

Life's Song

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I'm a song that has yet to be sung,
My melody is struggling to be played,
My lyrics are unwritten,
wanting of an unfamiliar page.

Tune, still subliminally sublime.
A bitter flatness enfolds my existence,
a crueler reality, the latter, to realize.

My keys somewhat broken, white, black,
unsequenced.

My smile buried inside itself
Even as hopes embers burn within my eyes.
No more tears left to lick up against the gates
of impassive time,
Ears grasping the empty winds to hear any
signs of Tomorrow's breath.

Consequences being no coincidence,
As soon as I ceased worrying,
the moment *I* step aside of myself, and
loosened my talon grip on those
controls that I never genuinely controlled,

something most extraordinary begun to play through my soul,
Life's symphony.

It has been through being lost, trapped, suffocated within adversity, my
life's song has found a succession of musical tones.

With pen in hand, Today is writing.
Carefully, cautiously, I am persevering
finding solace in uncertainty that my end's note will resound higher
than my beginning's.