

Anathema

With moonlight and breezes against my skin, I looked around and found aesthetics in the darkness. Souls exit the lungs to inherit the freedom of triumph. Time captured in photographs memorizing my heart in a personal reality that allows no one else to see. For years, I did not know what it meant. I felt, at once, dauntless and overwhelmed as the wave swept in.

They may hate me for what I have been and all the while, leave the possible reasons obscured. They may forget all that I have ever built choosing, instead, to see the facade. When the wall collapses, it destroys both sides and only the lies are counted.

Stars do not shine in the presence of the sun. That is when I walk away. That is when My absence is accepted. I create my own reality by returning to my own skies. I, alone, understand the beauty.