

The Death of the Isolation

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Isolation dies when the soul leaves the body.



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*When the distance becomes unknown,
Loosened and torn, with the known,
The thread is about to tear,
Tore comes tear, along with its fear.
I look at them amazed.
They are gone so far, hearts at distance,
Galloping desires and hopes that fade,
My own people are they...
Its hurt to believe and relief,
They are not they who I knew,
Years ago, among the few,
The world they stood for me then.
I am left alone and lame,
Isolated, desolated â
Amidst the desert of monotony, agony and pain.
I need a cloud full rain, to drain my pain.
I need a sky full birds to take me away and fly,
I need a river full water to swim me along the brim;
I have forgotten to dream.
I have forgotten to live.
I have forgotten to breathe.
I have forgotten to be alive.
I run finding behind my curiosity,*

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The city of obscurity,

I lag behind, I fall, I set, I rise...

I never wanted to rise, I never wanted to die,

The peace of heaven I look for,

A single moment to be myself,

To be away from this world,

To be together with my soul...

I want to take a dip and drown into the sea of truth,

I want to take a sleep and slip into the heart of truth,

I sink in sync with the reality henceforth,

I die. I leave my corpse and lone clock aloof,

I lie. Alone. No soul. On the roof...

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