

Forever Trapped In Grey

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A short poem about a couple in love, who die in a horrible accident but by some divine miracle, manage to reunite as spirits in another plain of existence.

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The sky was sickly grey as morning rain pattered against the pavement. The wreckage we were pulled from still had a faint glimmer like the shining in your eyes. We locked fingers together and turned to face the town, empty as it may have been, we knew everyone else floated along the banks of the river. I witnessed in unrivaled beauty, a single tear slowly make its way down your pale cheek. The wind died down as we watched the ambulance take us away, and everyone faded to nothing. The cinders fell like snow, the leaves like rain. We waited for a sign of sunshine but found that grey was our new blue. Walking down this road of hollow bricks and bones we cried ourselves to sleep... Only to wake up to a grey sky and a slight breeze, the ashes just settling beneath our feet. Our fingers intertwined like the vines of a forest, we continued our search for salvation, with no luck. Little did we know, it was once right under our noses, and is now left behind like the years behind us. We kissed under the trees and behind the brick walls of town as the leaves of autumn fell around us, and you said "will we ever meet the ones who mourn our passing?" and that i could not answer, because the only way, is to let time answer for me. And it did.

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