

Airy Emptiness

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This is about when you are old and life isnt what it use to be so your empty, unfeeling. How all you can wait for is a death to take you away from this nothing.



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Flavor abandons my life as I surrender to your ashes
I linger, trying to remember what it was like
to feel.
It's left me numbing, dying
slowly I wait for it all to make sense again
where death drapes his wing on my fragmented soul
removing a taste I could not quench
a smell I could not capture
a voice I'll never hear again
with all senses lost, my sight is blinded by the past
the re-run illusions making it harder to cope
reality breaking, smudging
as the smoke brushes past my cheek
to be released from this trap
and let life go on
rotting spreads from my throat to stomach
where everything hurts in between
I'm giving in, unable to care
not able to shake enough energy to *long* for anything anymore
my aspirations are dead ends
nothing left but the crushing wait
for my death to sweep me away
give me peace and wings
setting me free from the setting sun

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