

World Divides

The Absence

There is an aftertaste to celebrate
in the swings of my suicide or the lines I will draw by myself
within the grasp, fictitious pasts, and all my doubts

How can you see through the shadows
with the blinding light burning in your eyes
so where will all of you be
when the killing fields are cleared and this world divides

The loss of heart becomes unbearable
and a vanishing point becomes intact
so when a six foot drop is my best
I will expect nothing less than a soldiers death

There is an aftertaste to celebrate
in the swings of suicide or the lines I've drawn
at last for redemption
and finally for my forgiveness
in the end this bitterness bends
simply encased in my withered hands