

Anthology of RiltanSteel



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

the coldest star

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running through the trees, footsteps
falling on forgotten paths, the wind
leading us to and from the forest's heart ?
what will it look like when snow covers it all?
can you hear your own voice from inside the cold?

there is nothing louder than the moon on a winter night.
i have tried making noise, i have tried cracking the silence
with a blade between my teeth ?
i have tried, and tried, but nothing has worked well enough
to conquer that sound.

i would sing from mountaintop to mountaintop,
stretching my voice far and wide, but my lungs,
my lungs cannot chew the dreams i bit off.
how could i spit them out now? how could i take a heart
and condense it into song?

the moon, the cold, and the lonesome love
would be enough to storm a fortress on their own.
what could they do if i joined hands with them?
what could we do together, swaying beneath the wind
and the trees?