



### The Pain

Poem by Sannel Larson

*In the midst of November*

*where the signs of life has died,*

*no one notices the winds gentle sobs*

*beneath the flickering lamp posts.*

*Foot prints are left in the shadows*

*as dead as the ones who's living.*

*Crawling roots extend their fingers*

*through leaf filled, muddy gutters.*

*Fallen dreams turn their back to me*

*and I fumble in the icy darkness.*

*The only sound that can be heard*

*is the muted emptiness in my soul.*

*Entangled in a ball of barbed wire  
the silhouette of pain is growing.  
I cling desperately to the living,  
in the midst of November.*

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