

Cycle

I sit here, standing in the cold
Knowing life's answer untold
I speak to all who will question
But none will ever ask
My nature grows after every scene
Leaving the answers to your being
I speak to you for not out of fear
But of hope, that all may not forsake
That not all will forsake what means
To truly live, for I never have, but know why
All others do

by John Sterling Marr