

Word Alchemy: Poetry

Poetry is cruel alchemy indeed. We, the tortured, chase the mystery of unfulfilled history, whipped by thoughts of what could have been, of collapsed dreams and cold memories, of letters never sent. We lament unanswered prayers for wilted roses and thorns that bite, crumpled desires in the dark of night; almos'ts beg to be told, so we bleed ink and tears that stain our souls.

Almos'ts are dungeon keepers. They torment our minds, fueling unanswered longing for what never was beneath Heaven's silent gaze. The un-said vows, silent screams, lovers ripped from time; We spill fragile truths from shattered lives; weave, tell, and twist the knives. We pour ourselves onto the page, drip raw emotion, tempered rage: our mind, a shared enemy, and the battle spills for all the world to see.

We are resilient, mostly, except for some, and we drip one word after another, bleeding ink another day; Grace cracks the stone, and we remember; Brothers and Sisters, We Are Not Alone. HalleluYAH!

—Noisy Wren, '25