

Skins of my past

by Rushwrites

They shed the skins of their past
And snake far away, to a new life
Lands unknown they make their own
The strings to their skins unravel
Yet never break
Invisible, underneath the surface
They don't see, or care to understand
The past follows, battered, bruised, always behind
Never forgotten, yet held at bay
I want to begin afresh
Join the seemingly past-less blissful swarm
But my skin stays firmly on me

