

Publicerad 2011-03-15 00:48 av andrasidan

### **Why?**

Why the long face, the anger  
that meets your inadequacies?  
Why can you not see me here  
where I toil for total peace?

Once there was a time when I  
could listen to Bob Dylan in silence,  
hear raindrops on the window cry,  
dissolving enclosing acuity's fence.

Now I find myself breaking bread  
where I have not been undying  
telling tales of momentous I said  
to the so and all the rest of implying.

So why the folding of straight we?  
Why the need of stalwart don't know?  
All that we are is all that we see,  
a general belief in high – low, low...

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren andrasidan med Poeter.se id #541 innehar upphovsrätten