

Publicerad 2023-09-20 11:31 av J. Herward

To release a ghost

All within my hands

Is this us growing apart?
I haven't always been a good friend,
I've been selfish, dwelling and clingy

What was once here is now gone
and I'm glad you've found purpose and community
it is more than well deserved

Nature doesn't apologize,
we won't assert dominance over life's fluidity
to the ghosts left behind - pay them no mind

Still, despite my wisdom
a meager comfort in the wake of separation,
it does little to lessen its sting

Reality doesn't owe an explanation,
however reluctant
Instead, we must learn how to surrender
every innate and unborn probability

Nothing lasts forever

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