

Hopesfall, Dana Walker

"please baby not another stare
i've been in that trance before
those burning eyes half-glazed with tints of fury and resentment
fighting not to look back
and still tasting the dust from the last time we did
we sift through the crowds without a care
only to leave the burnt pattern of a waking nightmare
loneliness finds us beneath dim lit lights
where pen and paper spell out confusion
failing to escape those nights of solitude
the echoes of today's misfortunes linger
it's then that you realize
you're the one who wants to cry something
because you feel nothing"