Beyond the Veil

Sonny-Rhoey "Gwen" Liverod-Griffin

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Here it is, the place that's mine.
I can mold and shape
The very space inside my soul,
Yet when I try and remove the drab,
I falter and stumble.

A whisper in my veins!
There's a chill inside my eyes,
Ice in my veins.
I stir with a jolt:
And Death comes riding.

My body stands,
Forgoing the form I was born;
I bounce and sway,
A new voice to match,
And my hair!
I stretch my hand and rend the space,
Roaring through time it tears and this world inside my head is true.
I can feel my actual body shake and shiver;
I'm about to become real,
My thoughts, flies amongst shit.
Why does my tongue taste dry-

I was there…
Is that World lost to me?