

# Callisto, Stasis

Adrift

All lost in those days

A growing branch to smithereens

Trying real hard to beat some grace out of all that withering and dying

The thriving soul is beneath

It is yearning for the surface

Years of pain not undergone in any way will reveal the wounds

Fiercely tame, not about to make a scene

I saw it drowning, gasping for air, disappear into the surging of the sea

An agreement made with the one who wields the cane of the ordeal

Seasons gone by have handed over the reins

Highlighted the worth of our earthly strife

Highlighted the worth of unearthly might

An early memory a feeble ground

The facts remain all the same

An early memory a feeble ground to build upon

Assumptions die hard while the past remains

Homegrown severe denial

Smothered way down inside

Homegrown severe denial

Shreds of regard defiled