

The Second Face

Artrosis

Unrestrained sorrow besets and aims at consciousness
Something tells to run, but will there be enough strength to remain oneself?
Her lips whisper something you know well
Better with every moment
Inconsiderate move deprived of chances
Broke that what there was
You raise your head upwards so proudly
You are new in the play of shadows
Hungry for experience that comes along with time
Unruly since ever
You shed a tear, limpid and clear
Only it is that way
With unimaginable sheen it spreads to everything
That changed its sense years ago