



Echoes of Memory and Dreams

Memories strewn, across the sheet,
Tender eyes, memories sweet,
Our child beholden to the lies,
Desperate teeth to gnash their eyes.

The ink of love scarred on the paper,
Mirthful days, stolen in vapor,
Hoped-for yesterdays in sighs,
Etched in tears, in last goodbyes.



The blood that bind, the touch that haunt,
Mourning eyes of careless want,
Remember hard or remember not,
We'll meet again where time forgot.

A moment's mist, a fading picture,
Marks on the essence of our nature,
In vacant gazes or haunting echo,
Love's labyrinth, where shadows grow.



Poisoned arrows fly through the shutters,
A writhing soul in darkness mutters,
Trees of mercy reaching out,
To breathe the soul from poisoned doubt.

Racing heart in twilight's grasp,
The haunted present, the ghostly past,
Emerald tendrils beckon salvation,
In the dawn of silent conversation.



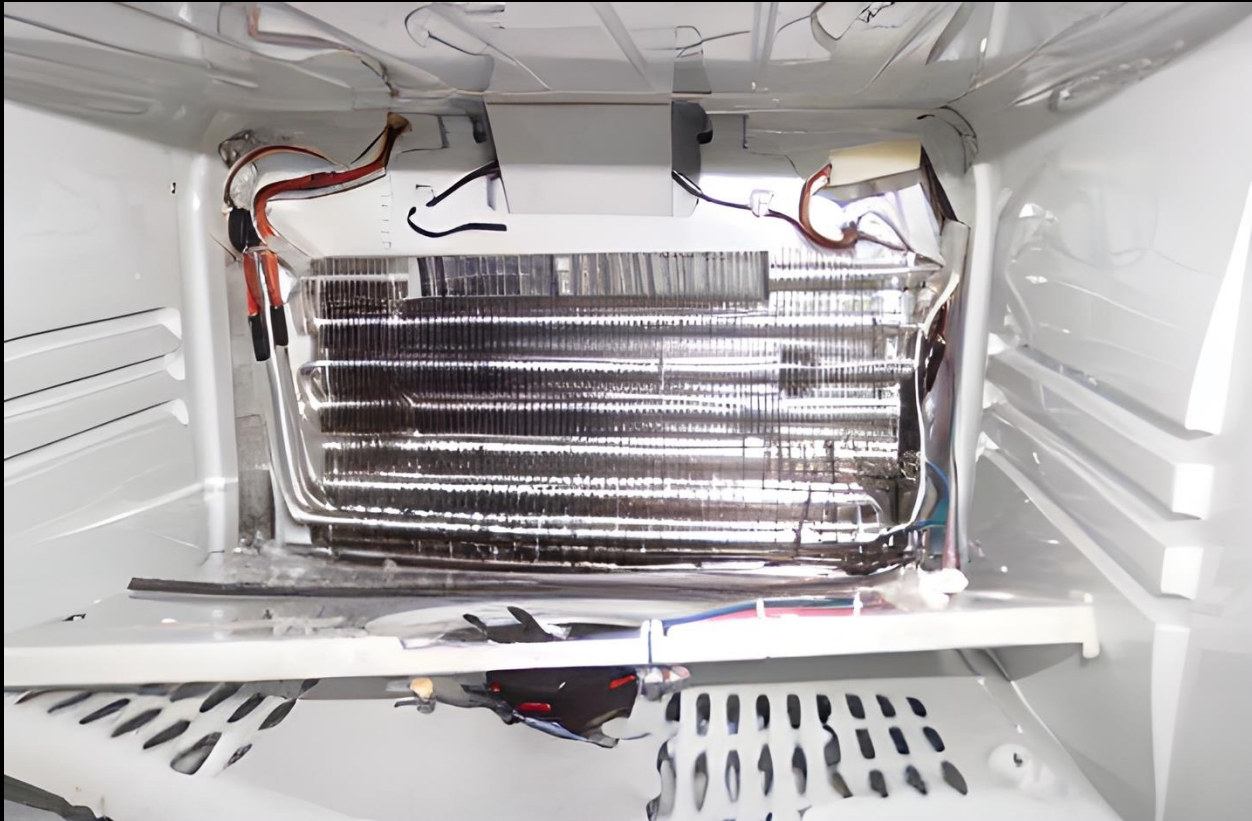
I am the weft, you are the warp,
I am the breath of your bosom's harp,
And when you paint our melody,
The stars they sing at what I see.

