

Publicerad 2009-04-01 16:04 av Alex Noble

Poesi om gemenskap

(Engelsk text)

Precious

Precious and fragile things, needs special handling.

We always tried to share, the tendency of care.

Things get damaged, things get broken.

I thought we managed, but words got unspoken.

Angels with silver wings, won't even share P.A.I.N

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I thought we managed, but words got unspoken.

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