

Sunday, January 14. 2007

## Livings

...and stayings...

a long staying in life supporting the thunder of the storm.

While ago feelings came  
and shattered my dreams.

Crystal glass my mind it was  
winds of desolation comfort myself.

Loneliness is my name  
son of empty mind.

Black is my suit  
raven is the son.

Singing in tears  
blood dropping down.  
Straining of the body,  
muscular cords.  
tension on the shoulders,  
broken hope.

Thanks.

Gonza.

Posted by Gonzalo in Poetry at 11:29