

Sorry

If I could reach my hands
to yours, I would. I'd pull
you back to life and gladly
change positions. Unfortunately
I sit here wishing. It hurts to
know that I released your soul.
Since then my heart's gone
cold. I think about you all
the time. How can I forget,
I'm charged with this crime.
I refuse to let you go. I'll
think of you until I grow old.
People say leave the past in
the past, but that's a lie
I can't quit grasp. You are
somebody to me. I just pray
you forgive me. You changed
who I am today. I think God
planned it this way. Until then
I'll whisper as I sit here
in this pen. I'll release my
thoughts as this world continues
to rot. Here my whispers in
the wind, as I'm down on my knees
praying to him. I could apologize a
million times, but it won't

change the hands of time.
Only if I could change positions!
Unfortunately I sit here
wishing....

Fainted Soul
M. Jorres