

As I Lay Dying, Falling Upon Deaf Ears

The sound of silent voices surveying my thoughts
Regularity defining perfection
Neither sorrow nor contentment
Whispering emptiness.

Frail words collapse
My weight only stirs the ground
How long can I hold your hand as you walk over graves?

You search for tears of compassion
Yet find the comfort of winter
Reassurance dead like the falling leaves
Losing hope in your unchanging ways
All of my strength cannot save you
If you are unwilling to help yourself.