

**i cried when i found out only liars write books.**

**Writer**

Jordan Newman

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now that the secret to my trick is visible for all to see  
i hope it'll become much easier to again face my mirror;  
and much more difficult to vanish into smoke like before.  
ever war must end so why would mine not follow the rule?  
oh my! how embarrassingly foolish when i did discover  
that it is quite possible to reverse my soul's atrophy.  
how stupid i am to have been caught in a quarrel so simple  
to not see the reason for my sorrow is just a damn circle;  
the trinity of mortal's reality: yesterday, today & tomorrow.  
always tomorrow feels like yesterday all because i'm unaware  
that today is only the consequences of my complete inability  
to just let go of longing for salvation; cos it's quite clear  
that until i can love myself for me as is today, it's impossible  
for me to ever awake as a better me, to progress into the future.  
the fact it's taken me so long to see the picture hidden right there  
in plain view leaves me wondering how many of my other theory's are err.  
now that within my soul, the angels have lost every battle, all i hear  
is quiet so loud i'd swear i was deaf but i still hear a demon snore.  
finally i am free to wander about my mind full of so much fear  
for what i may find, what damage i will discover in my war torn soul.

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