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Spiminal Lace

Forget-me-not, it's January
it ponders liminal and eerie
where shells of fireworks are cast
like molt of celebrations past

these sober days, they lack veneer
like Christmas had with blissful cheer
no shops will sell you dreams today
while wallets weep no ads display

I went outside for solitude
but found it too defined and crude
it had no bearing in my mind
the liminal was left behind

what lies beyond the truly known
has grown to a phenomenon
escape in something like a dream
aesthetics captured in a scene

in vain attempts I tried to catch
nostalgic emptiness to match
but I got lost, I was mistaken
my faith in definitions shaken

is it the rising of November
anticipations' glowing embers
or aftermath of what has been
like stitches ripped out from a seam?

that it exists I know for certain
in wind that tugs on kitchen curtains
where childhood memories unfold
brings life to stories yet untold

and so it happened suddenly
that Janus came to capture me
and I was stranded, lost in time
a sacrifice upon his shrine

but just as I had turned to face him
he came undone, no ties could brace him
this moment never meant to last
once you arrived the past is past

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