

THE RISING

Silenced screams build momentum toward outward burst,
madness echoes from within creating true soul thirst.
Bargains sold short blare from the depths dark and wide,
marching lead boots stomp craters filled with hatreds divide.

Boldness seems the cure for ailments of the heart,
silencing demons with muffled whispers give start.
Regret seeps through cracks never realised before,
acceptance's bitter pill slides hard down to core.

Fire burns low in the abyss of the lost,
fuel must be stoked no matter the cost.
Flames warm the heart slow but quite sure,
hope builds inertia rising toward the pure.

Brightness like the Phoenix seen never afore,
shines to the surface opening dawns door.
Through the narrow gate my steps tread light,
life renewed and refocused has taken aflight.