

Agony Becomes Unforgettable Seering Emptiness

Happy Days

The broken home on this street
Haunts me,
It always hurts to see,
For this is where I began to bleed,

Never did I understand
why it happens,
The Horrid nights,
The infinite cries,
With no end in sight,
The heavy touch,
The rose stained floors,

Never have I felt,
Such emotional pain,
That brought along physical torture,
Asking myself why,
Without Reason,
Without feeling,

A foul scent,
That permeates the air,
Revisiting a familiar scene,
To shame a life,
Removing their only seed,
Never been fed,
Disposed by loved ones,
Left for dead...

Time and life may continue,
But I will always remember...
For this round scar,
Still burns...