

Why don't I dream anymore?

It used to get dark early January
Conventionally, I called it "the blues".
Now is it dark all the time?
Often, I can't see much.
Can't see the difference.

The irises are dying
And pennies buried below
Are no use. Just symbols.
I wish feeling was a symbol
So I would stand for something.

Melodies of hope in disarray,
Unlit fires burning slowly,
Echoes are becoming numb,
Am I?
Unsure.

Personas change within each hour!
I will never own a chameleon
Because I don't own myself.
On hills, I'm free
Below, I'm doomed.

Rain and snow often smother each other
Be it November, early May,
I sit cross-legged
Ponder
My existence – a sweet escape?

I will never be a pianist.
Perhaps that is what follows?
The dreams that cease
To live
But never die.

June, 2021. Trudy.