

# Greenwood, Nostalgia

Wait, wait for something, for something.  
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The days come back and I am silent  
to the memories of my mind.  
Regret holds me captive, with these dreams and whispers,  
from the fairy tale inside.

Colored panels on the windows of remembering,  
grasping faintly at the shadows that mean everything,  
Stained glass mirrors, dark and shattered.  
Simple eloquence and elements are offering  
to the altar of my alter ego's empathy in this prison of nostalgia.

Wiping mud away from eyes that only I can see,  
Staring straight into the brilliance of reality,  
Present minded, plain and simple.  
The routine of my existence only complicates  
words I'm writing on this paper as I formulate  
one more question asking me why.