

More recent poetry

The lonely bus passes in the dismal, steel Seattle morning.
Emotion presses tears into my eyes.
There is no escaping tonight.
There is no way out.
I am trapped inside himself.
I am awaiting death.
I am preparing for it.
And you can cry your tears and plead for the life of your one true love.
But you cannot save me.

I have fallen into mediocrity.
There is nothing I can do.

It was make or break.
And all I found was a pit in which to fester.
You failed your first attempt Seattle, but I broke, finally.
Living a pseudo-life in a city I don't know.
I shall be buried here.

My father will cry and wonder and you will lay flowers on me and wish
you could have kissed me
 One
 Last
 Time.

But no one else will care.
And I will rot.
And no one will remember me.

i have failed.