

## The World's Wrath

There was a time when snow glistened,  
and you were there,  
and I cared about life.  
I was going to see the world with you.  
There was possibility in the wind of Albuquerque.  
There was a time,  
once,  
that I could have been happy.

But winter came and you ran from me, desecrating the only  
faith I have ever known. The world pounded upon me,  
playing it's horrific game at the price of my humanity.

And I thought you hated me.

But you were far away, with no way to voice what your  
heart said. You wanted nothing more than to hold me  
close.

And then I died in the rain of Seattle.

But I found you again, a radiance to dry a lonely-soaked  
heart, and I wrote you. And you sent me a telegram--call  
me tonight.

You wanted me near.

But I could never touch your cheek, or listen to you moan  
in my arms at midnight; and nothing I could say could  
provide you with my hand. Time and distance murdered us  
again and it was William who found your heart and  
bestowed a truth I never wanted to hear.

We could never be together.

The world had come between us, and you finally  
made me cry.