Facing Failure

Funeral

Now the snow just as might lay
cloaking all the remains
shrouding of all the wounds
and sores
of losses and fatigue
with pure, white
amnesiaThe shrieking ruin
of a hard winter's kiss
takes forever more summers
to mend
Rather it lay cold and dead
than revealed in all
it's necrotic splendourIn days of revolt
I too would carry a torch
and swing at my arrows
But time is ruthless
and heals nothingFor the sun uncovers
by it's taunting rays
are like swords to lies
life and dreams,
however nightmarish
(are built upon)

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