

## Toward

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international / poetry / post

its stillness draws me,  
the lake is mirror still tonight  
a motionless mist hangs above it

transported away from the  
shrill of town, people,  
the lake is more than it seems  
granting more than peace, its stillness  
draws into its depths, blacker than  
a moonless night

enter and find ur rest,  
tho this is a projection not of the lake  
but of my tedium and the inability  
of the world to satisfy my profound need,  
which was always more  
than the world could offer --  
hollow dreams,  
baubles and tinsel are the empty  
promises that feed impoverished minds

of what use are these transparent lures?  
they do not fascinate or satisfy old souls  
weary from too many sojourns into lost worlds

yet paradise rests hidden somewhere in my bones  
i feel it, but no map or indication is hinted,  
only its powerful silent call,  
u have had enough, why persist  
i am waiting for ur return?

the call is strong, the origin  
never ceases its pleas, imploring ceaselessly --  
what a curse to know and not behold and embrace,  
why does it beckon, not for the cessation of futile pursuits  
or death but for triumph, a hero's reward?

the dark night is cool but not without comfort  
the lake speaks silently knowing my thoughts,  
responding with its perfect peace

dawn would soon dissolve the blanket of night

and awaken the noise and static cities and towns offer  
but this is how it must be  
there is nowhere else to go when everything  
loses its allure

in the last darkness before the screaming dawn  
a haunting familiar voice whispers,  
i have not abandoned you  
u are closer than u think  
supreme peace to you,  
my enduring Love

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-277.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-903.html>