

Bereft

The sweetest sound in the whole world is when I hear her giggle with her residual laughter. Though, these days it seems like a foreign pleasure - The peasant with such a bestrutted requisition - and I become like Icarus the becaved...

L.D.S.

Dec. 20, 2012

Graduation

I'm bigger than simple situations and I'm getting stronger by the power of mere contemplation. Though the world looks into my eyes they can't hear nor the trembling of my heart nor the quaking certainties of my soul of butterflies. Two steps and I can see the light of day but oh, how long is the distance that leads my path. Every move calculated; and the question remains, How can blind eyes see the evolution which has created the man of me...

The Due Less Spoken
Jan. 04, 2013