

Sorrow

Distant memories fade as the light that once welled up within pours out of the eyes that are filled with sorrow from the failed expectations of the new day.

Leaving only demons and ghosts to converse over whether or not it's time to tell the poor wretch that he was fooled by the promise of a better tomorrow.

Few there are who could meet the expectations set before them,

Yet even fewer can say they made it out alive,

Where then does it leave me when asked,

“What happened to your passions?”

Drowned in the rage and sorrow of the black river that is failure,

But can we call it failure if I haven't actually attempted to pursue the dream cooked up by the bright ambitions of a young man,

Who found himself deep within the unforgiving desert by the way of rain that drowned the sound of naysayers who were believed to be a toxic influence,

But were truly voices asking to be heard, to offer help to bring the young man above the rain that began to drown everything around him.

Now opportunities to chase the dream are few,

Even the most promising path seems to be too rough to travel.

So he continues on the path that he is familiar with,

Refusing to accept that one must struggle with hardships in order to reap the rewards of success.

The night draws near, and the shadows grow long, time it is to find the rest that he so desperately needs before he can see that the sun will always show the proper path,

Through a troubled life made difficult by the obstacle that is poison of the mind.