

BluebirdBlack

Rosalind Rayworth



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Waiting for Love

Threadbare

23:02

Muse

Waiting for Love

Tick tock,
A little longer
Wondering, waiting;
longing for the melody of your text.
Why do I linger?
My value does not diminish when you do not call,
but it's does.
It's deep,
It's gut,
It's soul,
It's wrenching.
It squeezes my veins until they split;
unleashing a slurry of sad from my spirit.
But I will sit calmly. As I wait for your never call.
And someday, You won't remember me at all.

Threadbare

There is a secret in my heart.
It is sore and sometimes it bleeds,
I fix it up with ruby wine and cigarettes; just fine.
until it leaks again.

Again is today, accustomed to agony
I rally the allies.
we are one in our perpetual groove.
We snip and shape and carve our pain into little paths to nowhere.

Submerging each others sorrow
willingly,
blissfully falling
into the night, obliterating the hopes of tomorrow.

So,
I have patched and sewn my heart seams; in the only way I know.
But the secret will still stay there;
and everyday.
It grows.

23:02

Longing seems to be a sure way of not getting what you want.
Hoping is fruitless and always leaves you disappointed.
I don't know. Who the fuck cares anyway?

Muse

Stripped,
plucked from the chrysalis too soon.
Basal ripped from thorax and
warped within your labyrinth web.

Smothered in magenta.
A flattered muse in the sky.
Walking amongst the angels.
Fresh to deceit like a bumbling lamb, who
relished every word that spewed into the beaten vase.

A new cocoon was on the horizon,
A cage built with sin.
Refusing to immortalise you,
the lamb should never have let you in.