

Nostalgia

blunder around,
detached from self
consumed by a idealised reality
smile etched, a child
enticed, engrossed by
stories etched in the stars
careless fixation, leads to
derealisation, fall into fiction,
fairy-tales, an escape
the child grows,
turns to people who consume,
engrossed in their person
until,
the stars dim, fables lost,
tick, tick, tick
adolescence turns to adulthood
but they are stuck,
childhood whims turn them into
a hopeless romantic,
too broken to trust,
too lonely to not,
they jump from fixation to person,
in hopes of finding the careless child
who turned to the stars, magic and hope.

