying twixt the mills of God,
Grinding bones to flower.
The song makes bitter dances
When crushed beneath that tower.

Be still my bleeding heart...
Alas all love is dead.
Monumental in its overwhelming silence.
Flooding with hurt,
Burning with regret