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Delphi

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Delphi

Distanced by words no tongue can speak
My petals and I are with a root that grow weak.
A mirror, a mirror which I see the same soul
A hope for redemption which somebody stole
For my heart a rogue, with reason unknown
Less sight recognition when an eyebrow is grown
Apocalyptic nightmares await thy two names
Death by the drowning and life by the flame
O were there hope that remain for the pair
A soul everlasting though filled with despair
The angels must ponder and ask at a time
Will two more perfect be witness of mankind
Before chance and hope take haste in their flight
Let the flower and its ground be one tonight.

Josh Hill