

Arcana

"Your Name"

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Though I've called your name a thousand times, my
words are blown back
Into my face. The wind makes my skin harder still. The
clouds race by
Over-head and I fight to remain standing, the signs of
endless journeys
Shows in my weakened stance. I wish for the ground to
open. I have been
Around the world and back, I have re-lived every
memory, re-dreamt every
Dream and felt every touch (again). Still the clouds will
race, the wind
Will cut and soon I will fall. The dust will form a mound
that shall be my
Tomb, never to be whetted by the tears of mourning,
because I was lost
Long ago in a colder world and lost you forever.

I believe that each man craves the soul rejuvenation
that, for centuries,
Authors and poets of the world have immortalised
through the written and
Spoken word. I believe that each man wishes to
harness the power of the
Burning sun and rejuvenate the soul that, for many of
us, lies dead. I too
Have traveled these paths and found that most lead to
a bare world.

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