

Merlons of Nehemiah

"Awaiting Eschiel"

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As remorse awakes, i reach these open arms out
towards
fulfillment, but again return with emptiness in this
celestial cessation of time.
Too soon this door was shut so tight.
Bowing down to an untrue fate means a lesser
existence.
Arise the frustration from my thickened
throat, where confusion etches its mark straight into
my chest. I can't fall again until you help me up.
For far too long, i have searched for the beauty that
you create. Lift this blanket of desperation from my
heart to reveal my lost soul. On my bed of stone, i await
your return.

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