

## The Delicate Halls of Future

### Part I (The Sinking Dream)

I know you didn't mean to lay  
the ruins of yesterday,  
but our shattered,  
crystal ship of dreams  
. . . will never sail again . . .

-  
-  
-

I know you didn't  
mean to say  
the words that  
. . . betrayed faith . . .

-  
-  
-

~ strange how words ~  
once green  
with spring

-  
-

can begin  
to feel so blue,

-  
-

so sad to think  
such tender words  
might somehow  
. . . still hold true . . .

-  
-  
-

but over time  
even vibrance  
can begin to  
. . . lose her hue . . .

-  
-  
-

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for all  
colors merge  
into one

-

o

f

-

the same

-

-

when the clouds  
of future promise

-

-

bathe in deeper  
shades of gray.

**Part II**  
**(The Solemn Separation)**

Melancholy eyes  
between the blinds  
fill with the  
depths of disbelief:

*I didn't think*  
*. . . you'd really leave . . .*

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.

.

.

*I didn't think*  
*. . . you'd abandon me . . .*

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-- continued next page --

My heart crashes  
upon the shore,  
leaving me  
somewhat unsure

-  
-

whether I might  
have found  
the strength  
to give  
just  
a little more,

-  
o  
r  
-

whether I  
might  
ever  
... find release ...

-  
-  
-

~ ever ~  
be able  
to  
... break free ...

-  
-  
-

your eyes  
... watching me ...

-  
-  
-

watching me  
... leave ...

-  
-  
-  
.  
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**Part III**  
**(The Haunting Melancholy)**

B-R-E-A-T-H-E

~ please keep breathing ~  
things are never  
. . . as bad as they seem . . .

-  
-  
-

*Do you recall when  
we were young and naive,  
joy-hopping across  
the evergreens of spring?*

-  
-  
-

P-L-E-A-S-E

don't leave!

-  
-

I could never  
really perceive

-  
-

the r~e~a~c~h  
of your need

-  
-

~ nothing's ever easy ~  
but if you depart from here

-  
-

your unrelenting memory  
will NEVER release me!

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

*Do you remember the times  
when we laughed away  
... all hours of the day ...*

-  
-  
-

*I ponder where such  
carefree moments play  
... on days like today ...*

-  
-  
-

**!B-r-e-a-t-h-e!  
!!You silly fool!!  
!!!B-R-E-A-T-H-E!!!  
!!!!B-R-E-A-T-H-E!!!!**  
(the ambulance will be here soon)

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-  
-  
.  
.  
.

I warm your head  
within my hands

-  
-

*I never thought  
... you'd really leave ...*

-  
-  
-

*I never thought  
... you'd do this to me ...*

-  
-  
-

How precious  
must become  
the virgin daylight  
clouds of white

-

-

when you  
finally realize  
you're really  
. . . going to die . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

still,  
I know

-

d

o

w

n

-

deep  
inside

-

-

you wish  
you could  
somehow  
change  
your mind

-

b

u

t

-

one-by-one  
the candles  
begin to dim

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

within  
the eyes  
that used  
to smile  
. . . so wide . . .

-

-

-

. . . so bright . . .

-

-

-

across the  
wandering isles  
of the endless  
summer sky.

**Part IV**  
**(The Pale Reflection)**

You contributed more  
than you will ever know,

-

-

I let you down my friend,  
but I was blind back then

-

-

so difficult  
sometimes

-

-

to read  
the  
subtle  
signs

-

-

that glare  
in retrospection

-

b

u

t

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-- continued next page --

I can now  
more clearly see  
the grim paintings  
. . . of your past . . .

-  
-  
-

~ the countless ~  
ugly faces pressed  
and pounding  
against the glass,  
to shatter  
your measure  
. . . of self-worth . . .

-  
-  
-

to bring  
an end  
to your  
. . . sleepless search . . .

-  
-  
-

~ so much ~  
you tried  
to hide

-  
-

behind  
wallpaper  
. . . smiles . . .

-  
-  
-

still, I should  
have recognized  
the torment  
behind your eyes

-  
b  
u  
t  
-

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I didn't and now  
each day just lingers by

-  
a  
n  
d  
-

I can no longer share  
my deepest fears

-  
o  
r  
-

convince you  
it would be

-  
-

so much better

. . . if you were still here . . .

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

~ you, so impulsive ~

sometimes did

. . . such foolish things . . .

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.  
a  
n  
d  
-  
-  
-

although  
you were  
humble enough  
then

-

t

o

-

swallow your pride  
and make amends

-

-

you will never undo  
what you did  
that day

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

now I have  
no other choice  
but to try  
. . . to keep my faith . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

forgive you  
... for the pain ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ attempt ~  
to build  
my halls

-

o

f

-

future

-

-

out

-

o

f

-

... past ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

... frail ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

paper mâché  
remains.