

Michael McGuire "Sophia In Blue"

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SOPHIA IN BLUE

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There is a universal woe in the shrug of her brow, caught in the gears

of the ruthless mechanics of how, till it all seems a hollow game of

survival and strife, and all she really has is the beating heart of her life,

there was a world in her eyes now there A's just a moon, there is a

dream in her bed but it just sleeps till noon, she use to give the divine

intervention of her touch, now she says sheÂ's got to much of a limp to

be a crutch.

Sophia in blue, a sky without a sun, Sophia in blue, an empty ocean of

love.

She rehearses her preferred scenario even the gods take heed, and the

rain comes down roses for this pitiful deed, is there a secret shared is

there a heaven waiting, her feline grace destruction is a goddess

creating, but she is ruined by the play of the elements and where is her

fire, this light serves no heat just shadows of desire, she is a new world

buried in an ancient star mapped sky, without the motive curse of envy

or the servitude of why.

Sophia in blue, sculpted in cold stone, Sophia in blue, a beauty without

a mirror.

Does it have to be this petty little parade of vanity, she wonders on the

world the chemical sum of her sanity, why some nasty little nothing

means more than the riches of silence, every bumÂ's back ally every

boardroom bride breeds violence, so she is her victim her wounded

eyes only read the lines, the ground offers no path the sky offers no signs, she is the math of ages undone by the moments arithmetic, the enormity of the now overfeeds her lust and leaves her lovesick.

Sophia in blue, dreaming of days divine, Sophia in blue, waiting in breath and bone.

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