## The Joy Of Sorrow

## **A Canorous Quintet**

A bitter tear smashes the surface.

Happiness spreads it's wings, never to return.

Blackness now the state of mind, an endless age of suffering.

A statue it speaks words never to be spoken.

Forced entries opens up the soul like never healing wounds. Will it ever disappear?

It's beautiful like moonlight touching water.

It's painful, a being torn to shreds.

It's magnificent like perfection itself.

It's awful, a being fading on the shelf.

Endless cries above and below.

Prayers they stay unheard like the silence of a world, fading into nothingness.

Time has left us in the cold, still the fires are burning. While everything is getting old, except the sorrow in the snow.