

The Distance

It Prevails

I'll clear this path again, and I'll find you.
Now you're all by yourself alone in your shell.
This is my strength, my compassion,
My clenched fists, these are my aspirations.
Sift through these ruins of desolations, I will recoup.
Through the means of mediation.

Express myself, through these blots of ink,
I will rid myself of these memories.

This is what it means to me.