

Upon Leaves Falling

Unprocessed

And everyday again
Streams of violence
The coves of conversance
Hollowed by waves of fear
Wet with tears
And the bud melts in embers
In the despondent flames of its birth

And he endures it
And hopes for the end
That will choke the blaze
In which his sores burn

Senseless
Is his childhood's sorrow
Timeless
Are the throes of her frantic strokes. (Senseless strokes)
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