

The Ironic Beauty of Self Preservation

By Cassidy Snider

Caressing a lost cause with his tender smile he lets the fall of autumn fall between his palms,
eliciting the life...

So while the leaves find it's deathbed on an ever green grass he is alive for another moment,

Living strides of youthfulness,
Playing roulette with his past

And for every moment that he lives, and every mistake that he makes to better shape who he'll be
or bury him when he's awake he is all the more alive.

When he was a kid he'd dance circles with the leaves, following the lead as it sauntered through
the sky.

He'd try to catch it as if catching his life because when something's in your hands
Gentle on your palms

it's harder to let it slip through the cracks of your fingers so restless and willing to compose if it's
something that you can catch, and hold, and cherish, and use to forever hope.

Forever hope that you'll have mornings of cereal and coffee, forever hope that you'll have a body
that entices your desires, forever hope that you'll forever feel the ever so brisk lips of wind as it
whispers against your neck,

Hardening your stature,

Reviving the energy tossed deep inside of you that only escapes when you have greatly sinned
Sinned against nature for merely wanting to exist beyond the words of a Sunday's hymn

To hold life in ones hands, to stand within the eye of the storm, laughing at the beautiful form
death can take on as it pedals towards the ground.

He so innocent did not understand what he carried with him every minute he let trail behind him.

But there was always a sense a beauty that partnered with death and he started to swallow that
concept down with every breath.

And his hands were then ever moving trying to catch up with happiness.

His smile always present as if to welcome the darkness that shadowed his steps.