March Incomplete

Skepticism

Back at my worn out desk
Where former triumphs were written
Where former losses were forgotten
Where now lies a void
Light glimmering through the curtains
Sun has just risen
Dust motes dancing slowly in the light
Sun needs to rise
How else she could fall
Ink on the paper in scruffy lines
Markings leading nowhere
I can hear
The roots of the trees
Growing
Deep under
My feet
I can feel
The sky falling
Down from
Where it
Used to be

I can see
The stars becoming
Dim
And the darkness
Of the sky

Should I merge
These lines
Or just
Let them die
I have departed and I will not return
Yet to proceed is not to arrive
To reach out is not to achieve
Nearly there is not complete

Not the journey that matters
Nor the destination
Not close, not near, not becoming
Just steps or parts incomplete

Incomplete is a form of loss
Incomplete is a form of pain
Incomplete is an ordeal

Shall I proceed
The march incomplete

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