

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.