

Antimony

Skepticism

Cold creeps in and I start to feel
Each bone of each my fingers
Darkness like a cloak on my shoulders
Silence almost close enough to touch
I play my part

Footsteps echo in the corridor
In the dust is a left a trail
The light pale but not the mind
I play my part

Not once will ask for more
Not once will ask for less
Belittle the hardness of others
Glorify the part of mine
I play my part

The cold not better than the warm
The light as welcome as the dark
The sour as sweet as delight
I play my part