

September 12, 2015
by Cynthia Ybarra

Glancing back, ever so quickly, counting coup

Moving forward, away, to do it all over again

Falling into open arms of one who will embrace this love of apathy

Lost inside of daydreams past

This is not the life of dreams

Tied up in knots and contradictory

Indifference-capacity for affinity null...and void...

The course behind is littered with those who have

Dared to desire what they could never have

On bruised and bloody knees, penitence for the sin of loving

You are just once more in a long line of trespassers

Into this cold, uncharted and untouchable territory