

Rick Delmonico

"Cold Mountain"

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Love is a forgotten word in desperate times.
We cling to nothing and wait for no-one.
The best that we can manage is to stay alive,
and keep our honor just a little longer.

A thousand moments spent with you I made and lost.
I barely held you those endless seconds.
The road that lies before me does not bare the cost.
And cannot measure the steps I've taken.

Hope is somewhere out of reach among the dead.
We stare beyond them to our reflection.
A sudden burst surrounds me in a sea of red.
Blood helps the flowers reach toward heaven.

A thousands words and images are burned away.
I barely saved them amidst the embers.
I force myself against the final choice between,
my failing duty and lost desire.

Time exhales from dusk till dawn and half of what I feel
is gone.
My choices haunt me, I just fled. The good I had I killed
it dead.

Forgiveness is a testament to all that fades
beyond the borders and generations.
If right could ever conquer would it too be saved?
We're left to wonder who God's forsaken.

A thousands kisses in one breath you give to me.
As I have fallen toward endless slumber.
With one last deed I've spared you from my fate it
seems.
To pass through winter and into summer.

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