

There's a piece of you  
out there  
lingering in a dried up tear  
left by the abyss  
of your absence

stumbling and struggling to walk  
through memories  
carefully locked, in a box  
of what once was

the closest to normal I've ever known

Memories that pound like Pandora's desires  
to be set free  
to dance like daemons on moonbeams  
made by ecstasy, born from truth  
making love to a lie

Left, lingering somewhere in gray  
I walk within myself  
climbing the mountainous challenges  
left by the many versions of people  
whom I thought we could be  
I open the box, setting myself free  
from who we used to be

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