

Sunday, August 5. 2007

Cold winter

dark night
creeping into my soul
smashing my mind.

White Christmas
not expectations
long awaiting
that happily so called "inferno"

Driving the car
all the way home
frozen being
nothing told.

Around the table..in company
all alone;
faking smile
loosing reason.

Desperation, deep depression, asking freedom. letting go.

Thanks

Gonza.

Posted by Gonzalo in Poetry at 20:06