

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# Letters To The Soul

Frantic flowing of pen and ink  
Flying across a sheet of innocent white  
Though unsure of what I really think  
I mask it well in what I angrily write  
This passage to the friend I wish I could hate  
As she thinks of me as I do of her  
It pains me to write that she is far too late  
To reverse the effects of what she made me endure  
Yet still she is whom I could never deny  
For she is my conscience within my soul  
And together we could never believe this lie  
For the words that I write form a single black hole  
And despite that she has cause me such overwhelming grief  
I must face facts that I am writing to me

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# Regret

Regretting every step I take  
Regretting every move I make  
Regretting every tear I cry  
Regretting every fear I fight  
Crying till I can not cry  
Screaming till my throat runs dry  
Pounding on the metal frame  
The doorways shut I can't get away  
Pounding on the inner wall  
If the barrier shatters ill surely fall  
Crying for someone to hear my plea  
To save my life and see what I see

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