

Winter Solstice, Courtesy Bow

Your life painted before you
Stolen by the most uneducated of thieves
Her smile's intoxicating
So let me make a toast to revival
I have enough on my chest to write a novel
And that's where it will stay until your ears are open for business
So I can't sell myself short this time
A market full of used death beds
The merchant smirks with a mouth filled with saw teeth
You leave the store like your past, empty handed
The needle in the hay stack lies buried in abhorrence
Reverse the cycle
Start with a courtship
And end with the world