

The Hanging Tree

The Awakening

The suit I'm wearing
is not so fitting
The sleeves don't cover enough of my arms

My decision making
has re-nailed Him
But the shoes feel tight and the stairs are wrong

Sometimes the honest
Misunderstanding
is that this chapter's burnt the leaves

But I'll still be here
Contemplating
Spread beneath the Hanging Tree

As the viper's fang
the naked neck seeks
So rages this inner storm

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So rages this inner storm