

“Alone”

by

Belal Noureddine

Listen.

I want to hear...

I want to hear our stories,

Our dreams -cast aloud.

Breathing into me,

Softly, sweeter,

Breathing,

Into me so that I touch life,

You lay, in slumber.

Smiles burned into your heart,

Faded by passion,

I want to remember, us.

In embraces abandoned,

Touch, touch lingers on,

And to us does it call;

In aromas alluring,
We thrived, till fire fell,
And water rose-
Suffer me to love.

I remember,
And long, and desire;
Our dreams pulse,
And I, I can only regret.
Death has abandoned me,
Starved me from you.

The wilting rose, crest'd upon,
Into, chested armor,
Laments the forlorn realm,
In which dreams are heard-
Agony, I remember.

Whispers, crying to an absent heaven,
Pierce the innocent
Times enchanted.
Tears crash
Upon a face once serene;

In their wake,
Crimson charms the failing light.

Remember! You must, you...

You must know...

Us?

Where have gone our dreams;

Who does my fealty endear?

Tragic laughter,

The trumpet of madness,

Resounds within.

To blade, and flesh,

An encounter is made.

Fallen steel,

Enveloped in silence,

Clothed in scarlet victory,

Has made peace.

The divide is

Broken.

Our parting, bridged
By the end - of all things,
Is birth,
Reincarnate.

I cannot remember,
Nor do I know.

-Darling, I surrendered.