

# I sit here to write this memoir

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While rain chills my veins, my eyes cast across the ocean's length. What adventures await in that mist of unknown, or tragedies blot its horizon.

What treasures shall I dig up with you, what sights I see whilst we stand hand and hand in a weathered stand. At the gates stands death and your there with me I see. The ocean my heart, and things my memories.

I've come to another realization you see, that while I'm lost upon a raft in this empty sea there is something more that I can be. A love, a seat... I take it to meet. The sun rises to touch my skin, the wind your breath, so gentle and lovin.

Oh, how I'm confused, how I whimper till my head turns blue, and my lips split in two. Your heat... a magnificent warmth to the cold that wanders like death mist from his door AND I SCREAM what heavens could hear me.

And you watch. Your warmth providing a washing hug that drives away the prickling skin left unkept, oh how I wish to drown this realization I see.

You have hurt me, your touch too warm, sometimes I can't see right from wrong. And yet, I forgive you, for I've learned this thing, "look not badly on the things that later will be your saving grace" and so I SCREAM a word, a phrase, a murmured pray, you name I say.

I am lost on a raft while I watch from cliff side, the rain falls, and I cry. You're the thing that keeps me afloat... my definition of why, love, life, my hope.

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