



**In my darkest
hours**

Eva Lucia

In my darkest
hours



Eva Lucia

Also by Eva Lucia

Simplicity

Tundra

Memories saved as poems

The end always has a beginning

First published in Denmark independently in 2015
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"by grace through faith"



perhaps the beginning	1
body vs. psyche	2
honesty cannot be hidden	3
murder ballads	4
tides	5
under the sun	6
either way	7
flowers	8
roses	9
I was here	10
remembrance	11
high in the clouds	12
heavenly skies	13
wandering heart	14
when	15
two sides of a coin	16
darkness	17
nothing	18
gliding down the stream	19
picking up the pieces	20
we remain	21
rise again	22
in my darkest hours	23
the end	24
about the author	25

I hide under covers
Waiting for the sunset to appear
Darkness is my long lost friend
Oh how I've missed you
How I've missed the secrets that we hide
Those we share together
My eyes close for the last time
While the city that never sleeps
Forgets me
Instantly
In the flash of a heartbeat
There's nothing left
Nothing left
Nothing

...

My body dwelled safely
In its boring routine
While my mind carried
The burden of a murderer
The fact is;
You broke me

A heartbreaking hurricane
The storm forever haunting
Everything is now apart
My mind has its certain ways of living
Like Jekyll & Hyde

I became treacherous
I didn't know myself
Until my mind cleared

I see the reflection in the mirror
I see it clearly
What everyone sees
What no one wants to acknowledge
A vague image of what I once was
Now there's only darkness left
No colours
No wishes
No light

Is there any hope left?

There's a golden antique painting
In one of the rooms
Inside the castle
The horror house of your dreams
Imagination speaks for itself

The painting shows two girls
At the bottom of the painting
Red ink has torn the paper
It says;

"What you love no longer remains"

The tides are coming
We all wait with anticipation
There are no tears
Nor any smiles

A sound
A big crash of our burdens finally catching up with us
The visions collide
The room overflows
One cannot hear the destruction
Four steps back
We wait

...

These tides cannot cleanse us

Under the sun,
There are no victims
Under the sun,
There will always be light

You leave yourself out there
Just to be
laughed at
Kicked
Dragged into the dirt
Humiliated
Or even worse
Ignored
Invisible
Forgotten
Until you dig a hole yourself
and do the work for them

Every flower has a time to blossom
We'll avoid mentioning the rose
Already too implied with meaning
In the garden stands a lonely flower
It survives rain, dry season
Even the heartbreaking hurricane
That we kept hearing about
On the radio a few days ago
The flower stands strong
If it could,
it would unite itself with others

To one's sleepless self;
There are the roses that never blossomed again
The sleepy kind that fortunately woke up
just in time
To admit that certain things need to wither
in order for new ones to blossom
Let the roses sleep
Say goodnight
not goodbye

If I live to die,
Will you then keep my words as memories?
Will you cherish them like they were your own?
Will you speak them out loud?
To show there was a reason
That I was here

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