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Slit Images

Sombre passions on your images sent to me
The flyby of starry trees on the streets
The warm melody swelling a coldest dream
Nameless video game clips no one question the silence in between
That's when perished strings do no harm to singing
A crane or a boat is folded, bounden to nothing
A silver necklace darkens, made for nothing
For irrevocable nothingness it aimed
In great comfort back then it decided
Those were the ones, the most beautiful vessels
One thing holds you dear, and one thing will break
The joy city already looked like bygones
Looked like the lost paradise you ever used to run
Even at the moment it was happening, clearly you were happy
I thought if it were not happiness, rain wouldn't drown me
What else was there, like a mayday voice drops on my forehead —
Past days are from good old slits, sky made of lanes
Sometimes recklessly into some eyes, it still rains
That way I must forget how mine were once lit up
By small words, timid greetings, haves and have nots
And become a choice of what I have to be
Only a tame grief, for figured things I shouldn't have returned
To simple loving facts you reassured and resent

July 2023
Lancashire

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