

Longing

Oceans

The more withered the lonely and scarred heart becomes, the more it craves to withdraw itself to a far away place. Once there, it hopes to find repose and solace. But this makes the heart a prisoner in a golden cage, its wings clipped. From such a place, the heart cannot truly depart to new havens. It is trapped. So it begins to dream. It dreams of far off worlds and, as it spends its time yearning for change, the chains rust. Life fades from the little heart, until its only wish becomes to be surrounded by silence alone