

Pink Clouds An Island

Bill Ward

Pink clouds, an island.
It's a place
Where I can hide.
Selfishly I cling to
Parts of me
I'm afraid I might find.

Pink clouds, an island,
It insulates me
From letting you know
That I'm quietly dying.
I live here
When I don't want to grow.

I'm alone
Out here again.
Goodbye, over,
And It really doesn't matter,
Matter.

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Matter.
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Matter.