

## 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