

You Died Before I Was Finished

Deinonychus

Like a thorn defending a rose, it penetrated my vein. Welcoming the pleasure dome
And everlasting beauty. Like children analysing a picture book,
and so do I. The
Footsteps printed in blue grass, are different today. Whilst you have changed in
The way you look at me. The view through an empty bottle makes sense. Time
Stands still, even life does. The painting on the wall lives its own life. As
The night seems to be everlasting, so do I. Born from a new and unknown womb, it
Has coloured my life. The landscape on the painting moves, and I didn't ask for
It. Please don't make it stop, I hope this will never change.