



...march 13, 2013...

i speak into a misting cloud  
and listen to the rain  
wondering if i can feel  
the whispers in your brain -

you and i - like cloud and rain  
are blurring into grey -  
as if the sunshine we once knew  
has lost its history -

it's so hard to shape sounds  
that echo in goodbyes -  
but harder still - to hang around  
with nothing left to say.

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