



## Carcass of glory

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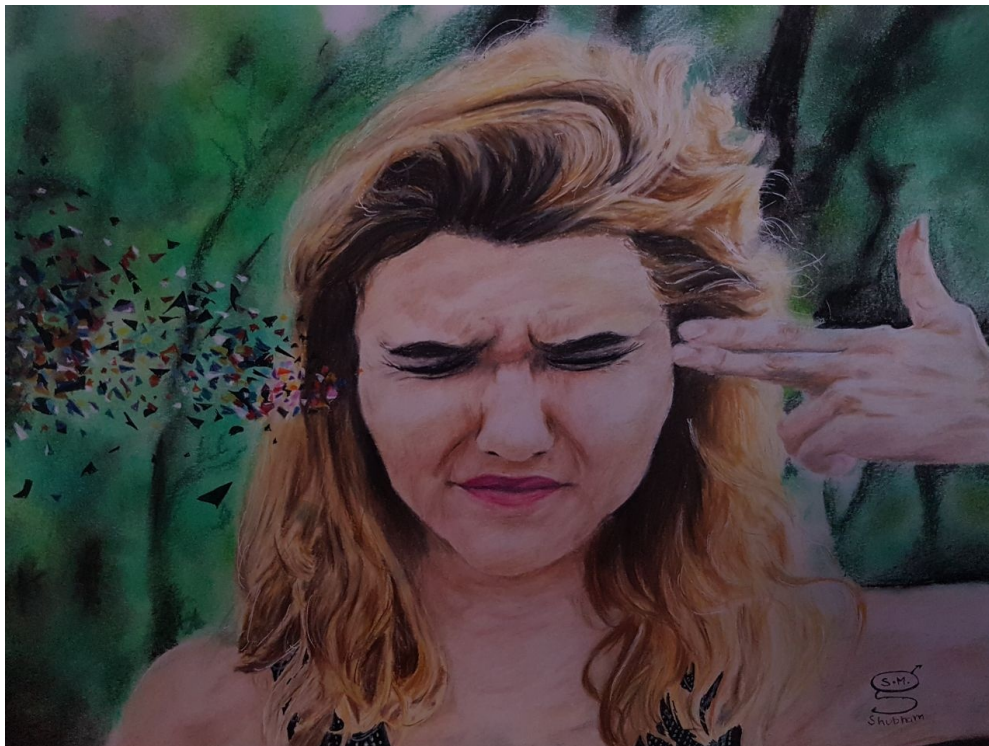
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Baran on Flickr®

On a dusty shelf, in a dark corner  
stand glimpses of gold, silver and bronze.  
Torn and worn and forgotten by most  
they rest - and with them lies my soul.

They'd had days of perpetual glory,  
adored and praised by beaming faces;  
polished, arranged and kept with love,  
stared at, smiled at and looked at with respect.

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Times changed and people became cowards.  
My wishes were "a child's nonsense",  
my dreams – the "stubbornness of a fool" -  
said they who were once my strongest pillars.

With that they buried the fire in me,  
chopped were the wings of desire in me,  
cut were my legs to keep me in;  
what I wanted? I wish they'd thought to ask me.

So today I ignite, I run, I fly,  
I laugh as I leave those times and the people by;  
I laugh watching as they chase behind all that is left  
...all that's left is the Carcass of Glory.

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