

Forlorn Soul

The soul, our virtual treasure
jitters, trembles, reshapes, never at leisure,
invisible, virtual but the more to be felt
attached to life, to you, with a hurting belt.

A loner, a stranger, a being without ties
a lost soul with trouble to rise
Why is he lonely inside the crowd,
why nothing will render him proud?

He lost his soul, he is a hollow shell
he is bound for extinction, for torture, for hell.
Few only find it back, the forlorn soul,
that takes its way to die as a whole.

F Sz 20 Jul 2006 Chevry