

Statuesque

Slow to a stop in the rush of life,
Alone in the midst of all the strife,
The world once yours, dancing on a knife,
Stumbled far from the sound of the fife.

Choking on the wake of all the dust,
Lost track of what the world calls a must,
Forgotten by faces you once trust,
In a future bound world grasping rust.

Voices of the past born all anew,
Not a whisper of the ones like you,
No one believes that these words are true,
The one sound on air is the word 'who?'