

Watching You

Panopticon

This loss of all innocence.
The hands that guard us often wither.
Leaving us so exposed.
Naked to the wolves.
Away from our fathers and mothers,
who once sheltered us from the terror of the world.
Who will hold us now that they have gone?
Left to be embraced by fear and loss,
whose gentle hands rock us to sleep,
singing vicious lullabies to us...

The grim reminder of all we have lost.
..of our fallen kin.
The innocence lost
so we turn within.

Grown into adults
Longing to be children again
Just to hear your voice once more...

We saw the hands of the gods that day.
In quick wings held steady.
A gaze across time,
a last goodbye and hope took flight.

We may never see your face again
but I know you haven't left us.
Your work lives on in me.
Your heart live on in me.

The current ran against our feet.
Another loss to nourish.
The river you became.
Rich earth contains memories of past days.
The soil who embraced you
and seeds for future hopes.
The air I breath again.
The cycle spins on.
Neither lost nor forgotten
with sun shining down.
We walk within you in the day.
We sleep beneath you in the night
and remember you all of our lives.