

Seeking Truth

Words clamor for execution,
Wanton phrases, lusting for attention,
Fall from my fingers,
Into the deep chasm of the night.
Yet they give no peace,
And yield no answers.
But laugh at me,
And revel in their power to possess me,
And compel my obedience.

So once again is the vigil kept;
In the hope that one russet dawn,
Might be illumined by the truth I seek.