

Strand

By Dreamcatcher

Published on Stories Space on 30 Aug 2012

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Life in review

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/strand.aspx>

Guys like me just take up space. Disconnected and standing apart. I knew long ago there is no place. There is no warmth of home or heart. Looking in beyond the glass. Always outside in the cold. The note is due for a careless past. Left holding stone that once was gold. Vagabonds move in silent stealth. Looking for a place to hide. Our pockets carry our worldly wealth. With holes in our shoes and laces untied. Bridges built soon get burned. It isn't easy to be us. Like pages in a book often turned. Finding nothing worthy to discuss. Years ago with future bright. The path was straight and wide. I played the game with all my might. Then stumbled and fell losing my stride. With only me to stand alone. No one else must carry my blame. For all my faults I must atone. And walk the coals through the flame. Guys like me just play the part. Placeholders that fill in spaces. We never dwell inside the heart. Always relegated to lesser places. Lest I've failed to make it clear. In a world of spice I'm considered bland. I've never known your applause or cheers. I'm not a complete story, but only a

strand.