

Words that were once folded,
Tailored and molded
To a beautiful thought
That once was beholden,
Have tarnished and faded away.

The ideas have grown old,
Their meaning has hollowed.
 {Time tries to censor

 Split thoughts like a scissor}
Its as if they never had much to say...

Diametric diatribe
From past to the present,
Lost in translation from symbol to sound.
 Forever outlasted life
 In this vast line of strife,
The cost related to the words in the ground;
 ...Churn composting sounds
 As the letters break down...

I once spoke an image captured on film,
 But the letters are broken, the picture is ill;
A once gorgeous painting withered to dust,
 The poetic sayings die as they must.