

Reality rose like the sun, and still i slept through it.

"I can always witness it another morning...."

The thoughts like thse are cemented in procarastination.

Now this part of "she" is liquid form somwher on the floor,
as a self defiant need for a cure.

Diagnosed to emerge and roam away from roads thick as
foam.

you wish to burn the candles that queitly service the arm.
another day with the shades pulled down until the swallow
returns her to sleep.

A father knocks on the silent door while this part of "she" has

become an inferno shame,

louder than we expect from such silent candles not so secret
anymore.

Now the eyes of my eyes have opened.

Now the ears of my ears cling dear.

Never let the swallow return you back to sleep.

The smell of wounds have left you bug-bitten here,

and again i know reality shall rise tommorow.

This time i hope to be awake, for i cannot postpone another
morning.

Never let the swallow return you to sleep.