

Her Grip

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Today's sweet clouds play a symphony,
To all the sunsets that used to be.
Tomorrow's winter melted by yesterday's heat,
Children returning to the summer street.
The trees cry for their lost leaves,
The past flies because someone still believes.
The rain falls and the clouds wish they would not leak,
And I remember all the naive things I used to speak.
The shadows stick to the wet pavement,
Silhouettes of dreams floating in enslavement.
The moon above does wane before the wax,
Yesterday unthawed instead of frozen in its tracks.
The sun rises when it's supposed to set,
And I remember when I should just forget.
This is a chapter in time's infinity rewind,
Rain drops rising from the ground.
My eyes open when they should close,
A breath exhaled re-enters my nose.
The tears I cried find their way back up my cheeks,
Yesterday's words make my heart weak.
The music plays instead of staying quiet,
I can't control it, I simply can't deny it.
My long fingers soon begin to shrink,
My eyes grow young and miss a blink.
My hair rescinds and I just gently melt,
Now just a boy who lived for what he felt.
I look up now, much closer to the earth,
Years nearer to my birth.
Yesterday is just around tomorrow's corner,
Innocence is still alive, I have to warn her.
I don't want to let her go blindly to her doom,
She deserves a life outside the womb.
I want to cherish these ignorant eyes,
For this world they could never despise.
Let me save all the people I've already lost,
Melt the cold path ahead and all the frost.
But the past is deaf and quietly remains unchanged,
While I fall down to my knees, deranged.
It is my lesson, my experience, my bliss,
But give me any other curse than this.
The child wonders what he will be,
And the candle of nostalgia burns inside of me.