

World Without Warning

Anne Clark

I live off nothing in this world
Except the thick grey air that chains itself
Swirls all around and ingrains itself
Stifles my last hope into sullen despair

I don't associate myself
With all of the people I can do without
Those who never leave me in any doubt
That their selfish narrow lives are all they care about

I enjoy the silence in my life
I don't thrive on the chaos that those contact can bring
So many empty gestures
That don't mean anything

It's so hard and so cold
The texture of this world
That nothing in this place is soft enough to hold
And nothing like tenderness can ever be unfurled
I don't want anything in this world

Except a thick gray air
That will keep my heart hoping
And keep my eyes wide open
Just in case there's something there

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