



This Path

By Shylass

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Jul 2012

Copyright ©2017 Daisy Shylass. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior permission. Please be respectful of my intellectual property.

This is the road I am destined to wander until the day I die.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/this-path.aspx>

This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. The golden glory of the sun is just a distant memory now. I traverse this waking nightmare Under the celestial gaze of a billion starry watchers, They who glitter in my tears with icy blue-white sanction As I lift my face for hostile acknowledgement of my failings. The path I've trodden through these ugly years remains the same; Always another corner; Always another dead dream around the bend in this lonely road. This forest surrounds me incessantly; These trees of writhing bodies, Naked and lithe and soaked in the lusty waters Of a Lovers' Moon, The rippling of their flesh sliding down the ages Even as I slide in the mud of this cursed wandering. The rustling of paper hearts, Those flighty birds, chatter and squawk, And the river of their beloved laughter bends its way Alongside my footsteps, Constantly mocking the trudge And the wearied slump of my shoulders. The dark forest greens with their earthy, deep smells Smear the way through with rich, musky spices That I can almost touch with my fingers. This fragrant pine mist that fingers my hair And tugs on my skirt Crawls its giggling way into my ears, Ringing and singing in revolted glee at my ugliness. "Somebody waits for you," The reviling phantoms whisper, Clawing and tearing fresh rips in that Mutilated bloody mess that the forest limbs crushed in one, Ugly, stinking, hating vice. What have I left, but kindly pats on the hand From a few passers-by who unknowingly stumble Into this realm of tortured, freakish cruel pain? I have nothing but the satin kindness that slides off me With the well-meaning, but unknowing, words. They fall desiccated at my feet because such dreams die When they touch my disgusting disgrace. And the passers-by pass, Taking their remaining, kindly, living dreams with them, And leaving me in their wake with the dead. Hope flutters a broken feather; The only one she has left. I wish the dark forest beasts would devour her savaged form And put an end to this misery, That I may traverse this dark path in hollow peace. This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.