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You are already missed.

From the flanks of a dead man's volcano
permeates heat of anxiousness
hope and flower ash.
I crumbled it all by hand.
My heart, my everything.
It is a Sunday morning
yesterday I was drinking

White snow

black sorrow

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Katreen med Poeter.se id #36077 innehar upphovsrätten