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None

No one. Not even a good one.
Everything, everyone chooses to hurt
Dazzled by the splash drilled from daily tears
I claim no more, but this Hurt so fulfilled
Running over the inner frame, and love be void
In my stomach Time stops cleaning the slate
Astonished or amused by an alien scorn
Of a human soul, that thickens thought
While lessens allowance for being kind
But the only absolute I can feel, a love
in each line only happens one on one
So even if I did not think up to the mind,
For a thorn on this fleshy heart may I
Disbelieve, to deserve a comforted cry

August 2023
Lancashire

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