

The Beguiled

# The Beguiled

By : Mistress of Word Play

To be lost and not know it is a blessing, to be lost and know it is a nightmare.



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Can you tell me where this road goes?  
My heart aches and a weariness grows.  
I seek that lost sanctuary of security.  
I have searched long where can it be?  
A spot where I can sleep.  
The ways of man have made me weary  
for all about me are thoughts quite dreary.  
Has that nature become my affliction?  
Have I become trapped in this addiction?  
I bow my clouded mind and weep.  
What hope is there when there is none  
but that dread of the rising of each sun?  
Eternal torment waged against my soul  
I travel in a trance to my distant goal  
all the while consumed in death.  
Atop misfortune's broken jagged stone  
I walk this perilous trail forlorn and alone.  
I pay penance for deeds once rendered  
the times I fought and then surrendered  
releasing freely that dying breath.  
A soul tainted by all the world's treasure  
fathomed so deep I dare not measure.  
Ignoring erstwhile signs along my way  
frolicking wildly like a child at play.  
No mercy found, no sharing.  
Yet in that darkest evening listening  
below a mantle of starlight glistening  
I heard a voice so gentle calling to me

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**and I will be grateful throughout eternity  
for that kind soul's caring.**

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