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White Lines

White lines on black backgrounds
forwards, backwards, sideways standing still.
The sun shines in through dirty windows
in the back of a van
going somewhere, going everywhere,
yet it feels like going nowhere.
I have seen above the trees,
and it was blooming
now so gloomy within my skin.
Everything that happened
stays above the trees.

He reminded me of all the lovers that I've had
and of lovers yet to come.
The kind with sad brown eyes,
and kisses made of wine.
Blood rushing, like waterfalls
sun reflecting, sad brown eyes.
Drunk and stoned and so confused
and the consequences are to come.

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