

Ashes to the Sun

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April 23, 2025

The mist gathers on this
Old decrepit scene
Where youth, and love were born And have
been.
Bright white eyes in the bramble,
The trees hustle and bustle
With threats, vicious preamble
The opening to a great dream
Or a subtle nightmare?
The darkness breeds
A certain individuality
sexy, dark ambiance.
A cold metallic taste, and a musty fragrance.
Fall's crisp morning
Spring's stormy night
All the potent quotes
Floating on a string less kite
We dance towards the sun.
Returning to the ashes
Go as we came
Not alone, just as one.



runner