

Shai Hulud, Willing Oneself To Forget What Cannot

fail the sun to shine as there is no more beauty
left to alighten.

what once flourished has weathered away
and what will not weather
i cannot stomach.

oh, the cruelty of a persistent scar.
i can keep my lips from trembling
while i sever, with regretful hands,
the strings so carelessly attached to me.
i can remove the litter of intimacy.

alas,
this will not be the death of me
if that which merely tears seldom lasts,
how can that which breaks ever heal?
i would rather bleed than feel.

i would rather bleed.
no man can learn the value of his life without pain.
yet, no man deserves a life's worth in pain.
and i have a lifetime left to learn.
am i not a better man?
a man who has grown sound and strong,
a man who has learned from his misery.

am i not a better man?
a clever man who taught his flesh the way of steel.
this lasting man of resolve and will.
am i not a better man?
or just a bitter man
that rots with memoris and only grows cold.
indeed i have grown cold.
and this moment feels like the harshest end to the coldest day.
this day has lasted a lifetie, with an eternity left to lapse.
here i am,
forsaken just as i forsook the sun,
a blend of venom and winter -
the kiss of frost and poison.
how i have wished for a steady hand to wipe away these scares
or a tender kiss to render me forgetful.
where the sun to follow bitter examples,
we would truly know winter
eternally
may the sun shine on the forsaken.
may the sun shine brightly,
and illuminate our scars