

The Road to No Where

By Tyler W. Stinson

The fast beating and now seemingly broken heart bleeds a red and painful color,
The once joy lit and proud eyes are now tormented and darranged,
Such eyes are left emotionless and oddly stressed for attention,
The very sight of the forgotten child is hurtful and the opposite of beautiful,
All she ever wanted was to have a home,
A place to lay her tired head down with comfort and ease,
To find rest and peace,
Her arms are violently bruised and her dress is stained in sin and guilt,
Never did she expect things to end up this way, as she steadily walks down the endless road to no where,
Her once faithful and god fearing thoughts have turned ill and twisted, as she can not summon the
strength to look into the face of her own reflection,
Her misery and suffering is self inflicted and untasteful,
She's come to pity her self... hoping and praying that the world will look her way and offer her a helping
and caring hand,
A daughter of weakness and sympathy she now stands.

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