



Blackthorn

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This poem only available on Stories Space. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Face in the shadows Where eyes burn black candles And wax in the water Has armoured the lips, A soul freezes hell With the loneliness cruel, And the silence is lost Where the knife of noise slips. The buzz and the hum Of the jostling friends Who are not friends in truth, Nor are saviours of peace, Are a salve to the guilty Who hide all their wrongs 'Neath the cloak of more torments Where taunts never cease. Warps in the mirror, A phantasm shrouded Where rain wipes the edges And blurs them in smoke, There is water grey darkling And fingers break, creaking, The backbone now twisted, A wizened old oak. Blossom leaves blackthorn And nightingale's lost For the song has dry crumbled and Spikes rule the breath Where the oceans of tears Spray the corpse of grey heart, And though spring may be coming, I lie down in death. This poem only available on Stories Space. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.