Contemplation

Don Robertson

Slumbering in the silence that gave birth to me,
I lay there contemplating the hidden secrets of life.
The weakness that for so many years made my life to a living hell
had at length defeated my very will to continue an existence I despised right from the start.No god there to save me; was there ever one?
Reflecting on this I slowly raised my head from the pillow I had rested on.
Shadows danced on the walls, laughing at me with their hellish grins.
My weary eyes followed their grotesque movements across the grey ceiling.Desperation pervaded the dusk-filled room.
An air of depravity joined the gloom that surrounded my cadaver-like body.
It must have been a wondrous sight for you to behold my emaciated frame in
the grief-stricken chamber that witnessed the unholy hour of my birth.It must have been a wondrous sight for you to behold my emaciated frame in
the grief-stricken chamber that witnessed the unholy hour of my birth.There I lay in the depressing and pale grey.
At this instant my soul was grasped by despair.
A sense or aim in this life I could no longer see.
Would a bullet in the head forever set me free??Slumbering in the silence that gave birth to me,
I lay there contemplating the hidden secrets of life.
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