

## **Emptiness**

September 8, 2000

Haunting, empty faces...  
Unknowing, uncaring...  
Silently I hide  
The fractured genius  
Of my mind,  
Attempting now alone  
With shreds of desperation  
Clinging to my soul  
To put in order  
All the jumbled  
Wind-strewn fragments  
Of my many works of heart...  
Watching as they pass  
Without a glance  
Of curiosity  
Dumbly, deafly treading  
Through the hallways  
Of eternity...  
Ever must I wander  
In these blind uncaring mobs  
Of strangers,  
Wondering if ever  
My day shall come;  
To know for certain  
That my work is not in vain,  
Striving to complete  
The many tasks  
My mind has set before me,  
Hoping that at last  
My day shall come...