

Waging War On The Forever

Minsk

Falling for feeling.
Time stops our hearts again.
Visceral emanations break bread with remember-whens and has-beens.
The nows and the laters wage war on the forever.
Gladly bound to an infinite end.
Now corridors echo with these tongue twisting oaths.
Proclaiming squalor rather than valor.
We will not be placated again