Together, etching cosmic verse,
Against the silence of the universe,
Your colors dance, my being splays,
In the symphony of our joined pathways.



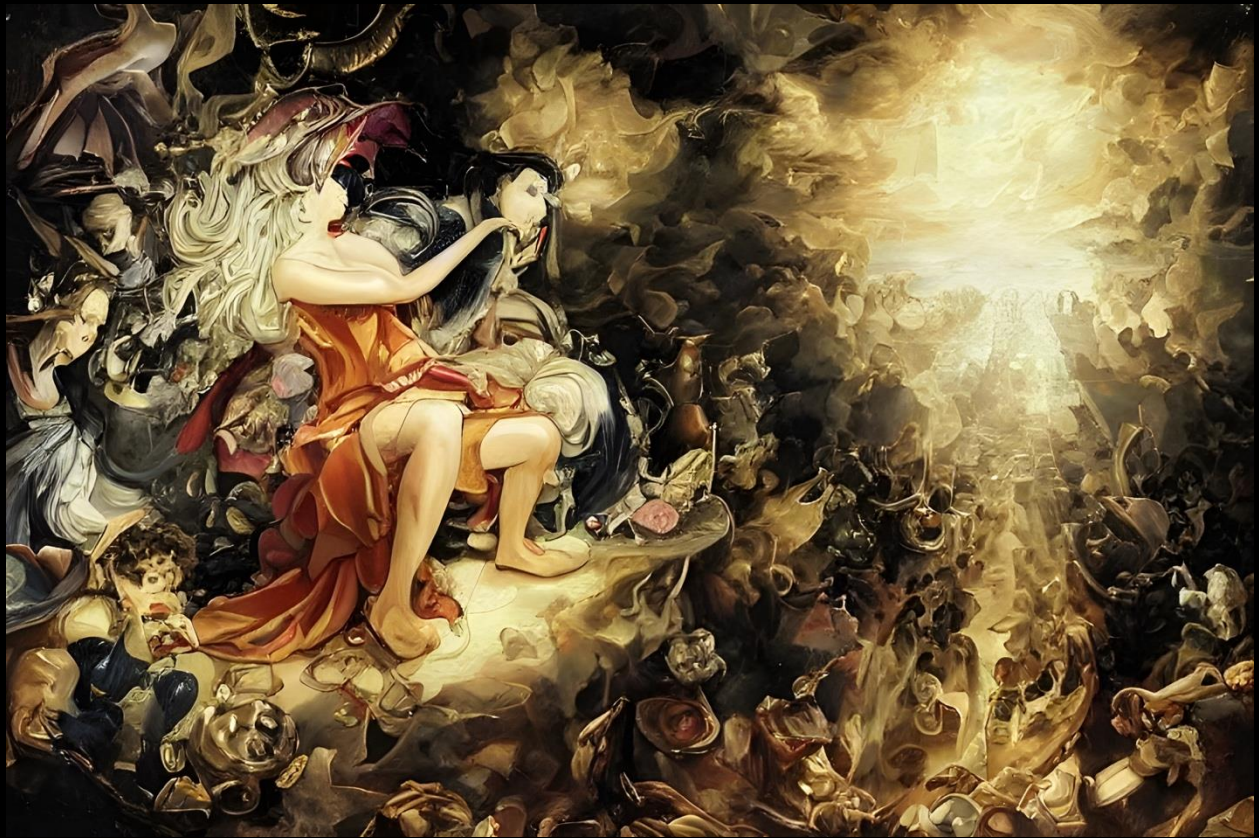
Burning glass, shattered steel,
Hairs that rise up on end to feel,
The swirling hate, the demon pool,
The pointed heart, the love that rule.

Fiery echoes of rage grow dim,
Battling demons whim by whim,
A crystal tear and a prayer's call,
Await the rise, survive the fall.



And in this theater of dark absurd,
No love is given, no laughter heard,
True mirth belongs to only those,
Who took the heart of path they chose.

In madness cloaked, emotion's tinder,
A fractured mirror, a silent mender,
Behind the laughter, behind the prose,
Are the silent screams, the unchosen rows.



Nor sage nor fool, no judge nor clown,
Come great pilot, come fly this town!
I'll break my bread, you drink your beer,
And let us from each other steer.

The siren's song beckons from afar,
Guiding us toward the midnight star,
Together we'll stir the silent sea,
In hopes of what we dream to be.



Irelynn Helmy

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