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dismissed

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loneliness an imperfect sonnet
Jenn Syperski

young flesh, money, comfort and fame do tease
the soul to thinking them a purpose great
wither we shall as our hair quickly turns
attempt to care - forgive - but far too late
intentions and beauty dark death interns
our lust for the material contrasts
as does our show of love or lack thereof
we dance and panic on various paths
but of this earthly angst is none above
we may marry, produce more of our kind,
surround ourselves among many bodies
but in our solitude are we confined
this truth we share, carry and do unite
but never will escape with mortal might

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no heart is here - to break - to take - to tear
away - around - above - about - i doubt
my way is this - not one of bliss - but fear
the false will trick and trade - won't be without
a sense of purpose - peace - or duty i
do stumble fumble crack and crumble down
my tears and mouth the automatic bye
lips formulate and tire a sober frown
which strains the muscles enough to let go
of pain emotional - scars physical
the abstracts of my mind concretely grow
transform - transfer into the spiritual

i look around and cognize i exist
bow down - forgive - make up for Time dismissed

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