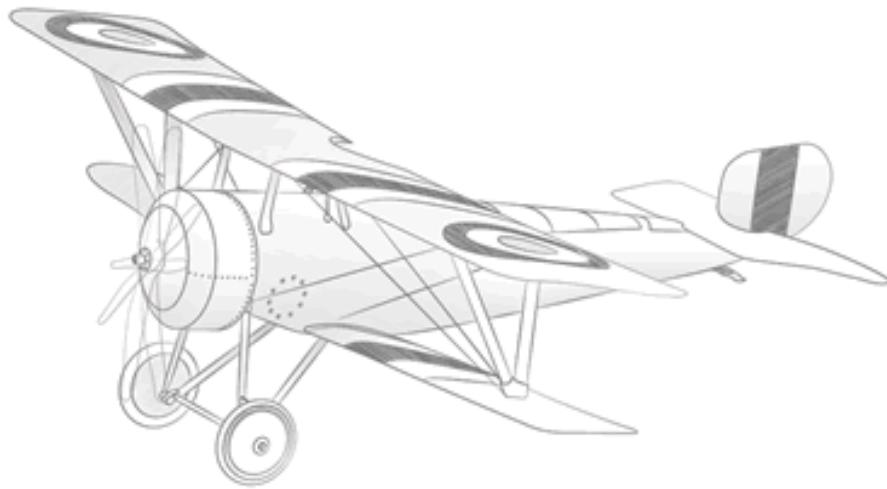


Anthology of Skye-777



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Clay

Repurposed

Clay

'Neath the waning sun, where light kisses the edge of dusk,
Borrowed time unravels, as clouds do in a restless breeze.
Their hands entwine, roots tangled in barren soil,
Grasping in futility at the fading warmth, In the earth, now soft and surrendering.
Breath will surely still as night descends, Words crumble, dust to air.
Yet unspoken vows linger,
In the stillness, damp, cold and unyielding.
He kissed her lips, soft yet cold, one final touch upon clay, an earthly farewell.
The warmth has long since fled,
Leaving only a chill.
When her eyes gently closed, the stars blinked into existence,
and the world seemed to exhale.
He stood now as a solitary figure,
With nothing but the echo of her heartbeat,
And the cool imprint of her lips of clay.

Repurposed

The journal.

Exiled into a forgotten room,

With warm air thick as syrup, and time gathered in the corners.

A beam of light, full of dust suspended in the stillness, aimed its harsh, uncomfortable spotlight on the cover.

The journal was a gift from you, and full of you.

Now just an artifact of love, loss and torment, from a bygone era, too painful for my naked eyes.

This gift was given to me with intention,

By the hands that let me fall.

Today, I opened the window and allowed the room a breath, I too, drank the air as I opened the cover, revealing those brittle pages.

I gave them wings, as I gave you?

Not to free you, but to sever the last echo of my name in your flight.

The cover? soft, familiar, yet distant, and blank pages that gleamed with endless expanse.

New ink seeped deep into the paper's marrow, twisting into roots that burrow and reshape the soil.

No longer a tether to memories of loss, sorrow, and humiliation.

But a vessel,

Repurposed for my expression, my stories, my breath.