

# Textures, Transgression

So much pressure around me.  
Become a shadow of whom I wish I'd be.  
Part of what remained inside, now feels lost .  
A vision entrapped in pain .

A face without expression, relentless and remorseful.  
Blaming all but himself for falling in despair .

I decided to turn my back.  
Try a different approach.  
Since everything that's touched is bound to turn to dust .

Recommend no further trial.  
Not a glimpse of should have been.  
Only the promised years to come,  
and with that my transgression will come to an end .

So little movement within me.  
A shadow I've become.  
Fall out, now all is lost .  
It's clear I'm incomplete .

A face portraits depression , emotionless but thankful features that show:  
when one loses, there is everything to gain .  
Free fall!

Failure above me circulates!

Dented pride encouraged and my broken spirit leads the way .  
Deterred comprehension.  
I tend to give up more and more each day.