

Textures, Transgression

So much pressure around me.
Become a shadow of whom I wish I'd be.
Part of what remained inside, now feels lost .
A vision entrapped in pain .

A face without expression, relentless and remorseful.
Blaming all but himself for falling in despair .

I decided to turn my back.
Try a different approach.
Since everything that's touched is bound to turn to dust .

Recommend no further trial.
Not a glimpse of should have been.
Only the promised years to come,
and with that my transgression will come to an end .

So little movement within me.
A shadow I've become.
Fall out, now all is lost .
It's clear I'm incomplete .

A face portraits depression , emotionless but thankful features that show:
when one loses, there is everything to gain .
Free fall!

Failure above me circulates!

Dented pride encouraged and my broken spirit leads the way .
Deterred comprehension.
I tend to give up more and more each day.