

## Faithless

by Mark Edgemon

Emotion, digging at my heels, thrusting through my flesh,  
Pressing out from my soul; self-contained; still momentarily sustained.  
Love keeps changing my mind; it's changing my heart,  
It's tearing me apart; forced within by self-controlling fear.

I don't know the end, I can't see past my resistance; insistence,  
That I know my way, before taking my steps; faithless,  
Yet hopeful, still doubtful, but willing to venture the unknown.  
Age finds you quickly; the ticking clock is syncopating my journey.

The End