

Lackluster

Rest Among Ruins

Stranded it feels
to be alone amidst plenty
and identifiably so
as forlornness floods awareness
and thoughts submerge as I wish to wash away
this cathartic residue and I fear these words will not be clear
unrevealed, these thoughts of Grey in taking this brief moment
to collect these scattered thoughts
and harbor their trailing dreams
I fear this is the end of the counterweight and I fear these words will not be clear
unrevealed, these thoughts of Grey

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