



When darkness corrodes,

Or more so,

It's simple to be indolent.

To humor your fears.

It's peaceful to be idle,

just look around

and smell the brackish

roses.

But don't give up

your polluted past,

because one day,

whether sooner or later,

you will live to dread

what lies ahead.

The Sunset Lingers

Scaffolding by

Name removed for safety



Truths flow through my veins.
They hide beneath my skin.
They seep through my blood.
They lie to my lungs.

I shun them in with unconscious finesse.
They send delayed shocks to my brain like
cuts against sandpaper.
They come from a place of thought, of
reflection, just stopping short of January.
They lie so far within,
to remove them would be to lease my soul
away.
Like dying a present death,
and witnessing a puppet man your flesh.

I Stop Short of You

Scaffolding b

Name removed for safety

But I cannot shun away from you.
Your heart dissolves the lies from my tongue,
my soul suddenly in my beggarly hands.
You hold my blood so delicately in your arms,
and you keep my truths without tax.
They have found a home in your heart, and you
hold them with solid arms.
I hope you know that I cannot lie to you.
All the weight of bearing truths shall be on you,
but you will carry them with leisure unlike I.



an attempt
was made

Thanks: [Name removed for safety] and [Name removed for safety] for their awesome poems

I chose these two scaffolds because I really liked the works they came from.

The structure of them was very unique compared to my own writing, it was a bit of a learning experience adapting them for myself. I think by analyzing and using other's writing styles, it helped me understand what makes my writing style, mine, because I can compare and contrast the differences.