

Perseverance

Silent Vow

On the backside of light, silent and slow.
You spin the first oath, slight and flow.
Your unheard monologue, gentle and low.
Hide the vow that none may know.

Through the hum of crowds, the wind that brews.
With every break, you start anew.
Twist the broken threads to sturdier strings,
pure and true.

A strand of silver thread, a faith that stands steadfast.
The only vow the dark has ever heard,
in this watched, quiet world, held fast.