

It's been a while since I've seen your face. It hasn't been shrouded by the moon's glow, nor covered by shadowy filaments. Nay, your face has been here, all along, though shamefully forgotten among the ruins of abandoned lore. Perhaps you would like to say something? But—no, I imagine you'd much rather listen. After all, I am, of course, the one who has experienced a great assortment of things.

My moments etch into your skin like scars; when will you have a chance to speak? Perhaps when someone else ambles along, they will force you to open up, and should you let them, you will proudly speak, though your words will only be the corpses of the words I spoke unto you so long before. You are nothing but a medium for my untamed thoughts. You rule in your own right, but I, I rule over you. You sit there with a pale expression, a sultry reminder that you have no thoughts of your own.

When will you cease to record the truths of the writer? When will you be your own entity? The journal is but paper and dead cow's hide until a writer burns his life's story into its pages. So, what now? What shall you say when you open? Whose truths? Will the reader hear the words as first intended? Or would you manipulate the thoughts I wrote with my own stiff fingers around the pencil?

I am long past having the ability to judge you anymore. Do what you will, say what you must. I only ask that the words ring true to whoever lends an ear to hear them.