

My Derelict Soul

O Father mine, where have I gone?
I need your blanket of wisdom.
I'm lost and alone.

Still farther I wander
The light of home grows pale.
Time worsens the wound.
My soul each moment more frail.

O Mother mine, what have I become?
In retreat from this guilt,
I create more from which to run.

Consuming darkness fills this dream,
Yet painfully awake I remain.
All creation grows dim;
A void filled by shame.

O Son, my light, how could I leave?
Time passes, forever lost
An open wound that will always bleed.

Each moment a fleeting eternity;
Each day a beginning forsaken.
My derelict soul remains lost,
Adrift in a sea of chances not taken.