

Weeping Petrichor

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

*To the dreamers who dare to wonder, to the souls who never stop searching and to the hearts that
keep loving.*

Acknowledgement

I'm thankful to the Lord, grateful for His power and His grace in my life.

summary

ink-tears

the banshee

a gold-haired boy

Oh, Lord

nothing lasts

ink-tears

*sinking deeper and deeper with each move
inhaling salty water through my nostrils
torn a withered flower that never bloom
and paint carvings with my ink-tears
my shout is devoured by scary echoes
that slowly whisper your name together
why we met, only our fate knows
and it knows the reason we fall forever
i'm hurting because my sea left me
my sea that had no name and no love
breaking to pieces, can't you see
all that's left is two stones and mud*

the banshee

*banshee veiled her secrets under the shouts
and the devoured forest in her embrace
so slowly but surely she grew the sprouts
for the madness that ruined her pretty face
keening and grieving the death she o' loathed
the passing of one she knew from her dreams
crying out with a mind that's so bloated
that there's no space for her to think her things*

a gold-haired boy

washed in pure delight and cleaned in joy
i saw standing there, a gold-haired boy
a crown on his head, smile on his lips
his knuckles white in endangered grips
i saw standing there, a gold-haired boy
next to his heart-shaped glass diamond throne
eyes in creases, pupils a crescent moon
his so fragile body close to swoon
his fingers white and nails so polished
this perfect picture soon demolished
red scars and wounds under his giggle
his dried out lips tiredly niggle
washed in pure delight and cleaned in joy
i saw standing there, a gold-haired boy
with a broken crown and broken soul
i saw standing there, a shattered boy

Oh, Lord

Oh Lord, you hear my silent cries,
You see my failed and useless tries.
You catch me when I'm free to fall,
Next to You, I am just so small.
May my prayer come before You,
May you see my tear-stained face, too.
I'm overwhelmed with troubles,
Every day, my problem doubles.
You're bigger than the trials, God,
You guide me with your staff and rod.
My life might get closer to death,
You will renew my every breath.

nothing lasts

the world is painted on your collarbones
and the breath of the forest in your mouth
your heart is unlike what everyone owns
strange how we fell in love during a drought
if i could write a book, how would i paint
a picture of the way you speak, you stand
now, your memory is blurry and faint
our love had already reached it's end
i cry out with a suffocated throat
reaching for your figure desperately
all that was left of you, a simple note
and the hope that time will be a remedy