

Toward

by anon *Saturday, Sep 8 2018, 3:19am*

international / poetry / post

its stillness draws me,
the lake is mirror still tonight
a motionless mist hangs above it

transported away from the
shrill of town, people,
the lake is more than it seems
granting more than peace, its stillness
draws into its depths, blacker than
a moonless night

enter and find ur rest,
tho this is a projection not of the lake
but of my tedium and the inability
of the world to satisfy my profound need,
which was always more
than the world could offer --
hollow dreams,
baubles and tinsel are the empty
promises that feed impoverished minds

of what use are these transparent lures?
they do not fascinate or satisfy old souls
weary from too many sojourns into lost worlds

yet paradise rests hidden somewhere in my bones
i feel it, but no map or indication is hinted,
only its powerful silent call,
u have had enough, why persist
i am waiting for ur return?

the call is strong, the origin
never ceases its pleas, imploring ceaselessly --
what a curse to know and not behold and embrace,
why does it beckon, not for the cessation of futile pursuits
or death but for triumph, a hero's reward?

the dark night is cool but not without comfort
the lake speaks silently knowing my thoughts,
responding with its perfect peace

dawn would soon dissolve the blanket of night

and awaken the noise and static cities and towns offer
but this is how it must be
there is nowhere else to go when everything
loses its allure

in the last darkness before the screaming dawn
a haunting familiar voice whispers,
i have not abandoned you
u are closer than u think
supreme peace to you,
my enduring Love

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-277.html>