

Grey, Hazy Mist

Grey, hazy mist
clouds the glow
in her red-rimmed eyes.
Confusion has become
her mentor.
Unwanted oblivion
tears the only one
she knew apart.
Confessions
to a silent
Savior
doesn't Absolve her soul.

She never appears
among the Silver Gods
hides within
the broken pieces,
hoping to be cut,
seeing the Reality
of Life.
To feel something
except Repression,
Guilt and Depression.
Pain has conquered Pleasure.

Guilt has taken over
this reign of Hate.
Kills more souls
than a piercing
Metal blade.

Silver Gods,
with pure silver souls,
never tarnishes
in the acid rain.
Fire and Brimstone
hitting,
ever breaking
can't Absolve
what can't be resolved.
Breaking her only portal
to their world.
The shards of broken past
distorts her face,
showing her true
soul and mind.
The way
they see her.

--Gretchen Zehner