Small

Still Life

So in time I found I couldn't swear by anything. Nothing at all. There's nothing like that which cuts through your everything. Leaving you humbled and small... but I'm here anyway. Nothing big to say. It's just I've wandered in this dark for so long, and never found my way. Do you think you could smile and say it could be ok? We wont think about that today. It was just wishful thinking anyway. I can't see higher that the walls I build in front of me. I can't see forward when I'm this flat on my back. I find these stones and call them real (could never be). What began as hope to heal could scar, make me feel whole. It could look so pretty on paper. It would feel so deep in blood. Sit and tell me you story awhile, before you move along...honestly? All this fear can tower over me, sometimes I don't move to free. Fumble to guess what any of this means. Stumble to understand the little I've seen. It seems a dream... always so sorry. Found myself wandering and so far away. So far away from home. We all built ourselves much too big. Tangled and hanging by our common threads. Always so sorry. Please forg

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