

Guilty Of What, I Do Not Know

By DirtyMartini

Published on Stories Space on 22 Dec 2011

All stories, plays, songs, poems and miscellaneous ramblings copyright Alan W. Jankowski...feel free to use my stuff as you like...in fact, get it published and sell it all...just remember where to send the check...

I know some people get depressed around the holidays...not sure this will cheer anyone up though...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/guilty-of-what-i-do-not-know.aspx>

The darkness descended upon the night, So heavily you could hear it hit the ground, The birds still sang their songs by day, But I could no longer recognize the tune. My feet ran furiously, But I gained no ground. I reached out, But no one was there. I looked upon the faces of the crowd, But no one seemed to know me. And the truth was, I barely knew myself. I got down on my knees and begged forgiveness, Guilty of what, I do not know. My emotions seemed frozen into place, Like the time that appeared to stand still around me, Every minute that passed seemed like hours, And days crawled by like eternities. And yet I knew the journey had just begun, For I am at the entrance to a long, dark tunnel. And as I stand before the cold darkness, My thoughts weigh heavily upon my mind, Like the heaviness in my heart, But venture forth I must. For I must escape this place that holds me, With every fiber of my being. And things will never be the same. I pray that things will never be the same.
12-22-11.