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FOURTH CORNER-STONE

TO HARDEN

Weakened. Strengthened. Weakened. Strengthened.

Escaped much... Only to the uselessness
to thereby be lead to more unforgettable bittering
when my love was given away in order to feel;
well knowing that sorrows lead forth to suffering.

Forced to misbecome life greyish and leaky;
set is that the memories mostly became hard heart-screams
from torn peeled recollections
where the inherited times change of wind continually quelled me.

Weaken. Strengthen. Weaken. Strengthen. (As of yet...)

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Taking here the sorrow-free, the viable, as resolved:

I am strengthened to capture my minds consciousness,
from inside - with a dear thought-clarity -
visibly relieved have the new mind undefiled been opened.

(Calm, Will, returns - resetting gladness source in place.)

Refusing now to fortify first as the thaw refuses to break;
whenever a cold heart-sigh become a settled down friend.

To harden is to defend what is real in Life.

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