

Under Constraint

Artrosis

I clench my fists instinctively
Chilly wind of orders
Quells in me zeal
I am like a man-machine
Ensnared by will-power
This is right and this is wrong
Empty grimace on my face

Under constraint
My wandering thought
Stirs up shiver of anxiety
What I have lost - I know !
Louder and louder I hear
Ice cracking that I am standing on

That is me - the missed fire
I treat to blurred smile
Newer and newer words
I am like a man-machine
Ensnared by will-power
This is right and this is wrong

Under constraint
My wandering thought