

Unanswered

The ceiling has the answers to the questions never breathed,
The air is thick with the weight of a scream never released.
A heavy silence fills the room where the truth should be,
Words wait at the edge of a cliff, never quite taking the leap?

What would be left, if fear was stripped away?
Is it possible to heal, when pain has no name?
The air holds the weight of a thousand "whys,"
Questions never answered, the reason some die.

Why does the heart feel heavy when there's nothing to be sad about?
Is there a way to say "help" without making a sound?
Doors remain shut or answers no one wants to hear,
Judgment from the shadows feels visceral and severe.

The truth remains secret, buried under beautiful lies,
The dust settles on the inquiries that no one dares to pry.
Answers remain locked in a vault of forgotten fear,
The script ends where the real questions were meant to appear.

A dormant seed of inquiry turns to lead beneath the heavy ground,
Where the echoes of the missing words become the only constant sound.
The alchemy of cowardice transforms the spirits' gold to stone,
To leave a crumbling monument where seeds of wisdom should have grown.