

# Forgotten

All is quiet but the lull of waves,  
My seeking eyes cannot escape the infinite blue  
Anchored or drifting, it makes no difference,  
My progress lost to the currents of time.  
I cling to myself for color,  
For remembrance of my difference.  
But even my own company fails to comfort me,  
As my mind and my soul lose themselves  
In the blueness of infinity.