

## In Empty Phrases

Swans

Here I am in my chamber  
In my room full of words  
Always searching for patterns that will give life to a line  
My poetry is frozen though it's beginning to melt  
The solid form is changing to the liquid of thoughts written do  
wn  
Sentence after sentence in a language not mine  
Loss of point no direction  
A jigsaw where no pieces fit  
I envy the writers and the poets who know the way to the places  
poetry grow  
There is no harvest if you never sow  
So I beg, steal and borrow wherever I go  
If words were like music this would be a book  
But this is not even worth the time that it took  
Not even a novel just a self-  
pity tale written by someone that always will  
fail  
So very fragile inside  
That's why I hide it in the empty phrases