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TRU KNOW TIME

THE RAIN ON COBBLESTONES

“But, don’t you know

that all gladness hides a lie for life
just when sorrow tastes some recovery?”

My forced upon mistake was the naïve hope
that others were more alike me than unlike is dead

Infallible enters sadness its company
which still is me so self-assuring in its eyes
in this undeserved hopeless common day

(In turned vision light is a greyness
that cannot thin out darkness sadness.)

Now sugaring in the unexpected:

I hear lonely and uncertain voices.

I waver shrouded in over these empty streets.

Adding my tenderness;
finding you somewhat understandable.

Prepared and served:

Your gladness is still an untouched resource.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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