

A Question

Rotting Out

Pages are turning and words are losing ink.
Stories unfolding but I don't know what they mean.
Conclusions like a blade to the abdomen.
I'm watching life pour out and wondering how this is going to end.
I want to know.
I start to sink with lessons that I've learned.
The cover is worn and the corners are burned.
The spine is still strong, but who knows for how long.
A story exposed hoping something was earned.
I want to know where this is going.
I want to know if I've seen the worst.
I want to know what it all meant.
Feet don't fail me now,
I want to know my worth.
Pain is the plot, but the ending is unclear.
Pages that cut deep with weight I can't bear.
I'm writing "why?", but the words are just smeared.
I laugh till my eyes burn and flood these pages with tears.
The question is: What quest is this?