

# Funeral, Facing Failure

Now the snow just as might lay  
cloaking all the remains  
shrouding of all the wounds  
and sores  
of losses and fatigue  
with pure, white  
amnesia

The shrieking ruin  
of a hard winter's kiss  
takes forever more summers  
to mend  
Rather it lay cold and dead  
than revealed in all  
it's necrotic splendour

In days of revolt  
I too would carry a torch  
and swing at my arrows  
But time is ruthless  
and heals nothing

For the sun uncovers  
by it's taunting rays  
are like swords to lies  
life and dreams,  
however nightmarish  
(are built upon)