

A POEM TO MYSELF

Beneath the darkened clouds I walk
amid the bounds of restless peace
I feel the shadows of the faceless men
and hear the muted sound of love's lost song
but the memories are too strong to cast away.
They must remain.

Along the dwindling sands of time
I move imprisoned by the word.
I smell the fragrance of a life once sweet
but feel the anguish of a tortured mind.
My wind-blown face is washed by tears
but their scars remain.

An' tho' swiftly runs the river Styx
the ferry never seems to fill.
You've found a way to drench the burning hope.
You are the power, the mirthless ghost.
Still the answer is not here — it's far away.
It's yesterday.

So till the morrow I must stay
forced to shoulder half a blameless guilt
chained by sins of love and sinful pride
acting till the final curtain call.
And it echoes in the chambers of my brain
I'm half insane.
It's the price of freedom.