

Publicerad 2014-05-04 06:05 av Stjärnöga

A brownish shade of pale

There's a beautiful smile
hiding in the glimpse
of a brown
eyed girl

~~*~~

and a soft brownish curl
in my true loves
hair

~~*~~

but there's a brownish
shade I hate

~~*~~

it's the sound
of brown boots marching
down our streets

~~*~~

like a pale shadow

~~*~~

of the tormented cries

~~*~~

from the dying souls
of yesterday

~~*~~

who's graves they're

marching on

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Stjärnöga med Poeter.se id #17575 innehar upphovsrätten