

The Latent Soul - Greg W

this latent soul sees images of decaying rose pedals falling no where and yet more then free do they fall...

(where are the voices?)

ever growing wearier in deed and wrought with action, they toil, they spin, they move -

as if they promote death, configure they ways of travel.

burnt sign posts; illegible guides -

does this trouble you?

[wondering feet are marching on the edge of fields guarded by burning apathetic scarecrows who smile and doubt. (where are the voices?)]

empty and moist are my efforts alone.

where

are

the

voices

?

storm clouds slowly smile and wink at me... they laugh and reach thier hands to take ignorant sailors. they snare at me... they mock me. they rumble in laughter as they take the sailors.

shadows walk in uninterrupted and steal the sleeping baby.

Jesus, I need your Holy Spirit. I need your help, and your burden.

break me

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