

Sunday, July 20. 2008

## Keep Moving

I had lost my way, the glow of the bombs my only guide;

**It's always darkest before the dawn.**

What fight had I left, with no one left on my side?

I have slipped and fallen; no hand to catch me,

**I was infallible before them.**

The Path of Truth lost so I could not see.

Through my torn military jacket I felt it slip.

**Do they even know me?**

Her picture fell from the broken locket clip.

In the worst darkness, I have fallen.

My prophets lost to me, their advice; deaf to me.

Who, then, shall rescue me from the flames?

Only myself now. Only myself.

Posted by Rory Brown at 15:51