

Waking Nightmares

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I have waking nightmares That it's too late, That I'm too far , That I've murdered the poetry Which was being born inside me. I search everywhere I go Looking for its remnants, Not knowing the point in time Or the place where it was lost. I wonder sometimes If a glance from your eyes Or a word from your lips Or even a prayer From the hidden chambers of your heart Might bring it flooding back into my soul. The language which I fear is now lost, The verse which eased my suffering, The inky hope Of a young man at twenty-one Staring out over the Pacific Ocean, Has slowly melted away into oblivion, Dissolved in noise, and filth, and inaction.