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Over the stew, left or right

through the open window wanders the traveler's broken threads and the grains on the floor strangely
resemblance the freedom of speech, little open mouths that get crushed under the ignorance of the
blindfolded

but even that

has no meaning any longer, wakes no protest

did you sigh?

or just watch, when the flood drowned what was once right and change grew in beats

I pause

my fingers flow, the stew brewing, the wine blood red, then I gently collect the remaining grains, humming
like the young

so sorry, I am so sorry

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