

I walk alone.

Footsteps find uncertain ground
as pretensions fall around me.

I hope for what lies ahead,
but know only what lies behind me,
shattered pieces, cold and dead.

I wish for things to be the same
but know that friendships fast fade
like leaves laughing in the wind.

I try to hold on, but my grip slips
and she drips away like water.

The wind whispers silent nothings
saying that she is still right here
Yet, when I let go, that I must know
She smiles and fades away.

There was nothing left
to die that day.

So, I walk alone.