

Symphony In Peril, Can One Possess Autumn?

refusing to identify with the pattern of life.
out of the state of my mind but in the blanket of my heart, i find rest.
it is not i that i have found.
i'm a man and who am i.
like waves imprinting on the sand so your hand has molded this clay.
this love gazes and holds it's breath and is silent.
affections immeasurable, an abandoning of clamor,
yet roused by the whisper of your still small voice.
i would still frame this moment to obtain beauty forever.
i would crawl through thorns to possess autumn.
to kiss, to hold, to touch your love