

## An Everlasting Ordain

I am told that it takes a leap of faith to transcend a disbelief  
So, with flaky limbs  
I scuttle forward.  
Aby, I scrape through the grit  
Fingernails gunky, I embrace the filth  
I believe it's easier to reside in its sludge than to abort  
  
such a drop of life from an aching soul

So, willingly, I inhale it's mud.  
To think that I sheltered a heart mellow with prospect,  
  
so charming and certain  
A cologne so sweet I dared to taste  
That popped and crackled like popping candy on my  
  
tongue

Down below, as night reigns above  
I settle.  
Alongside the sludge, I stare into her lustful eyes,  
I cherish her dearly.  
Here I can accept that I was stripped of the legs needed to pace,  
The breath so fair their rationale would falter,  
Estranged, because though I make the rules here, the  
  
stars seem to wink at those I gape at with a strained,  
  
misty, sight