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Scatterbrain

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Scatterbrain // Esther Outlaw

And so the cold wind blows,
on and on, straight through one ear and out the
other.

Where is your brain, you might quarry.
Where did it go, those things don't have legs.
They can't get up and walk away.

But how wrong you are, sir.
When your mind goes, so does the rest of you.
A chain reaction of dismantlement.

Take a piece here, take a piece there.
Soon it's all gone. There's nothing left.
And all that remains is a wisp of soul,
that can't cry out for help, and can't convey it's
feelings.

A wisp of nothing that will never be understood.
Barely alive, but waiting to step through the fiery
gates beyond.

Beyond all that is sacred or holy.
Something that lives in the caverns it bore into your
heart,
and only comes out when everything around it has
fallen to pieces.

That was all that was left of me,
by the time you were gone.
So naturally, I had nothing to say.
I had no voice.

For it was taken with the rest of me.
And all that I am is that wisp of a soul,
Can you feel me floating past your cheek on a cold

day?

When the grass is hard with frost and the children
prefer to stay indoors,
You go out and gaze into the snowy world, as I
watch you carefully
with the sad excuse you might call eyes,
I'm there with you. I'll always be there
hoping someday in the near or distant future,
you'll manage to recover the shards from every
corner of the world,
and reassemble me into a normal human being
once again.