

Now It Is

How I reel and writhe  
in the mid night of my uncertainty.  
Calling out to any that will hear  
Bereft of all, deep in my aloneness  
I hear no voices, see no purpose.

Sure I walked away,  
Believing that this was my future  
Now, I sit alone, and afraid.

Sadness and pain is my constant  
companion. So sure was I that  
this was right.

Where have I gone?  
Where are you?

So sure I was when I began,  
and now the nothingness,  
the emptiness of my truth  
taunts me.

I cannot see  
Anything.