

## Rest Among Ruins

### "Lackluster"

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Stranded it feels  
to be alone amidst plenty  
and identifiably so  
as forlornness floods awareness  
and thoughts submerge

as I wish to wash away  
this cathartic residue

and I fear these words will not be clear  
unrevealed, these thoughts of gray

In taking this brief moment  
To collect these scattered thoughts  
And harbor their trailing dreams  
I fear this breath is the end of the counterweight

and I fear these words will not be clear  
unrevealed, these thoughts of gray

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