

## Sweet Forgiving

That shadowed place I go,  
where things lie unforgiven.

Where gloom creates a presence,  
beyond love or absolution.

My eyes are threadbare  
from their constant stare.

The world is weary too, it's time  
to go back in a different way.

How I can look beyond this vista,  
to one I might be more worthy of?

A place where vacant aloneness  
calls me to let these burdens go.

Where I'm able to sweetly pardon myself,  
and simply let my admonition fade.

I've held onto some of it for so long,  
that my hands can hold little else.

I hold a key that puts my heart  
into lockdown, I need to put it down.

As I silence my callous chant  
what else might I begin to hum?