

Julia Horan

Naked Eyes

Yesterday, I cried for the future
I cried for growing old
Unknown, impending tragedies just itching to unfold
The haunting ghost of passing time slipping through my fingers
Tentatively pressing on—the fog and haze still lingers
Echoes of the ticking clock pound loudly in my ears
The stumbling prey of vicious beasts who lurk in coming years
Watch every grain of blood-red sand slipping down between the glass
Hold my breath while waiting to see just what will come to pass

Today, I cry for the present
I cry for a forsaken world
Innocence being snatched away as darkness and hate are unfurled
Fear and hunger and prejudice, all preying on the weak
Pleading eyes of children—from murky depths they speak
False hope and broken promises—purity reversed
With the unforgiving blackness of dark nature we are cursed
Broken hearts and shattered dreams—insanity unleashed
Are we the last to fight the urge to leave our swords unsheathed?
This needle is sorrow, this thread is regret
We can always forgive but we never forget
I cry for children soft and pale
Too strong to win—too weak to fail

Tomorrow, I cry for years past
I cry for dreams and desires smashed
Forgotten scraps from the fabric of time
Lost in smokey, apathetic grime
Missing memories sing battle cries
Their boney fingers grapple at boundless, crimson skies
Blood of warriors staining the sand
Defeated spirits who no longer stand
Echoes of laughter from long ago depart
Love gone stale like a stake through the heart
Put away the ashes for it is too late
No amount of repentance can save our fate
Lovely phoenix engulfed in flame
'Twas the last time—rebirth never came

Never again will these naked eyes weep
Vast as the oceans but twice as deep