

Winter Solstice "To The Nines"

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Staring at a tree split in two
Asking yourself if you can mend it's natural bane
Perseverance falls to the floor shattering into a million
pieces
Categorizing failures rigorously
You conserve light by staring with your eyes closed
Sitting there with that failed look upon your lips
What happened to this picture?
Guided by a candle you try so hard to see miles ahead
of yourself
A formal awakening experienced for the first time
Hitting closer and closer to home with each blow
Value your life
Impressions of your face hold your character
My scars hold eternal regret

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